

THOUGHTS

M O R A L

A N D

D I V I N E;

Collected and intended for the better Instruction and Conduct of LIFE.

The second EDITION with Improvements:

Dedicated by Permission

To the Right HONOURABLE

The Earl of POWIS,

By WELLINS CALCOTT, Gent.

*The righteous Man shall stand in great Boldness, before the Face
of such as have afflicted him.* Wisdom of Solomon v. 1.

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem: Non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia. —*

Hor. lib. 2.

B I R M I N G H A M:

PRINTED for the AUTHOR, by T. WARREN
jun. MDCCLVIII.

THE MORAL AND DIVINE

Collected and intended for the better instruc-
tion and conduct of life.

The first Edition was improved and

revised by the Author.

To the Right Honourable

The Earl of ⁴¹ ~~W~~ ⁵ ~~W~~ ²

BY WILLIAM BRIDGES, Gent.

The Author of the *Practical Christian*, &c. &c.
London: Printed by J. W. Smith, in the Strand, 1784.

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To the RIGHT HONORABLE

Henry Arthur Herbert,

EARL of POWIS, &c. &c.

My LORD,



THE Honour conferred upon me, in the Permission of your LORDSHIP's Name to stand before this little Work, is one of those Testimonies the World are frequently furnished with, of your LORDSHIP's benign and generous Disposition. To serve Mankind, my LORD, at all Times, exacts the Applause of the better Few ; but to protect the Injured and Oppressed, commands the Approbation of every Individual : Such a Patron I found in your LORDSHIP, who generously deign'd to pity my Oppression, and encourage this my juvenile Undertaking.

a

This

DEDICATION.

This Composition may appear of a trivial Nature to many Persons ; but your LORDSHIP knows, that APOPHTHEGMS have been collected by many eminent Writers, both Ancient and Modern. PLUTARCH was not more eminent among the GREEKS for his Biography and Philosophy, than • for his APOPHTHEGMS : JULIUS CÆSAR made a Composition also from his own Observation, and from the best moral and instructive Sentences among the Romans, as appears in one of CICERO's Épistles ; and so did MACROBIUS, who was a Man of Consular Dignity : STOBÆUS has made a good Collection : BRUYERE has distinguished himself in FRANCE, as if he was an Original in this Way ; but he had THEOPHRASTUS for his Master : In our own Country, no less a Man than the great Lord Chancellor BACON has published Three Hundred and Eight ; in which he was followed by the illustrious but unhappy Lord

DEDICATION.

LORD CAPELL. What I have collected cannot properly be called APOPHTHEGMS, as they are too long ; but I know of no better Term for them, as they are in general too short to be called DISSERTATIONS.

The slender Title to your LORDSHIP'S Favour, of being a Native of the County of SALOP, whose Inhabitants have long boasted the Honour of your LORDSHIP for their LORD LIEUTENANT ; a Burgeſs of the Town of SHREWSBURY, and Son of a late Member of that Corporation, which has ever been conspicuous for its Loyalty, and ever will remain ſo, whilſt an EDWARDES* or a CORBETT† can be found to honour the Town with their Reſidence ; would have been a feeble Inducement with me to have hoped for your LORDSHIP'S Patronage, had I not known I was addreſſing a HERBERT, who inherits every Virtue that dignified his illuſ-

* Sir HENRY EDWARDES, Bart.

† Sir RICHARD CORBETT, Bart.

D E D I C A T I O N.

trious Ancestors, and renders himself truly valuable to the Community, in the Eyes of both King and People.

I cannot expect this Compiement will meet with much Esteem from the Publick ; but your LORDSHIP, I know, will the more readily receive it, as it comes from the Hands of a Person steadily attached to the present happy Establishment, both in Church and State ; who wishes the Throne of GREAT BRITAIN may be filled with an uninterrupted Succession of Princes descended from the illustrious House of HANOVER ; who hopes those Princes may always be furrounded by Noblemen like your LORDSHIP ; and who is proud of thus having the Honour to subscribe himself,

My LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

most obliged

and dutiful Servant,

WELLINS CALCOTT.



T H E
P R E F A C E.



SINCE Necessity as well as Custom, render it absolutely necessary I should say something by Way of Preface, I shall briefly observe, that this Collection was first begun merely for a Common-Place-Book for my own private Use, and had been laid aside some Time; but an unfavourable Season in Life, by unjust Measures to deprive me of my Right, giving me an unwished-for Leisure to finish it, I was at length, for very urgent Reasons, induced to publish it, the better to enable me to stem the Torrent of Injustice, relying solely upon the Equity of my Claim for Success in the Undertaking.

But I must confess, when I had made a small Progress in my Subscription, like one who had waded beyond his Depth, I lamented the Attempt,

The P R E F A C E.

tempt, and could have readily declined the Prosecution; but the generous Treatment I met with in the Course of my Solicitation, fully testifies my Error in forming so slender a Judgment of the generous Part of the World, among whom, it is evident, it has been my Lot (in this Respect) to fall, and it is with Gratitude I boast it.

With Regard to the Merit of the Work, as it is a juvenile Composition, I shall not at all wonder if many Things are found in it, which riper Years and superior Judgment cannot wholly commend: But it will always be considered that it is a Collection, and as such I am acquitted from every Imperfection of Sentiment, and answerable only for my Judgment in the Choice, which alone, I must acknowledge, is not of the least Moment, since it is no less than the Tribunal of the Publick by whom I am to be tried; before this Censor, I shall only plead the most sanguine Desire to give tolerable Satisfaction; for the Profession of an Author not being, nor intended to be, my Vocation, I am not ambitious to EXCEL.

But I must further beg leave to observe, that as to the moral Sentiments, they are chiefly collected from the most celebrated Philosophers; as Seneca, Plutarch, Epictetus, &c. and what are of a more spiritualized and religious Nature, from many of the Fathers, and eminent Divines, whose Orthodoxy I never heard impeached.

And

The P R E F A C E.

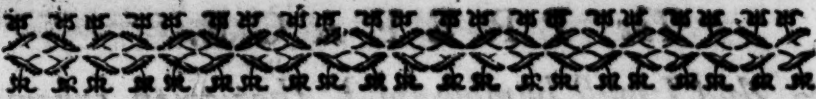
And I must humbly insist, that with whomsoever this little Work may unfortunately appear not in the most engaging Light, it cannot be the least Imputation upon the noble and worthy Persons who have honoured me with their Subscription: The Occasion, and not the Work itself, being a great Inducement with them for their generous Encouragement.

Could Justice have uninterruptedly operated, and Men of superior Fortunes, with whom I have to struggle, been Men but of common Honesty, I should have remained easy, blessed with a Competency, and been equally a Stranger to Trouble myself, and troubling of my Friends; but whilst Injustice, Fraud, Deceit, and Oppression, are the darling Dispositions of bad Men, feeble Abilities to enforce Justice will cry aloud for Assistance, and Honour, Humanity, and Detestation of Villany, will ever incline to its Aid.

Under these Circumstances, I hope, and cannot doubt, but where Merit is wanting, Generosity will draw a Veil, and the Mouth of Censure become silent.



ADVER.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE very kind Reception my First Edition of this Work met with, (for which I here return my most grateful Acknowledgments) giving me great Encouragement to publish a Second, I the more readily undertook it, as it would afford me an Opportunity of revising and correcting those Errors of the Press that appear'd in the former Edition: I have therefore accordingly rectified them, and also intirely omitted such Sentiments as seem'd rather too coarse or too common for my Intention, supplying their Places with those of more elegant Authors both in Verse and Prose.



The



The *Names* of those who have been pleased
to Favour this WORK.

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A

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bemarle.

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Chief Justice of His Majesty's Court of
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Constantine, Staffordshire
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John Wingfield *M. D. Shrewsbury*
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Mr Ralph Wotton, *Trentham, Staffordshire*
John Wyrley Esq. *Hampstead Hall ditto*
Henry Wynn Esq. *Doleardin, Montgom-sh.*
Robert Wynne Esq. *Cornhill*
Mr Francis Wyndham, *Cheapside*

The following Names were either accidentally Omitted, or Receiv'd too late to be Inserted in their proper places.

Mr Wm. Bache, *New Meeting-street, Birm.*
Mr Matt. Barker, *Birmingham*
Mr Carter Barton, *Edgbaston-street, ditto.*
Mr

Mr James Bayley, *New Hall Walk*, Birm.
 Mr John Bedford, *Park-street*, ditto
 Mr Thomas Blockley, *Bull-street*, ditto
 Mr Thomas Cartwright, *Odd Rode*, Cheshire
 Mr James Dallaway, *New Hall*, near Birm.
 Mr Henry East, *Sadler*, Birmingham
 Mr John Farmer, *Highb-street*, ditto
 Mr Thomas Jordan, *New-street*, ditto
 Mr Luckcock, *Moor-street*, ditto
 Mr William Manning, *Northampton*
 Mr Richard Rabone, *New Hall Walk*, Birm.
 Mr Jos. Richards, *at the Hill*, near Birm.

* * *M. P. in the foregoing List stands for
 Member of Parliament.*

N. B. *If any Subscriber finds his Name omitted, it
 is hoped he will excuse it, and the same shall be
 inserted in the third Edition.*

ERRATA.

P. 19, last line but 2 read *Social*.
 48, l. 19, read *perfluxere*.
 136, l. 22, read *abyss*
 147, l. 3, read *range*
 156, l. 18, read *bow'd*
 168, l. 3, read *Virtue's*.
 173, l. 1, read *which prophaned*.
 239, last line but 4, read *Customs*.
 247, last line but 2, read *can ever take*.
 258, l. 16, read *This Sum*.

In the NAMES,
 P. xix, l. 6, read *M. P. for Warwickshire*.

THOUGHTS



THOUGHTS

ON VARIOUS

SUBJECTS, &c.



ACTION.



DE M E A N yourself more warily in your Closet than in the Street; if your publick Actions have an hundred Witnesses, your private ones have a thousand; the Multitude looks *upon* your Actions, your Conscience looks *into* them. The Multitude may chance to *excuse* you if not *acquit* you, your Conscience will *accuse* you if not *condemn* you.

In all your Actions think God sees *you*, and in all his Actions labour to see *him*; that will make you fear him, this will move you to love him. The fear of God is the Beginning of Knowledge, and Knowledge of God is Perfection of Love.

B

Let

Let us rather consider what we ought to do ourselves, than hearken after the Doings of others. The Stories of our Neighbour's Errors, tend but little to the Reformation of our own.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

God is above us, Beasts are beneath us. Acknowledge him that is above us, and we shall be acknowledged by them that are below us; while *Daniel* acknowledged God to be above him, the Lions acknowledged *Daniel* to be above them.

AFFLICTIONS.

We ought to make a good Improvement of past and present Afflictions. If they are not sanctified to us they become a double Cross; but if they work rightly in us, and convince us of our Failings, and how justly we are Afflicted, they do us much good. Affliction is spiritual Physick for the Soul, and is compared to a *Furnace*; for as Gold is tried and purified therein, so Men are proved, and either purified from their Dross, and fitted for good *Uses*, or else entirely *burnt up* and *undone* forever. Therefore may all who labour under any Kind of Affliction, have reason to say with *JOB*, *When he hath tried me I shall come forth as Gold.*

Let

Let a Man live (says Mr. Steel) but two or three Years without Affliction, and he is almost good for nothing; he cannot Pray, nor Meditate, nor keep his Heart fixed upon spiritual Things; but let God smite him in his Child, Health, or Estate; now he can find his Tongue and Affections again; now he awakes and falls to his Duty in earnest; now God hath twice as much Honour from him as he had before. Now saith God, this Amendment pleaseth me; this Rod was well bestowed. I have disappointed him to his great Benefit and Advantage. And thus God chides himself Friends with his People again.

Wherefore is a Ship miscarried, a Voyage lost, a Relation dead, a Friend carried into Captivity, whose Return was expected with so much comfort? Why if it be so, it is the Lord hath done it, and let us be silent before him. Our repining will not make it better; Sin is no proper Cure for Affliction. Therefore as a quiet submissive Spirit is pleasing to God, and profitable for us; let us as oft as Afflictions come, say with ELI, *It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.*

If ye endure chastening God dealeth with you as with Sons. Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty Hand of God, that he may exalt you in due Time; and let not your Heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid, but resolve with the Prophet HABAKKUK,

Although the Fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall Fruit be in the Vines, the Labour of the Olive shall fail, and the Fields shall yield no Meat, the Flock shall be cut off from the Fold, and there shall be no Herd in the Stalls: Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my Salvation.

How attentive ought we to be to the Sufferings of our Fellow-Creatures. St. James tells us, Chap. i. 27. *Pure Religion is to visit the Fatherless and Widows in their Affliction.* And St. Paul in his Epistle to the Hebrews, exhorts, *To remember them that are in Bonds as bound with them; and them which suffer Adversity, as being also in the Body.* And we are commanded by God to use our Endeavours to extricate them, *Deliver the spoiled out of the Hand of the Oppressor.* Jer. xxii. 3.

A L M S.

IF what you have received from God you share to the Poor, you thereby gain a Blessing. But if what you have taken from the Poor you give to God, you purchase thereby a Curse; for he that puts to pious Usury, robs the Spittal, to build an Hospital; and the Cry of the one will out-plead the Prayers of the other.

In bestowing your Alms, enquire not so much into the Person as his Necessity; God

looks

looks not so much upon the Merit of him that requires, as into the Manner of him that relieves; if the Man deserves not, you have given to Humanity.

Be not too cautious in discerning the fit Objects of your Charity, lest a Soul perish thro' your imaginary Discretion; what you give to mistaken Want shall return a Blessing to your deceived Heart. It is better in relieving *Idleness* to commit an *accidental Evil*, than in neglecting *Misery* to omit an *essential Good*.

A N G E R.

When you are most Angry and Chagrined, remember that human Life lasts but a Moment, and that we shall all of us very quickly be laid in our Graves.

If you are Angry with him that reproves your Sin, you secretly confess your Anger to be *unjust*; he that is angry with the just Reprover, kindles the Fire of the just Avenger.

Anger may repast with you for an Hour, but not repose with you for a Night. The Continuance of Anger, is Hatred; the Continuance of Hatred becomes Malice; that Anger is not warrantable that has suffered the Sun to set on it.

Natural Anger *glances* in the Breasts of wise Men; but *rests* in the Bosom of Fools. In them it is Infirmary, in these a Sin. There

is a natural Anger, and there is a spiritual Anger; the common Object of the first, is the *Person*, of the latter his *Vice*. Be angry and sin not; he that is always angry with his Sin, shall seldom sin in his Anger.

Anger is not only a Vice, but a Vice directly contrary to Nature; for it divides instead of joining; and in some Measure frustrates the End of Providence; for, in human Society, one Man was born to help another, but Anger makes us destroy one another. The one unites, the other separates; the one is beneficial to us, the other mischievous; the one succours even Strangers, the other destroys even the most intimate Friends; the one ventures all to save another, the other Ruins himself to undo another. Nature is bountiful, but Anger is pernicious; for it is not Fear, but mutual Love, that binds up Mankind.

Anger comes sometimes upon us, but we go oftner to it, and instead of rejecting it we call it: Yet it is a Vice that carries with it neither Pleasure nor Profit, neither Honour nor Security.

A P P L A U S E.

To be covetous of Applause discovers a slender Merit, and Self conceit is the ordinary Attendant of Ignorance.

The

The Author of *Love of Fame the Universal Passion*, in seven *Characteristical Satires* has these *Lines* upon this *Head*.

The *Love of Praise*, howe'er conceal'd by Art,
Reigns more, or less, and glows in every Heart:
The *Proud* to gain it, toils on toils endure,
The *Modest* shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes and scepters, now, on thrones it swells,
Now, trims the midnight Lamp in College-cells.
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harrangues in Senates, squeaks in Masquerades.
It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the Plain with Mountains of the Dead:
Nor ends with *life*; but nods in sable *Plumes*,
Adorns our *Herse*, and flatters on our Tombs.

ARGUMENT.

In holding of an Argument, be neither conceited nor cholerick; the one distempers your Understanding, the other abuses your Judgment. Above all Things decline Paradoxes and Mysteries; you will acquire no Honour either in maintaining a rank Falshood, or meddling with secret Truths; as he that pleads against the Truth makes Wit the Mother of his Error, so he that argues beyond Warrant makes Wisdom the Midwife of his Folly.

ATHEISM. (*Vide* LIBERTINES)

Let not any profligate Person, who hath bidden Defiance to his Conscience, and is at
War

War with himself, think to take Sanctuary in *Atheism*; and because it imports him highly there should be no God, stoutly deny that there is any; for first, supposing that the Existence of a Deity was not demonstrably or infalibly proved (as it most certainly is) yet he cannot be sure of the Contrary, that there is none.

For no Man can be sure of a pure Negative, namely, that such a Thing is not, unless he will either pretend to have a certain knowledge of all Things that are or may be; than which nothing can be more monstrously or ridiculously arrogant; or else, unless he be sure that the being of what he denies doth imply a Contradiction, for which there is not the least Colour in this place. The true notion of God consisting in this, that he is a Being of all possible Perfection.

Now if he be not sure there is no Deity, he cannot be without some Suspicion and Fear that there may be one.

Secondly, if there should be a Deity as Holy, and Just, and powerful as is supposed; what Vengeance and Indignation may such vile Miscreants and Rebels expect, who have made it their Business to banish him out of the World, who is the great Creator and Governor of it? to undermine his Being, and eradicate all Notions of him, out of their own and other Men's Minds; to provoke his Creatures and Vassals to a Con-

tempt

tempt of him, and a slighting of his Fear and Worship, as being such imaginary Chimeras as are fit only to keep Fools in Awe? Certainly as this is the highest Provocation that any Man can be guilty of, so shall it be punished with the severest Vengeance.

Now the denial of the Existence of a Being, which is of such sad consequence, must needs disturb the Atheist's Thoughts, and fill him with Fears; and qualify and allay all his Pleasures and Enjoyments even in this Life.

But on the other side, he that believes and owns a God; if there should be none, is in no danger of any bad Consequence; for all the Inconveniency of this Belief, will be, that he may be hereby occasioned to tie himself up to some needless Restraints during this short Time of his Life; wherein notwithstanding, there is as to the Present, much Peace, Quiet, and Safety; and as to the Future, his Error shall die with him, there being none to call him to an Account for his Mistake.

Thus far Doctor Wilkins, late Bishop of Chester's Words, in his Discourse upon Natural Religion: To which may be added,
That he not only suffers no Damage but reaps a considerable Benefit from this Mistake; for during this Life, he enjoys a pleasant Dream or Fancy of a future blessed Estate; with the Thoughts and Expectation
C whereof,

whereof, he solaces himself, and agreeably entertains his Time; and is in no Danger of ever being awaked out of it, Death making a full End of him.

The following Poem, taken out of the Works of the late Archbishop *Dawes*, may be agreeable to the Reader upon this Subject; and as these Books may fall into the Hands of many who have not his Writings, it is here inserted.

The Contents of the following P O E M.

Three Sorts of Atheists described. The first Sort confuted. The Frame of the World a Proof of a God. The World not made by Chance. The World not Eternal. Miracles, another Proof of a God. Gifts of Prophecy, another Proof of a God. Universal Consent, our last Proof of a God. The second sort of Atheists confuted. The third sort confuted. Glory be to God.

The ANATOMY of ATHEISM.

SINCE some with bare-fac'd Impudence deny
 The *Self-existence* of a *Deity*,
 Who *Is*, and *Was*, from all Eternity;
 Others more civilly a God dispute,
 Till by Disputing they themselves confute;
 A Third Sort Own *they do a God believe*,
 But at such random Rates and Methods live,
 That

That by their Practice they a God defie,
And by their Actions give their Tongue the Lie:
Since these, I say, so numerous are grown,
And fill the Court, the Country, and the Town;
My pious Muse, inspir'd with holy Rage,
These dreadful Monsters singly shall engage:
And, as of Old the little Son of *Jesse* *
A mighty Giant did in Fight suppress;
Strengthen'd by God, whose Armour then he wore,
And whose just Cause upon his Sword he bore;
So, by the Help of that Divinity
Whom I assert they foolishly deny,
Their Errors I so fully shall refute,
That I shall leave them, answerless, and mute.

And, first, for him who rashly does disown
The Being of the bless'd eternal One;
Let him but tell me whence the World began;
Who made that lovely, lordly Creature, Man;
Let him around him gently cast his Eyes,
And guess who made the Earth, the Seas, the Skies.

If he be one of that misguided Tribe,
Which to blind Chance does all these Works ascribe;
Let him the Beauties of this Globe survey,
The just Vicissitudes of Night and Day;
The constant Motion of the Moon and Sun,
Which in just Order do their Races run:
Let him consider his own wond'rous Make,
And, for a Time, himself to Pieces take:
Then see how ev'ry Fibre, Vein and Nerve,
Does to its proper Ends and Uses serve;
How all we eat, and drink, and take for Food,
Dissolves to Chyle, and mingles with the Blood.

If all this Lesson still shall prove in vain,
And he his first dull Maxim will maintain;
That *Atoms*, moving in a heedless Dance,
Leapt into this harmonious Form by Chance:

C 2

Then

* *David.*

Then let him say, a beauteous Edifice
 From Bricks and Stones will of it self arise;
 That Letters, in a Bag together shook
 Will make an uniform, ingenious, Book;
 Or that bare Brass and Steel will jump into a }
 Clock.

The Works of Chance are of another Kind,
 And, like their Cause, irregular and blind;
 Without Intention and without Design,
 And far from being beautiful or fine.
 Since then the Workmanship we plainly see,
 We must infer there must a Workman be:
 Thus by the Art the Artist we descry,
 And by the Creature find the Deity.
 Now, if the World at first was made too fair,
 Too curious, excellent and regular
 To be the Work of blind Contingency,
 To what new Covert must the *Ath'ist* fly.

The *Worlds-eternity* he next must take
 For his last Refuge and his surest Stake;
 And by denying that the World was made,
 Or that by Art it was in Order laid,
 He thinks to ward off the Necessity
 Of introducing here a Deity,
 Whose boundless Power, and all-contriving
 Thought,
 This lovely Fabrick to Perfection brought.

But here, instead of wiping off the Score,
 He's plung'd in deeper than he was before:
 And, far from owning its Eternity,
 We'll shew the World in its first Infancy;
 And as thro' various Turns and Windings led,
 We trace the River to the Fountain-head;
 So going backwards still from Man to Man,
 We'll find a Time when he at first began.

Most

Most Writers * own 'tis not fix thousand Year,
Since first this beauteous Fabrick did appear;
Egyptian Priests held a much longer Date,
And reckon'd at a very diff'rent Rate;
But they alas! were full of Forgeries,
And fam'd for nought but Impudence and Lies;
Chaldeans too made their unjust Account
Beyond the Numbers of our Cent'ries mount;
But told such gross Improbabilities,
That wisest Men, them and their Cheats despise.
Moses alone the sacred Truth did tell,
And the World's Age with Faithfulness reveal;
Believ'd by all, but such as want of Sense,
Or obstinate and harden'd Impudence,
Has blinded with so thick a Mist of Night,
That they shall never more behold the Light.
On his Account however I rely,
As an exact, impartial History;
Because Tradition does its Faith assure,
And with one common Voice proclaims it pure.
Here may each Man, as in a Mirrour, see
His first Extraction, and his Pedigree,
And find his wish'd-for Genealogy.
Thus then we come to our Original,
And to the God and Father of us all.

But, since the *Ath'ist* does this Book disown,
He must have other Proof, or he has none.
And tho' our Reason make it clear and plain,
This Book does nothing but the Truth contain;
Wrote by a Man, whose just Integrity
Forbids us to suspect him of a Lie,
Or tell those Things, with Confidence, as true,
Which he, perhaps, fancies he never knew;
Yet against *Moses* he will still exclaim
And call his story a fantastic Dream.

If

* See Bp. *Pearson* on the Creed, P. 58, 59.

If then there was a World, as some contend,
Which never did begin, and ne'er will end;
Let them the Records of this World unfold,
In which its mighty Actions are inroll'd;
And shew, before the Time of our Creation,
One Kingdom, Empire, Common-wealth or Nations;
One Language, Science, Art or Mystery,
Whose first Original we can't descry.

But here the *Ath'ist* leaves us at a Stand,
And bids us seek for an unheard-of Land,
Without a Guide to tell the certain Way,
And keep false Lights from leading us astray.
Doubtless, *saiſt he*, there was in Times of Yore,
Of Histories and Records plenteous store;
But these to Earthquakes, Floods, and Deluges,
More frequent Fires, and sad Contingencies,
Became a dire inevitable Prey,
And with their Authours they were snatch't away.

Was there then ever such a Fire or Flood,
So swift and fierce as not to be withstood?
So gen'ral, and so full of Cruelty,
As to leave none to write its History;
If so, the World was to begin again,
Which is the same as if't had never been;
If not, 'tis strange Tradition should not tell
Those Wonders which our Ancestors befell.
They who surviv'd these sad Catastrophes
Told them, no doubt, to their Posterities;
And thus the History, at first begun,
Must thro' the Line of long Succession run.
Supposing then, what Story did relate,
In careful Writing, subject was to Fate;
Oral Tradition could not wholly fail,
Unless it had been stopt by Miracle;
Some Glim'rings sure we of this World should see,
Thro' the dark Vale of long Antiquity;

Some

Some Tidings of that World we needs must have,
Which fell almost at once into its Grave :
At least some Rite or Custom would remain,
'To prove that *Men have before Adam been* ; *
Since all these Things are wanting, let's conclude,
That *Adam* is our Sire, and we his Brood ;
And on his Person we with Ease shall see
The plain Impressions of a Deity.

Besides, as wise *Lucretius* † well observes,
The *Ath'ist* to his own Conviction serves ;
For all his Earthquakes, Floods, and Deluges,
Prove only that the World corruptive is ;
And since it is decay'd, and wastes so fast,
This plainly shews it has not long to last.
Immortal Things immortal Beauty hold,
Unchang'd, and sure of never growing old ;
Whereas the World does almost ev'ry Day
Give us fresh Instances of its Decay :
Unhappy *Naples*, more than half o'erthrown,
This dismal Truth unwillingly must own :
And *Ætna's* Flames shew, by their constant Rage,
The World is come into her latest Age.
Nothing from Ruin can her Fabrick save,
But nodding now she bends tow'rd's her eternal
Grave.

Thus does the World most evidently prove
The *Being* of that *God* who sits above ;
For since from various Reasons we infer
The World's Nativity is plain and clear :
By Reason cast, the *Ath'ist* quits the Field,
And that the World is not eternal yeilds.
If not eternal then it once was made,
If made, it certainly a Maker had.

Now

* Vid. *Prædimitæ*.

† Vid. Lib. 5. *De Rerum Natura*.

Now all Men this must for an Axiom take,
 That nothing can it self produce or make:
 For that this Contradiction would imply,
 At the same Time to be, and *not* to be.
 Some outward Cause we therefore must explore,
 Either of Chance, or an eternal Power.
 The World's too well proportion'd and design'd,
 To be the Work of Chance, ill-shap'd; and blind.
 God for her Maker she alone will own,
 And throws herself at his Almighty Throne.

Nor does the World, and its harmonious Frame,
 The Being of a God alone proclaim:
 But *Moses*, by his wonder-working Rod,
 Gives us another Proof here is a God:
 And each Effect surpassing Nature's Laws,
 Bids us look out for a superiour Cause:
 In vain Philosophers their Wisdom try,
 And stretch poor Nature to Extremity,
 To make her solve each wond'rous Mystery:
 To Natures-master they must often go,
 If of Effects they would the Causes know.

How strangely must the *Ath'ist* look to see
 The Fire renounce its burning Quality?
 And Things, which nat'rally increase its Rage,
 Calm its fierce Scorchings, and its Heat assuage.
 Yet thus its Nature did the Fire forego,
 For *Shadrach*, *Mesbach*, and *Abednego*: *
 In vain the Tyrant did their Ruin threat,
 And, seven times o'er, his stubborn Furnace heat:
 Safe in the Midst o'th' Flames the Brethren stood,
 And cool as Summer Breezes from the Wood.
 What Power of Nature can transform a Flood
 Of *crystal Waters* into *scarlet Blood*? †
 Or make the Sea without its Motion stand,
 And in a Moment turn to *solid Land*? ‡

Yet

* See *Daniel* Chap. iii. † *Exod.* Chap. vii. ‡ *Ibid* Chap. xiv.

Yet thus in ancient Days did *Moses* show
 The Pow'r of God above, by Miracles below.
 What Strength of Art can quicken and restore
 A Man when Dead, to what he was before?
 Infuse new Life into his frozen Veins,
 And a new Soul to his forsaken Brains?
 Yet this did our all-powerful Master do,
 Who rais'd from Death himself and others too.
 Can Nature say, Awake ye dead, arise,
 Shake off your Sleep, lift up your drowsy Eyes?
 I will again once more your Corps inspire,
 Kindle your Breath with my enliv'ning Fire,
 And give your Soul back to its ancient Friend,
 Your Soul, which, when I please, I take or lend:
 No, she with Modesty withdraws her Head,
 And challenges no pow'r to raise the Dead;
 But owns she has a Lord, whose awful Sway
 She must not, cannot, dares not disobey;
 When he commands she leaves her wonted Way. }
 He makes the Water, Earth, and Air, and Fire,
 When he sees fit, against themselves conspire.
 Makes *Lions*, tho' by Nature fierce and wild, *
 Fearful and gentle as a new-born Child;
 He makes the tender *Lambs* securely sleep,
 Whilst hungry *Tygers* do the *Sheep-folds* keep.
 Let him but speak, and Nature stops her Course,
 Abates her Pace, and slackens all her Force.
 At his Command *the Sun and Moon stand still*, †
 And give his Servants Light, their Foes to kill.
 A Word from him makes the Clouds cease to rain,
 Another Word makes them distil again. ‡
 Tho' Nature saith our Noons are always bright, }
 Yet let him speak and there shall be no Light,
 But Day it self shall be *transform'd to Night*. ||

* See *Dan.* Chap. vi.

† *Joshua* Chap. x.

‡ *1 Kings* Chap. xviii.

|| As in our *Saviour's* Passion

Thus does each Miracle in Letters plain,
 And at a mighty Distance to be seen,
 Shew the great Name of Nature's sacred Lord,
 By us with Love and Reverence ador'd.
 To him the *Ath'ist* must his Tribute give,
 From whom alone he borrows Leave to live.
 His Being, sure, he can no more deny,
 Of which so many Wonders testify.
 The Miracles stand fix'd in History,
 Stamp'd by traditional Authority,
 To which no Man of Sense will give the Lie. }
 The Credit of the World is much too strong,
 To be oppos'd by any single Tongue.
 The Facts he therefore cannot well disown,
 Unless he has resolv'd to credit none
 But what he sees; believing nothing told,
 Or think no Truth but what his Eyes behold.
 If not the Facts, we take our Strength from thence,
 And thus we argue for our Consequence.
 If Works are done which Nature's Pow'r exceed,
 We in some higher Pow'r these wond'rous Works
 must read.

The Gifts of Prophecy as plainly show
 There must be one to whom those Gifts we owe,
 Man's Knowledge is too shallow to foresee
 What shall To-morrow or the next Day be;
 Much more to tell a thousand Years Events,
 Which all depend on future Accidents;
 And lay those Things before us, bright and clear,
 And just as if they were already here,
 Which shall not come to pass till distant Age
 Shifts Scenes, and brings new Prospects on the Stage.

Yet thus of old did *Abraham* foretel
 That his poor Off-spring should in *Aegypt* dwell; *

* See *Gen. xv. 13.*

And for the Space of many a tedious Year,
The toilsome Yoke of cruel *Pharoah* bear.
Exactly did the sad Event agree
With what had been foretold in Prophecy.
Thus was *Josiah's* Birth and Reign of old,
Some hundred Years before they came, foretold. *
And thus *Isaiab* told, as he foresaw,
That *Cyrus* to the *Persians* should give Law; †
That by his mighty Arm the *Jews* should rise,
And, tho' then Slaves, subdue their Enemies.
And, that the Matter might be free from Doubt,
By Name he mark'd this glorious Monarch out.
Thus all the Prophets did pre-signify
The blessed *JESUS's* *Nativity*;
And laid each Circumstance so nicely down,
That by the Character the God was known.

If all these Prophecies are not fulfill'd,
We are content with Shame to quit the Field;
But if they are, as justly we believe,
The *Ath'ist* must be damn'd beyond Reprieve;
For they who shut their Eyes, and will not see
The Power of an all-knowing Deity
Who looks with Ease into Futurity,
No Mercy must expect, or Pity pray,
When the great God shall keep his Judgment Day.
Man they confess is of too short a Sight
To see Things future, sown in Depth of Night.
Some nobler Pow'r they then of Course must grant,
Which does no Measure of Fore-knowledge want.
This Pow'r is God; whom rashly they deny,
They know not upon what Account, or why.

But some perhaps will call for Instances
Out of profane and vulgar Histories;

* *1. Kings* xiii. 2. † *Isaiab* xlii. 45.

Tho' without Reason they this Favour ask,
 Yet I would willingly accept the Task.
 And here the ancient Oracles afford
 A thousand Prophecies, which, word for word,
 Exactly were accomplish'd and reveal'd
 So clearly, that they must not be conceal'd.
 Some were indeed told in a doubtful way,
 But others clear as Sun-shine at Mid-day:
 Such was the Prophecy which did declare,
 That *Cyrus* should the *Lydians* beat in War; *
 Such that, which told it should the Fortune be
 Of *Xerxes*' Navy, to be beat at Sea, †
 When all things promis'd the quite contrary.

Before the Bar then let the *Ath'ist* kneel,
 And take Conviction from his own Appeal.
 No more Evasions can he hope to find,
 But or must see, or must confess he's blind;
 For, as when Day don't enter thro' the Sight,
 We strait conclude the Organs are not right:
 So, if our *Ath'ist* still will persevere,
 And neither Truth nor solid Reason hear,
 We must conclude his Soul so full of sin,
 That she can't let her proper Object in.
 Once more I'll try, if like a senseless Rock,
 Fixt, and unmov'd, he'll stand another shock;
 I'll ply him but with one more Argument,
 From universal Judgment and Consent;
 And if this fails to work upon his Soul,
 It is because his Faculties are foul.

Let us survey the Universe around,
 And search each Nook where Men are to be found;
 No Nation shall we meet beneath the Sky,
 But what does worship some Divinity.
 Of this Divinity, which all believe,
 Too few there are that do aright conceive.

* See *Herodotus*, B. I. † Ibid, B. VII.

Yet with one Voice they all agree in this,
God is, altho' they know not *what he is*.

A God-head some attribute to the Sun,
Others with equal Honours crown the Moon:
Some to a *Monkey* with Devotion bow,
Others religiously adore a *Cow*; *

And by their misplac'd Zeal shew they agree
I' th' gen'ral Notion of a Deity.

Great part o'th' World believe *more* Gods than one,
None ever yet profess'd that there were none.

See then our *Atb'ist* all the World oppose,
And like *Drawcanfir*, make *all Men his Foes*. †

See with what sawcy Pride he does pretend
His wiser Father's Notions to amend;

Huffs *Plutarch*, *Plato*, *Pliny*, *Seneca*;

And bids ev'n *Cicero* himself give way:

Tells all the World they follow a false Light,

And he alone of all Mankind is right.

Thus, like a Madman, who, when all alone,

Thinks himself King, and ev'ry Chair a Throne;

Drunk with Conceit, and foolish Impudence,

He prides himself in his abounding Sense.

But soon this Pride would to the Ground be
brought,

If he'd allow himself a Moment's Thought.

For let him but consider well within

From whence this gen'ral Notion did begin;

Who was its Author, from what Hint it came,

And our conceited Bully will grow tame.

This Notion then was either first embrac'd,

Because by Nature on our Hearts impress'd:

Or else, because a nat'ral Tendency

Persuades us to believe a Deity;

* See the *Alcoran*.
Conquest of *Granada*.

† A Character in Mr. *Dryden's*

So that whenever any Man we hear
 The *Being* of an all-wise *God* aver;
 This Truth with as much eagerness we own,
 As soon as first discover'd and made known,
 As do the Eyes, whose Organs are aright,
 Suck in the Beams of the Sun's glorious Light.
 Or, thirdly, we from Reason's sacred Law,
 This Inference most evidently draw;
 And with *St. Paul*, from Things created, prove
 The *Being* of that *God* who sits above:
 Or, lastly, this was from Tradition brought,
 And by our Fathers to the Children taught.

If, in our Search, we shall by Nature find
 This Principle ingrafted on the Mind;
 Its Truth of Consequence we must pursue;
 For Nature's Principles are always true;
 Her steady Light can never go astray,
 But leads us to one right and constant Way.

Or if the Soul is by its Nature bent,
 At the first sight to give its free Assent
 To this Assertion, that a *God must be*,
 And *has been* always from Eternity:
 The self same Evidence will still remain,
 To make the matter beyond Question plain.
 Man's Soul is fram'd by nat'ral Appetite,
 In Truth and Reason's dictates to delight.
 If then our Souls, unprejudic'd and free,
 Do of themselves to this great Truth agree;
 With Reason argue, and confess we must
 Their Judgment equal, and their Verdict just.

But if our Reason does this Truth evince,
 The *Ath'ist* never more must make Pretence,
 E'en to the lowest Pitch of common Sense.
 Men's Company he must of course forsake,
 And senseless Brutes for his dear Comrades take.

If from Tradition we this Truth receiv'd,
Which all our wisest Ancestors believ'd,
Into the same dispute again we fall
About its Rise and first Original.
How came it first to him who did begin
To broach it to the World, and let it in?
Nothing but an all-pow'rful, ruling Hand,
Men's Hearts and Mouths can equally command.
To *Adam* first God did himself unfold,
He to his Children all his Knowledge told:
Thus Faith, by Reason strengthened, does obtain;
And thro' the World without Resistance reign.

See then a Cloud of Witnesses appear!
For the whole World bears Testimony here.
See how all Nations in full Concert croud,
And with one Voice cry out a *God* aloud.
Before these let the *Ath'ist* shew his Head,
And hear his dismal Accusation read:
His fatal Crime is of the deepest Dye,
'Tis Treason 'gainst the highest Majesty.
His Lord and Maker he denies to own,
And rudely kicks against his Sov'reign's Throne;
Thro' all the bonds of Right and Nature breaks,
Nay, his own Reason and himself forsakes.
Puff'd up with Pride and saucy Impudence,
Things he denies most evident to Sense.
And, as old *ZENO Motion* did dispute,
And by his *walking* did himself confute;
So he, altho' he ev'ry where descries
Things made, a Maker foolishly denies.

The Accusation read, the Trial's done,
His Guilt's as plain as is the Noon-day Sun.
There's not one Man in Court but's heard to cry,
The Treason's clear; so, let the Traytor die!

To Sentence then we justly may proceed,
And make the obstinate Rebellious bleed.

In Lakes of Brimstone must our *Atb'ist* dwell,
 Plung'd to the bottom of the hottest Hell,
 Where no Day enters, where no Sun appears,
 And the sad Place with its bright Presence cheers;
 There he to all Eternity must lie
 In Pangs of Death, but yet must never die;
 Doom'd by that Power, whom he too late will know,
 To never ceasing Pains, and everlasting Woe.

Nor will their Guilt or Punishment be less,
 Who *Scepticks* in the Case themselves profess;
 Who think the Case some scruples may admit,
 And so suspend their Faith and Thoughts of it.
 We have no Medium left for doubting Fools,
 No Castles in the Air for faithless Souls.
 Wing'd with Belief of a Divinity,
 Our happy Souls shall to his Mansion fly:
 But Disbelief, and *Scepticism* we know,
 Will Soul and Body into ruin throw.

Besides, in doubtful Cases we deride
 That Man who will not chuse the surest side;
 Prudence commands us with a cautious Care,
 Against the worst may happen, to prepare;
 And names those Men alone discreet and wise,
 Who chuse their Road where certain safety lies.

For once then, let the Case as doubtful go,
 Whether there be a Deity or no,
 Till after Death the Point must needs remain
 Unsolv'd, and Death alone can make it plain.

A wise Man therefore would believe it here,
 That after Death he may no danger fear.
 Our Faith is purchas'd at no mighty Cost,
 And we shall sleep securely if 'tis lost.
 But if the sad Event shall prove a God,
 Then will the Disbeliever feel his Rod.

Why then will Men their Wisdom thus betray,
 And by their Folly cast themselves away?

In things of lesser Moment and Concern,
They can with ease the safest way discern ;
But when th' immortal Soul is made the Stake,
With what contentedness the Fools mistake !

If we on roads of War and danger go,
And are not sure but we may meet our Foe,
Wisely we arm against the worst Event,
Lest made his Slaves we should too late repent ;
This differs from our Case in terms and name,
But in reality is just the same.

Belief of God our Souls securely arms,
And makes them Proof against all future harms.
But if unarm'd we venture to appear,
And find a God, 'twill cost us very dear.
Darkness and Horror, Pain and Misery,
Will be our Doom to all Eternity.

Belief like Weapons we about us bear,
To guard ourselves from danger and from fear.
Thus arm'd, we hope to find a God at last,
After a Life in peace and quiet past ;
If we succeed, as there's no doubt we shall,
We save our ruin and Eternal fall ;
If not, the worst Event that we can have,
Is to lie senseless in the silent Grave.

For the third sort, who by their Lives dethrone
That God, whom they for Fashion's sake will own ;
These do more mischief in the World than those
Who do with open force a God oppose.

'Tis much the better and the wiser way
To disallow a God, than disobey,
Better to own no Lord, than this our Lord betray, }
Some Men, with fatal Prejudices blind,
Seek for a Deity they cannot find ;
And this is some, tho' but a bad excuse,
And no way fit for Men of Sense to use.

But they, who in their sinful courses live,
 And yet protest they do a God believe,
 Speak Contradictions, and must either think
 That God will at their Sin and Lewdness wink;
 (Which plainly shews their Thoughts are much
 amiss,

And that they might as well affirm no God there is)
 Or else they only play the Hypocrite,
 And only say they do believe aright;
 But in their Hearts they saucily defy
 The Power and Justice of a Deity.

Of all the Three then, our last Spark is worst,
 And consequently will be most accurst;
 For him the Flames of Hell, if it can be,
 Shall still be rais'd to a more quick Degree,
 As a Reward for his Hypocrisy. }

Thus have the *Ath'ists* been distinctly try'd:
 The *first* for Rashness, Impudence and Pride,
 For his abuse of Nature's sacred Laws,
 And holding off when Reason prov'd the Cause.
 The *second* for his want of Wit to chuse
 The safest way, the dangerous refuse.
 The *third* for his profane Hypocrisy,
 And boldly telling a *religious* Lie.
 The Trial done, I have no more to say,
 Their next *Appeal* is on the *Judgment-day*;
 When to their shame God will his Power exert,
 And in their Ruin will himself assert.

GLORY BE TO GOD.

A T T E N -

ATTENTION.

If you give Attention (says *Solomon*) you shall receive Instruction; and if you take Pleasure in hearing, you shall become Wise.

None are too Old to receive Instruction. The Best and most Grave will confess, that he is ignorant of many Things, saith *Cicero*. *Solon* was not ashamed to say, that, in his old Age, he was a Learner. And *Julianus*, the Lawyer, said, that when he had one Foot in the Grave, he would have the other in the School.



BEAUTY.

GAZE not on Beauty too much, lest it blast you; nor too long, lest it blind you; nor too near, lest it burn you. If you like it, it deceives you; if you love it, it disturbs you; if you lust after it, it destroys you; if Virtue accompany it, it is the Heart's Paradise; if Vice is associate with it, it is the Soul's Purgatory. It is the wise Man's Fire, and the Fool's Furnace.

BENEVOLENCE.

As Benevolence is the most Sociable of all Virtues, so is it of the largest Extent; for there is not any Man either so great or so

little, but he is yet capable of giving or receiving Benefits.

Let us always use God's Blessings as Bounties, with Moderation and Temperance, and remember the Poor; for God has given to some too little for their Convenience, and to others more than they need, that neither Side may want an Occasion for exercising their Virtue. He bestows upon us sufficient for the Relief of our Brethren, that we may obtain his Mercy. And on the other Hand, the Poor when they are refreshed by our Liberality, give God Thanks for putting it into our Hearts, and recommend us to him in their Prayers.

It is the Duty of every Individual, to be a Friend to Mankind, as it is his Interest, that Men should be friendly to him.

BENEFITS.

The greatest Benefits of all, have no Witness, but lie concealed in the Conscience.

A kind Benefactor makes a Man Happy as *soon* as he can, and as *much* as he can. There should be no delay in a Benefit, but the Modesty of the Receiver. If we cannot foresee the Request, let us however immediately grant it, it is so grievous a Thing to say, *I beg*, the very Word puts a Man out of Countenance; and 'tis a double kindness, to do the Thing, and save an honest Man the Confusion of a Blush.

CARE.



CARE.

BE rather more anxious about what you do, than what you have; for what you have is not your own, and will leave you at your Death, or you will lose the Pleasure of it in your Sickness; But what you do is yours, and will attend you to your Grave, and plead for you, or against you, at your Resurrection.

CALAMITY.

One Advantage gained by Calamities, is, to know how to sympathize with others in the like Troubles.

It is often found that to be armed against Calamities with a tranquil Mind, is either a sure Way to avoid them, or at least to protract the Season of their Arrival; and if there was nothing else in it but the rendering them the more tollerable when they happen, it would be prudent to try the Experiment.

CHARACTER.

Put it out of the Power of Truth to give you an ill Character; and if you are reported to be a dishonest Man, let your Practice give the Lie to it; which is absolutely in your Power to do; for who can hinder you from being just, sincere and good-natured, if you are so inclined?

The

The Qualifications of a good CHARACTER.

The Man who duly weighs and considers the Nature of those Things in which he is embarked, and then contrives accordingly; who calmly and wisely deliberates before he acts or speaks; who, by a provident Fore-cast, apprizes himself of Good or Evil before it comes, so as to be duly prepared for it; who observes an exact Decency and Propriety in his outward Conduct, according to the Ends he is seeking to compass; who is neither rude nor boisterous, conceited or affected in his Carriage or Behaviour; *such a Man every one will naturally Esteem.* He who is careful to give every one his Due; who is undisguised and sincere in his Speech; punctual in his Contracts; faithful in his Promises; unwilling to do any Man the least Injury, in his Body, Reputation or Estate, to gratify any particular Humour, or to serve any private Purpose, *will certainly gain the greatest Confidence;* who is solicitous to express a grateful Sense of Favours received; who regards every friendly Office done him, or Kindness intended him, as laying him under generous Obligations, to take the first Opportunity to requite; *may depend upon the good Wishes and ready Service, not only of those whom he then in his turn obliges, but of all likewise who see and observe him.* The Man who is moderate in the Use of sensitive Enjoyments; who can restrain his Ap-
petite

petite, and is careful by no kind of Excess to prejudice either his Health or his Reason; who has neither an immoderate Thirst after Fame or Wealth, but has his Desire under due Regulation and Government; *will not fail of the good Opinion or good Word, even of those who may not be able or willing to imitate him.*

C H A R I T Y.

Nothing contributes more to make Men polite and civilized, than true and genuine Charity; and nothing cures them sooner and more generally of all such Faults as are prejudicial to human Society, and incompatible with the sweet Intercourse and Correspondence among Men. Before Charity has inspired the Mind with Moderation, and ruled the Affections of the Heart, all in us obeys and yields to the Dictates of Pride and Self-love; but in a different Manner according to the Difference of Tempers and Characters. In such as are better bred and have a greater knowledge of the World, Pride and Self-love seldom dare to make their Appearance in their natural Form, but they are not a whit the less real for that: They are after all, the true motives of what we do and even of the Care we take to hide them. In other Men who are less disguised, and in whom Nature borrows less from Art, and
shews

shews itself in greater Plainness and Simplicity, Pride and Self-love do then appear in a much more shocking manner; they are always found ready to judge rashly, and to decide positively on every thing without the least Discretion or Prudence. They have but very small Regard for others, and indiscriminately make use of all Expressions that come to hand. They command imperiously, and obey unwillingly. Whatever appears true to them, they utter it as a certainty; and whatever opposes it, is looked on by them as unjust and unreasonable. Opposition has seldom any other Effect with them, than to give them the Spleen; and it seldom has happened that they yield to Advice or Arguments, unless they are accompanied with all the Ways that can possibly render less odious to them the Idea given of the Wrong they may be in.

Charity no sooner begins to take Root in the Heart, but it makes all those Weaknesses vanish at once. It softens what is hard and rough; it cures that Presumption and Haughtiness that pretended to decide and judge of every Thing; it instructs us how to doubt and how to reflect; to be teachable, and not to rely too much on our own Wisdom and Understanding. It destroys all manner of Positiveness, and moderates the very Tone of our Voice; and in such Persons as are already polite and endowed with the

Qualities

Qualities that render People lovely to the rest of Mankind, it gives this charming outside a Motive and an inward Principle far different from Self-love.

CHILDREN. (*Vide* PARENT.)

Disobedient Children not only offend their Parents, but resist the authority of God, as may be read *Ephes. vi. 1. Children obey your Parents in the Lord.* There is the Command: The Rebellion therefore runs higher than they think; for it is not Man, but God, that they disobey, and for their disobedience God will Punish them. It may be, the tenderness of Parents will not suffer them, or that Children are grown beyond their Correction: In which Case all they can then do, is, to complain to God; and if so, he will handle them more severely than their Parents could.

The Sin of Disobedience, in Children sprung from religious Parents, is a greater Sin than the Sin of young *Heathens* and *Infidels*, and so will their Account be also; better would it have been for them had they been the Offspring of savage *Indians*, nay of Beasts, than of such Parents, whose Counsels disobeyed, Hopes and Prayers frustrated, will prove sad Aggravations.

It is usual with God to retaliate Men's disobedience to their Parents in kind: Commonly our own Children shall pay us home

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for it, I have read in a grave *Author*, of a wicked Wretch that dragged his Father along the House; the Father begged of him not to draw him beyond such a place, for said he, "I dragged my Father no farther." This was a sad, but just Retribution of God. Such Children who have, by the Care and Affection of their Parents, reaped the Blessing of a good Education, ought to admire God's goodness to them in that particular; ought to honour such Parents, for the tie is double upon them so to do; and to exert their utmost endeavours to be the joy of their Hearts and comfort of their Lives, if living: If not, yet still to remember the Mercy, and tread their Paths; that both may rejoice together hereafter, and bless God for each other to all Eternity.

CONDITION.

We never see the true state of our own Condition till it is illustrated to us by its contraries; nor do we know how to place a due estimation on what we enjoy, till we are made acquainted with the want of it.

Blessings are little prized while *possessed*, but highly esteemed the very instant they are *preparing* for their Flight; bitterly regretted when once they are *gone* and to be seen no more.

Hervey's *Contemplations*.

C O N-

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience (as our Divines well express it) is the judgment of a Man upon himself, as he is subject to the judgment of God. A Judgment it is, and a practical Judgment too; it belongs to the understanding Faculty, I. Cor. xi. 31. *If we would judge ourselves,* &c. This Self-judgment is the proper Office of the Conscience, and to enable it for this its Work and Office, there are (as is generally observed) three things belonging to every Man's conscience.

First, A knowledge of the Rule or Law according to which it is to judge, called the *Synteresis*, which is a Treasury of Rules and Principles, without which Conscience can no more do its work, than an *Artificer* that wants his Square and Level, can do his.

Second, Knowledge of the Facts or Matters to be judged, called the *Syneidesis*. The Conscience of every Man keeps a Register of his Actions, Thoughts, and the very secrets of the Heart.

Third, An *Ability* and delegated *Authority* to pass Judgment on ourselves and Actions, according to the Rule and Law of God, called *Crisis*, Judgment. Here it sits upon the Bench as God's Vicegerent, absolving or condemning, as it finds the *Sincerity* or *Hypocrisy* of the Heart, upon Trial. I. John iii. 20, 21.

Conscience therefore is a high and awful Power; it is *solo Deo Minor*, next and immediately under God, our Judge; riding as *Joseph* did in the second Chariot: And concerning Conscience, he saith to every Man, as he once did to *Moses*, with respect to *Pharaoh*, *see I have made thee a God to Pharaoh*, *Exod. vii. 1.* The Voice of Conscience is the Voice of God; what it bindeth or looseth on Earth *clave non errante*, is accordingly bound or loosed in Heaven, *I. Job. iii. 21.* The greatest deference and precise Obedience is due to its command. Its consolations are of all the most sweet; and its condemnations (only excepting those by the Mouth of Christ in the last Judgment) most terrible.

Zuinglius spake not without ground, when he said, "What Death would I not rather chuse? What Punishment would I not rather bear? Yea, into what a profound Abyss of Hell would I not rather enter, than to witness against my Conscience." 'Tis like, he had felt the Terrors of it to be more bitter than Death. How many have chose strangling, rather than Life under the Terrors of Conscience? Wherever you go, Conscience accompanies you; whatever you say, do, or but think, it registers and records, in Order to the day of Account: When all Friends forsake you; even when your Soul forsakes your Body, Conscience will not, can-

not

not forsake you ; when your Body is weakest and dullest, your Conscience is most vigorous and active. Never more Life in the Conscience, than when Death makes its nearest approach to the Body : when it smiles, cheers, acquits and comforts, O what a Heaven doth it create within a Man ; and when it frowns, condemns and terrifies, how are all the Pleasures Joys and Delights of this World clouded and even benighted ! 'Tis certainly the best of Friends or the worst of Enemies, in the whole Creation. This is Conscience, these are its Powers and Offices.

He that commits a Sin, shall quickly find
The pressing Guilt lye heavy on his Mind :
Though Bribes, or Favour, should assert his Cause,
Pronounce him Guiltless, and elude the Laws :
None quits himself : His own impartial Thought
Will damn ; and Conscience will record the Fault.

Juv. Sat. 13. by Creech.

There is no true Felicity but in a clear and open Conscience ; and those are the happy Conversations, where only such Things are spoken and heard, as we can reflect upon afterwards with Satisfaction, free from any mixture of Shame or Repentance.

Storms in the Conscience will always lodge Clouds in the Countenance.

When we are touch'd with some important Ill,
How vainly Silence would our Grief conceal ?

Sorrow

Sorrow nor Joy, can be disguised by Art,
Our Foreheads blab the Secrets of our Heart.

Juv. by Harvey.

CONSIDERATION.

In all the Difficulties and Crosses of Life, this should be our Consideration. Since it is God's Will, I will not only obey, but assent to it; nor should we comply out of Necessity, but Inclination.

CONVERSATION.

There is a Set of imperious and arrogant People, with whom it is dangerous to engage, that always arrogate Reason and Sense to themselves, and allow no one else to be in the Right, nor so much as complain of their Behaviour.

It is highly requisite for a Man to avoid too much Familiarity in Conversation. It is an old *English* adage, *too much Familiarity breeds Contempt*. So he that familiarizes himself, presently loses the superiority, that his serious Air and good Deportment gave him, and consequently his credit. The more common human things are, the less they are esteemed; for communication discovers Imperfections that a prudent reserve concealed. We must not be too familiar with Superiors, because of danger; nor with Inferiors, by reason of Indecency; and far less with mean
People

People, whom Ignorance renders Insolent; for, being insensible of the Honour done them, they presume it is their due.

We are generally weary of those Men most, whom we ought never to be weary of at all.

Formal *Civilities* and *Ceremonies* are a kind of Tyranny which render Men unsociable, even in Society itself.

Plutarch advises to moderate and correct all base, unworthy and hurtful Passions; that in all our Conversation we may be open Hearted; and that we may not seek to overreach or deceive others in any of our Dealings.

Let your Conversation with Men be sober and sincere; your Devotion to God dutiful and decent; let the one be hearty and not haughty; let the other be humble, but not homely. So live with Men as if God saw you; so pray to God, as if Men heard you.

COMFORT.

There are two sorts of Persons scarce to be comforted, *viz.* a rich Man, when he finds himself dying; and a Beauty, when she sees her charms fading.

COMPASSION.

Compassion from one Man to another is very natural; and agreeable to the command in the Gospel, *love one another*: Yet those
Objects

Objects which strike the Sight are always the most affecting.

Ah! little think the gay licentious Proud
Whom Pleasure, Power, and Affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy Mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, Riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment, Death
And all the sad variety of Pain!
How many Sink in the devouring Flood,
Or more devouring Flame. How many bleed;
By shameful Variance betwixt Man and Man.
How many pine in Want, and Dungeon Glooms;
Shut from the common Air, and common use
Of their own Limbs. How many drink the Cup
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter Bread
Of Misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry Winds,
How many shrink into the sordid Hut
Of cheerless Poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer Tortures of the Mind,
Unbounded Passion, Madness, Guilt, Remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the Height of Life,
They furnish Matter for the Tragic Muse.
Even in the Vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest Passions, droop
With deep retir'd Distress. How many stand
Around the Death-bed of their dearest Friends,
And point the parting Anguish, Thought fond Man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless Ills,
That one incessant struggle render Life,
One Scene of Toil, of Suffering, and of Fate,
Vice in his high Career would stand appall'd
And heedless Rambling Impulse learn to think;

The

The conscious Heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
 The social Tear wou'd rise, the social Sigh;
 And into clear Perfection, gradual Bliss,
 Refining still, the social Passions work.

COMPANY.

Be very circumspect in the choice of your Company; in the Society of your equals, you may enjoy Pleasure; in the Society of your superiors, you may find Profit; but to be the best in Company, is to be in the way to grow worse; the best means to improve, is to be the least there. But above all be *the Companion of those who fear the Lord and keep his Precepts*. Numa Pompilius thought the Company of good Men so real a Pleasure, he esteemed it preferable to a Diadem: And when the *Roman* Ambassadors solicited him to accept the Government, he frankly declared, among other Reasons for declining it, *that the Conversation of Men who assemble together to worship God, and to maintain an amicable Charity, was his Business and Delight.*

CORRECTION.

Correction ought never to be given in Anger; for a Man in Passion will never observe the due mean betwixt the two Extreams, of too much, and too little.

COURAGE.

True Courage finds always some Remedy or other; it is not enough to expect Death calmly and unconcerned, unless without being afraid of it, we use all our endeavours to avoid it.

He who cannot suffer, has nothing of Courage; true Courage never suffers itself to be *intirely* depressed.

It is not to be esteemed an effect of Courage, to make Death a Sanctuary from the inevitable Miseries of a hated Life; but to be either willing to die in the height of human Enjoyments, or to be resolved to live to brave those very Calamities which would tempt any Man to die, is the peculiar mark of an heroic disposition.

Courage is not to be learn'd, yet it may be confirmed by Practice; but Virtue is the better Lesson.

There is no small Courage in Men when they scorn to despair, and wait for a more propitious Opportunity. To give up a good Cause because it wants success, is to turn Infidel and Apostate.

Seamen and Soldiers are the Walls of Kingdoms; and, under God, their Prudence and Courage are the People's defence and safeguard. *Plutarch* tells us, there were two Virtues in *Hannibal*, which made him prosperous and successful: There was in him,
Plurimum

Plurimum audaciæ ad capienda pericula & plurimum concilii inter ipsa pericula; he was bold in attempting, and prudent in managing, the most difficult Services: The former, had signified little, without the latter. Courage may throw Men into the midst of difficulties; but Counsel and Wisdom help them to wade thro' those difficulties; which cannot be rationally expected from Men that daily dethrone their own Reason by Debauchery. But the security of any State must be abundantly provided for; when Men, not only sober, just and temperate, but religiously good, are employed in publick Trusts and Services.

What a renowned, prosperous, and successful Captain of the Armies of *Israel* was good *Joshua*! *No Man was able to stand before him all the days of his Life.* Josh. i. 5. But what bred those brave, gallant, and undaunted Spirits in the breast of this Hero, and crowned his noble designs with such admirable Success? It was *Religion*, that both gave the edge and point to his natural Courage; v. 8. *This Book of the Law shall not depart out of thy Mouth, but thou shalt meditate thereon Day and Night, that thou mayest observe to do all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good Success.*

Hezekiah by this means had not his equal among the Kings of *Judah*. *For he clave to*

the Lord; and the Lord was with him, and he prospered whithersoever he went forth.

II. Kings xviii. 5, 6, 7. And dying David, from a whole Life of Experience, recommended this as the only method of Prosperity unto Solomon his Son; *keep the Charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself.* I. Kings ii. 3, 4.

How great a Lustre therefore doth this Truth cast about it, that the Restraint and Reformation of Vice, and due encouragement of Virtue and Piety, becomes the very civil Interest of Kingdoms and Nations, by the joint Votes and Suffrages both of human and divine Wisdom? Let any Kingdom or Nation make trial of this method, and from that very time they may date their Prosperity; their Armies and Navies shall become the Terror of their Enemies; their Sailors and Soldiers not sunk with Sin, shall become valiant and successful; and Peace and Prosperity flourish in the Land.

C O U N S E L.

It is easy to give Counsel to another, which, in the same circumstances, we are far from adhering to, ourselves: then we can display our Wisdom and grave Morals; but when it once comes home to ourselves, all our Philosophy vanishes.

C O-

COVETOUSNESS.

If Avarice be thy Vice, yet make it not thy Punishment. Miserable Men commiserate not themselves, bowelleſs unto others, and merciless unto their own Bowels. Let the fruition of things bleſs the poſſeſſion of them, and think it more ſatisfaction to live richly than die rich. For ſince thy good Works, not thy Goods, will follow thee; ſince Wealth is an appertinance of Life, and no dead Man is rich; to ſamiſh in plenty, and live poorly to die rich, were but a multiplying improvement in Madneſs, and uſe upon uſe in Folly.

Sir Thomas Browne.

Covetouſneſs never judges any thing unlawful.

Hence almoſt every Crime; nor do we find,
That any Paſſion of the human Mind,
So oft has plung'd the Sword, or drench'd the Bowl
As *Avarice*—that Tyrant of the Soul.
For he that will be rich, brooks no delay;
But drives o'er all, and takes the ſhorteſt Way:
What Law, or Fear, or Shame, can e'er reſtrain
The greedy Wretch in full purſuit of Gain?

Juv. Sat. 14.

COWARDICE.

We need not wonder to find Men intimidated, and low ſpirited, in times and places
of

of imminent danger, who not only carry about them a load of Guilt, (which is the foundation of Fear) but are wholly addicted to sensual Pleasures, which they are loth to hazard upon Publick accounts and considerations, these being the only Heaven they have or hope for; *Whoredom and Wine, and new Wine take away the Heart.* Hosea iv. 11. It is in the very Nature of these Sins, to make Men sottish; and in the very Nature of Guilt, to make them pusillanimous.

Seneca observes, (and his Observation is very just,) *That the Conscience of a wicked Man is a terrible Scourge and Torment to him, perpetually lashing him with solicitous Thoughts and Fears, so that he disturbs all Securities, and knows not where to be safe.* Hence it comes to pass, that many Men of good Extraction, liberal Education, and excellent natural Endowments, become so useless, or rather so pernicious as they are, who, would they be recovered but to Temperance and Sobriety, would become both excellently useful and ornamental to the Nation where they had their Birth, and to the safety and honour whereof they owe their Service.

CURIOSITY.

A rash Curiosity deserves to be confounded, it is out of a supreme Goodness and Wisdom that God keeps weak Mortals in dark Ignorance about their Fate; as *Pope* says,

Heav'n

Heav'n from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate,
All but the Page prescrib'd, their present State :
From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know ;
Or who could suffer being here below ?
The Lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry Food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his Blood.
Oh ! Blindness to the Future ! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n :
Who sees with equal Eye, as God of all,
A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a Bubble burst, and now a World.

What a great deal of Time and Ease the Man gains who is not troubled with a spirit of Curiosity ; who meddles not with the thoughts and actions of his Neighbours, but confines his Inspections to himself, taking Care of the main Points of Honesty and Conscience. Let us therefore keep to our Business, for Rambling and Impertinence is not to be endured.

Be not over curious in prying into Mysteries ; lest by seeking things which are needless, we omit things which are necessary. It is more safe to doubt of uncertain matters, than to dispute of undiscovered Mysteries.

DEATH.



D E A T H.

TH E Horror with which we entertain Thoughts of Death, and the Uncertainty of its Approach, fill a melancholy Mind with innumerable Apprehensions, and consequently dispose it to groundless Prodigies and Predictions; for as it is the chief Concern of wise Men, to retrench the Evils of Life, by the Reasonings of Philosophy; so it is the Employment of Fools, to multiply them, by the Sentiments of Superstition.

What says that excellent Poet *Lucretius* upon this occasion.

Denique si vocem rerum natura repente
Mittat, et hoc aliquoi nostrum sic increpet ipsa:
Quid tibi tantopere 'st mortalis, quod nimis ægris
Luctibus indulges? quid mortem congemis, ac fles?
Nam si grata fuit tibi vita ante acta, priorque,
Et non omnia pertusum coniecta quasi in vas
Commoda per fluxere, atque ingrata interiëre:
Cur non, ut plenus vitæ conviva, recedis?

Lucret. lib. 3.

Which is thus Translated.

Put the Case, that a Voice from Heaven should speak to any of us, after this manner; what dost thou ail, *O Mortal Man*, or to what purpose is it to spend thy Life in Groans and Complaints, under the apprehension of
Death?

Death? where are thy past Years and Pleasures? are they not vanish'd and lost in the Flux of Time, as if thou hadst put Water into a Sieve? bethink thyself then of a Retreat, and leave the *World* with the same content and satisfaction as thou would'st do a plentiful *Table* and a jolly *Company* upon a full Stomach.

But now if NATURE should begin to speak,
 And thus with loud complaints our Folly check:
 Fond Mortal what's the matter thou dost sigh?
 Why all these Tears, because thou once must die,
 Must once submit to strong Mortality?
 For if the Race thou hast already run,
 Was pleasant; if with joy thou saw'st the Sun;
 If all thy Pleasures did not pass thy Mind,
 As thro' a Sieve; but left some sweets behind;
 Why dost thou not then, like a thankful Guest,
 Rise chearfully from Life's abundant Feast,
 And with a quiet Mind go take thy Rest?

CREECH.

Why should Death be so formidable when Life is so miserable?

Prepare to part with Life willingly; study more how you shall die than how you shall live; if you would live till you are old, live as if you were to die when you are young.

Let us remember that Death approaches, taking large Strides towards us.

Though the King of Terrors hourly extends his Conquests over all sorts and conditi-

H

ons

ons of Men, who are all made of the same Mould, and must all crumble into the same Dust; though, this Day, one Friend mournfully follows another to his long home; and, when a few Glasses more are run, others attend him to the like melancholy Mansions of the Dead; though we frequently see some leaving this World in their full strength and vigour, wholly at ease and quiet, and tho' we often see those go first to the Grave that came last from the Womb; yet notwithstanding the many and constant Summonses to think seriously of this great Change, with what unaccountable Folly do the generallity of Mankind, cheat themselves out of an Eternity of Bliss in another World, by their supine neglect of a timely Preparation for their *last Hour*; Death creeping upon them under such Circumstances, how importunately do they then apply to Heaven in words like those of the distressed Psalmist! *O spare me a little that I may recover myself before I go hence, and am no more seen.* But such late wishes are in vain, nothing can keep off the deadly stroke.

How terrible is Death to one Man, yet to another appears the greatest Providence in Nature; even to all Ages and Conditions it is the wish of *some*, relief of *many*, and the end of *all*. It puts us all upon a level; the Prince and Peasant are doomed to the same Fate.

In

In some Cases it requires more Courage to live than to die. He that is not prepared for Death shall be perpetually troubled, as well with vain Apprehensions as with real Dangers; but the important Point is, to secure a well grounded hope of a blessed Immortality.

All things have their Seasons; they begin, they encrease, and they die: the Heavens and the Earth grow old, and are appointed their Periods. That which we call Death is but a Pause or Suspension; and in truth a progress to Life, only our Thoughts look downwards upon the Body, and not forward upon things to come. All things under the Sun are Mortal; Cities, Empires; and the time will come, when it shall be a question where they were; and perchance whether they had a Being, or no. Some will be destroy'd by War; others by Luxury, Fire, Inundations, Earthquakes: why then should it trouble me to die, as a fore-runner of an universal Dissolution?

Sir *Thomas Browne* speaking upon this Subject, thus expresses himself.

I thank God I have not those strait Ligaments, or narrow Obligations to the World, as to dote on Life, or be convuls'd and tremble at the name of Death: not that I am insensible of the dread and horror thereof, or by raking into the Bowels of the deceas'd, continual sight of Anatomies, Skeletons, or Cadaverous Reliques, like Vespilloes, or Grave-makers, I am become stupid or have forgot the apprehension of Mortality; but

that Marshalling all the horrors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not any thing therein sufficient to daunt the Courage of a Man, much less a well resolv'd Christian. And therefore am not angry at the Error of our first Parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common Fate, and like the best of them to die, that is to cease to breathe, to take a farewell of the Elements, to be a kind of Nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a Spirit. When I take a full view and circle of myself, without this reasonable Moderator, and equal piece of Justice, *Death*, I conceive myself the most miserable Person extant; were there not another Life that I hope for, all the Vanities of this World should not intreat a moments breath from me: could the Devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not survive that very thought; I have so abject a conceit of this common way of Existence, this retaining to the Sun and Elements, I cannot think this is to be a Man, or to live according to the dignity of Humanity: in expectation of a better, I can with patience embrace this Life, yet in my best Meditations do often desire Death: I honour any Man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it: this makes me naturally love a Soldier, and honour those tatter'd and contemptible Regiments that will die under the command of a Serjeant. For a Pagan there may be some motives to be in love with life; but for a Christian

Christian to be amaz'd at Death, I see not how he can escape this Dilemma, that he is too sensible of this Life, or hopeless of the Life to come.

What Providence has made *necessary*, human Prudence should comply with *cheerfully*; as there is a necessity of Death, so that necessity is equal and invincible; none can complain of that which every Man must suffer as well as himself; it is but a submission to the Lot, which the whole World has suffered that is gone before us, and so must they also who succeed us.

Long Night will over all its Darkness spread,
And all must range the Regions of the Dead.
By Rage urg'd on, the Soldier falls in War,
The Sea destroys the greedy Mariner:
The Old and Young in heaps together lie,
And from the stroke of Death there's none can fly.

When good *Musculus* drew near his End,
how sweet and pleasant was this Meditation
to his Soul. Hear his Swan-like Song.

*Nil superest vitæ, frigus præcordia captat;
Sed tu, Christe, mihi, vita perennis, ades.
Quid trepidas Anima, ad sedes abitura quietis?
En tibi ductor adest Angelus ille tuus.
Linque domum hanc miseram, nunc in sua fata ruentem;
Quam tibi fida Dei dextera restituet.
Peccasti? scio; sed Christus, credentibus in se,
Peccata expurgat Sanguine cuncta suo.
Horribilis Mors est? Fateor; sed proxima vita est,
Ad quam te Christi gratia certa vocat.*

Præsto

*Præsto est de Satanâ peccato et morte triumphans
Christus; ad hunc igitur læta alacrisque migra.*

Which may be thus translated.

Cold Death my Heart invades, my Life doth fly.
O Christ my everlasting Life, draw nigh.
Why quiverest thou my Soul within my Breast?
Thine Angel's come to lead thee to thy Rest.
Quit cheerfully this dropping House of Clay;
God will restore it, in the appointed Day.
Hast sinn'd? I know it, let not that be urged;
For Christ thy Sins with his own Blood hath purged.
Is Death affrighting? true, but yet with all
Consider Christ thro' Death to Life doth call:
He triumphs over Satan, Sin and Death;
Therefore with Joy resign thy dying Breath.

Our frequent Contemplations upon Death may fortify us against the necessity of it. He that has armed himself against Poverty may perhaps live in Plenty; a man may strengthen himself against Pain, and yet live in a state of Health; against the loss of Friends, yet never lose any; but he that fortifies himself against the fear of Death, will most certainly have occasion to employ that Virtue: It is every wise Man's care to have a strict Eye to his Actions; and rather how well he lives, than how long; for it is not the Business, whether we die sooner or later, but whether we die well or ill; for Death brings us to Immortality.

The disposition which it is proper for a Man to be in at the sight of Death, cannot
be

be well determined. It is granted, however, that he ought sometimes to consider that it is certain, and may be, perhaps, at hand. He ought to live and act like one sure of Dying: in his misfortunes to be comforted with the hopes of *Death*, which is to put an end to them; and in prosperity to moderate himself from the consideration of that Death which is to place him on a level with the Unfortunate. To dread it is weakness in the happy; to wish it, is despair in the wretched: It ought, if possible, to be expected with indifference and patience. The Verses *Monsieur Maynard* caused to be written over his Door, express what may be recommended on this occasion,

*Las d'esperer et de me plaindre,
De l'amour, des grands, et du sort;
C'est ici que j'attens la mort,
Sans la desirer, ni la craindre.*

Which may be thus translated.

Weary'd with hopes and vain complaints
Of Love, the Great, and Fate,
Resign'd, I wish not Death, nor fear,
But calmly for it wait.

Let us all so order our Conversation in the World, that we may live, when we are dead, in the Affections of the *best*; and leave an honourable Testimony in the Consciences of the *worst*. Let us oppress none; do good to all; that we may say when we die, as good

Ambrose

*Ambrose did, I am neither ashamed to live,
nor afraid to die.*

D E S I R E.

If you desire not to be too poor, desire not to be too rich; he is not rich that possesses much, but he that covets no more; and he is not poor that enjoys little, but he that wants too much; the contented Mind, wants nothing that it hath not; the covetous Mind, wants not only what it hath not, but likewise what it hath.

D E S T I N Y.

No human Counsel can prevent the decrees of Destiny; by whatsoever accident we go to the Grave, there we shall be equal, to the greatest Mortals; for there is no distinction, where all Ranks are levelled in the Dust.

— If Fate so ordain,

A slight Disease shall kill, a greater spare,
Good methods fail, and Men be lost by Care.
Some, temperate Diet with Diseases fills,
And Poison's innocent, when Physick kills.
Successful Virtue sinks, while Vice prevails,
And Folly wins the Prize, when Prudence fails.
He argues ill, that from the Fortune draws,
The goodness or the badness of a Cause:
Success on Merit does not always wait,
Both Good and Bad are found amongst the Great.

D E V O -

DEVOTION.

Purify your Morning Soul with private and due Devotions; till then, admit no Business. The first-born of your Thoughts are God's, and not your's but by Sacrilege; therefore think yourself not ready (to enter on temporal Concerns) till you have praised him; and he will be always ready to bless you.

DISCONTENT.

When you are discontented conceal it as much as possible; for though it be generally said, that to communicate one's Misfortunes is a kind of Remedy for it; yet there is more Honour in not telling it at all, which demonstrates a Courage and Resolution of Mind.

DISCOURSE.

Let your Discourse be such as your Judgment may maintain, and your Company deserve; in neglecting the one, you lose your Words; in not observing the other, you lose yourself; give Wash to Swine, and Wort to Men; so shall you husband your Gifts to the Advantage of yourself, and shape your Discourse to the Advancement of your Hearers.

In your Discourse take heed what you speak, and to whom you speak; how you speak, and when you speak: what you speak, speak truly; when you speak, speak wisely;

a Fool's Heart is in his Tongue, but a wise Man's Tongue is in his Heart.

DOING GOOD.

Let no one be weary of doing good Offices; for by obliging others we are really kind to ourselves.

DRUNKENNESS.

Beware of Drunkenness, lest all good Men beware of you; where Drunkenness reigns, there Reason is an Exile, Virtue a Stranger, God an Enemy, Blasphemy is Wit, Oaths are Rhetorick, and Secrets are Proclamations. *Noah* discovered that, in one Hour, drunk, which, sober, he kept six hundred Years.

Of all Vices, take heed of Drunkenness; other Vices, are but Fruits of disordered Affections, this disorder's, nay banishes Reason; other Vices but impair the Soul, this demolishes her two chief Faculties, the Understanding and the Will; other Vices make their own Way, this makes Way for all Vices; he that is a Drunkard, is qualified for all Vice.

It is an ill Thing for a Man not to know the Gage of his own Stomach; nor to consider that Men do many Things in their Drink that they are ashamed of when sober: Drunkenness being nothing but a voluntary Madness, it emboldens men to undertake all sorts of Mischief; it both irritates Wickedness and discovers it; it does not only make Men vicious,

cious, but shews them to be so; and the End of it is either Shame or Repentance.

Sweet, tho' not lasting are the joys of sense,
 Possess'd with justice they engage the soul;
 Improving mirth the social feasts dispense,
 Where wisdom sits, and temp'rance fills the bowl.

It was a usual saying of the great Lord *Verulam*, that not one Man of a Thousand died a natural Death; and that most Diseases had their Rise and Origin from Intemperance: for Drunkenness, and Gluttony, steal Men off silently, and singly; whereas Sword and Pestilence do it by the Lump: but then Death makes a Halt and comes to a Cessation of Arms; but the other knows no Stop nor Intermission, but perpetually jogs on; depopulates insensibly, and by degrees: and though this is every Day experienced, yet Men are so enslaved by Custom and a long Habit, that no Admonition will avail. So true is that saying, that *he that goes to the Tavern first for the love of Company, will at last go there for the love of Liquor.*

Many a Soul with great difficulty, lugs on a weak and worn out Carcase to its daily Rendezvous, who perhaps for many Years has been nothing else but the Vintner's Conveyancer to carry his Liquors between the Tavern and the Wall.

One of the Antients says of Drunkenness;
Turbatum capitis; Subversio sensus; tempestas

tas Linguae; Procella Corporis; Naufragium Virtutis; Amissio temporis; Insania voluntaria; blandus Daemon; dulce Venenum; suave Peccatum, Quod, qui habet, Seipsum non habet; Quod, qui fecit, Peccatum non solum fecit, sed ipse totus est Peccatum. Which may be thus translated,

A distemper of the Head, a Subversion of the Senses, a Tempest of the Tongue, a Storm in the Body, the Shipwreck of Virtue, the Loss of time, a wilful Madness, a pleasant Devil, a sugar'd Poison, a sweet Sin, which he that has, has not himself, and he that commits it, doth not only commit Sin, but he himself is altogether Sin.

It is a Sin, at which the most sober Heathens blushed. The *Spartans* brought their Children to loath it, by shewing them a Drunkard, whom they gazed at as a *Monster*: Even *Epicurus* himself, who esteemed Happiness to consist in Pleasure, yet was temperate, as *Cicero* observes.

Among the Heathens, he was accounted the best Man, that spent more Oil in the Lamp, than Wine in the Bottle.

Christianity could once glory in its Professors. *Tertullian* saith of the primitive Christians, they sat not down before they prayed; they ate no more, than might suffice Hunger; they drank no more, than was sufficient for temperate Men; they did so eat and drink, as those that remembered they must

pray

pray afterwards. But now it may blush to behold such beastly Sensualists adorning themselves with its Name, and sheltring themselves under its Wings.

It must be granted, that there is a lawful Use of Wine and strong Drink to *support* Nature, not to *clog* it; to *cure* Infirmities not to *cause* them. *Drink no longer Water, but use a little Wine for thy Stomach's Sake, and thine often Infirmities*, saith St. Paul to Timothy. 1 Tim. v. 23. But it is observable, he says, Drink not *Water* but *Wine*. *Sed Modice*, i. e. *Medice*; *pro Remedio*, non *pro Delicio*, saith St. Ambrose, that is *modestly*, viz. Medicinally; not for *Pleasure*, but for *Remedy*.

Drunkenness is a *leading* Sin, and has a great Retinue of other Sins waiting on it. It is not so much a special Sin against a single Precept of God, as a general Violation of the *whole* Law, (saith accurate Amesius.) It doth not only call off the Guard, but warms and quickens all other Lusts, and so exposes the Soul to be Prostitute by them. First, it gives occasion, or rather is the real Cause of many Contentions and *fatal* Quarrels. Prov. xxiii. and xxix. *Who hath Woe? Who hath Sorrow? Who hath Contentions, Babling, Wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the Wine, &c.* Contentions and Wounds are the ordinary Effects of *drunken* Meetings: When *Reason* is departed and *Lust* heated,

what

what will not Men attempt? Secondly, It is the Cause of Scoffings and Reproachings of the most sacred Characters and Institutions. *Psal.* lxxix 12. *David* was the Song of *Drunkards*. Thirdly, It is the great Incendiary of Lust; We find Rioting and Drunkenness joined with Chambering and Wantonness, *Rom.* xiii. 13. *Nunquam ego ebrium castum putabo*, saith *Hierome*. I will never think a Drunkard to be chaste. It is called the *Devil's Bridle* by one, by which he turneth the Sinner which Way he pleases. In fine, he that is overcome by it, can overcome no other Sin.

When a Man's Distempers stare him in the Face, and he is summoned to lay down his Dust, he alas then sees the Folly of his Ways; and what a miserable Purchase he has made, with his mispent Time, Health and Money, in Drunkenness: but alas, the Destruction of himself is the least part of the Tragedy; the Mischief is struck deeper, and entails hereditary Diseases on his innocent Posterity; to the eternal Infamy of his Name and Family, when the poor Offspring of his wretched Carcass inherit nothing but the Schedule of his Distempers, and dwindle away a miserable Life in Pills, Plaisters and Potions. Well therefore would it be if Men would think of this, and prize a good Constitution and stock of Health, before it be too late.

EATING.



EATING.

ACCUSTOM your Palate to what is most usual; he that delights in Rarities must often feed displeased, and lie at the mercy of a dear Market; common Food *nourishes* best; Delicates *please* most; the sound Stomach *prefers* neither: what is any Man the worse for the last Year's plain Diet, or what now the better for the last great Feast?

ENVY.

Take heed you harbour not that Vice called *Envy*; lest another's Happiness be your Torment, and God's Blessing become your Curse: Virtue, corrupted with vain Glory, turns Pride; Pride, poisoned with Malice, becomes Envy. Join therefore Humility with your Virtue, and Pride shall have no Footing, nor Envy find an Entrance.

The envious are always malicious, and never to be trusted without Danger: there are some that enjoy Riches and Honour by the Industry of others, whom they hate in Requital; and those that pulled them out of Obscurity, they will keep obscure and out of Credit, lest they should be forced to acknowledge their Obligations.

ERROR.

E R R O R.

If any Man can convince you of an Error, be very glad to change your Opinion; for Truth is your Business, and right Information hurts no one. It is he that continues in Ignorance and Mistake, who receives the Mischief.

Consider that if those who disoblige you are in the Right, you have no occasion to be angry; but if they are in the Wrong, it is because they know no better; they are under the necessity of their own Ignorance; for as all Error is involuntary, so nobody would lessen himself so much as to miss either Honesty or good Manners, if he was rightly aware on it: and thus we see People will not endure the Charge of Avarice, Ingratitude or Knavery, without being stung at the Imputation.

That all the Good and Evil of this Life, depends, in a great Measure, upon the various Passions incident to Men's Minds, there needs no other *Document*, than their dear bought Experience; which has too often convinced them, that while, out of Weakness, they have suffered themselves to be seduced, and transported, by the Excess of their Affections, they have fallen into Errors that have more dejected their Spirits than a long succession of Misfortunes could ever do: and from whence, no other Fruit could be expected,

pected, but that of *Shame, Sorrow* and *Repentance*. It is a great mistake when Men attribute their Errors to the Want of an omniscient Understanding, when the Fault lies in the ill Use of that Understanding they have, in the Conduct we have suggested by Passion, which might be remedied by true Generosity, and a steady Belief of, and tranquil Dependence upon, divine Providence.

E V I L.

In the Commission of Evil fear no Man so much as your own self; another is but one Witness against you, but you are equal to a Thousand; another you may avoid, but yourself you cannot avoid; Wickedness is its own Punishment.

When Evil surprises us, we commonly fright ourselves by beholding it in its gross Bulk; our scattered Spirits are astonished at a seeming infinite Bugbear; whereas if we take a more particular Survey of the dreadful Object, anatomize and view it Piece by Piece, we find that the greatest Part of what so dismayed us, had no other Existence, than in our own Imagination.

If any one speak Evil of you, flee home to your own Conscience, and examine your Heart; if you be guilty, it is just Correction; if not guilty, it is a fair Instruction; make use of both; so shall you distil Honey out

of Gall, and out of an open Enemy, make a secret Friend.

The E Y E.

We must turn away our Eyes from beholding Vanity, as *David* prayed God would his, *Psalms* cxix. 37. We must make a Covenant with our Eyes as *Job* did. *Job* xxxi. 1.

These are the Windows that let in exterior Objects to the Soul; by these the Heart is affected; this way, Sin entered first into the World; our first Parents *saw* that the Tree and it's Fruit were good and pleasant to the Eye, and so were invited to take and eat it.

There are four Sins, for which the Eye especially is noted, as either discovering themselves in the Eye, or whose Temptations enter in by, and so give Denomination to the Eye.

First, There is a proud Eye. *Prov.* xxx. 13. *There is a Generation, O how lofty are their Eyes, and their Eyelids are lifted up.* A proud look is reckoned the first of those six things that God hates. And in *Psalms* ci. 5. *Him that hath a high Look and a proud Heart, saith David, I will not suffer.* And he saith of himself, *Psalms* cxxx. 1. *That his Heart is not haughty, nor his Eyes lofty.* By which Places it appears, that Pride sheweth forth itself in the Eyes especially; and that they are as it were the Seat or Throne of it.

Secondly,

Secondly, There is a wanton Eye; which the Prophet *Isaiah* speaks of, iii. 16. *Because the Daughters of Jerusalem walk with stretched out Necks and wanton Eyes.* And the Apostle *Peter* in his second Epistle ii. 14. mentions Eyes full of Adultery; for by these Casements enter in such Objects, as may provoke and stir up adulterous Thoughts in the Mind, as they did in *David's*; and likewise impure Thoughts conceived in the Heart, may discover themselves by the Motions of the Eye; and therefore in this Respect we should do well with holy *Job*, to make a Covenant with our Eyes, not to gaze on any Object which may tempt us to any inordinate Desire; for our Saviour tells us, it were better to pluck out our right Eye, than that it should be an Offence to us; which it may be supposed refers to this Matter, because it immediately follows these Words, *he that looketh on a Woman to lust after her hath already committed Adultery in his Heart.*

Thirdly, There is a covetous Eye; by Covetousness we may not only understand a desiring what is another Man's, which is forbidden in the tenth Commandment, but also an inordinate desire of Riches: which the Apostle seems to understand by the Lust of the Eye, I. *John* ii. 16. And Covetousness may well be called the Lust of the Eye; because *first*, the Temptation, or tempting Object enters by the Eye; so the seeing of the

Wedge of Gold and *Babylonish* Garment stir'd up the covetous Desire in *Achan*. Secondly, Because all the Fruit a Man reaps of Riches more than will furnish his Necessities and Convenience, is the Feeding of the Eye, or the Pleasure he takes in beholding of them, *Eccles. v. 11. When Goods increase, &c. what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding them with their Eyes.*

Fourthly, There is an *envious* Eye; which by our Saviour is called an *evil* Eye. *Mat. xx. 15. Is thine Eye evil because I am good?* that is, enviest thou thy Brother because I am kind to him? And one of those evil Things which proceed out of the Heart and defile a Man, is an evil Eye. *Envy* is the repining at the Prosperity or good of another, which we want, or any Advantages another hath above us; as in the Parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard; those that came in first, *envied* the last; not because they received more than they, but because they received equal Wages for less Time; those that are subject to this Vice cannot endure to see another Man thrive; and are apt to think his Condition better than theirs, when in reality it is not.

Let us then so govern our Eyes, that we discover, by them, none of these Vices; let the Humility and Purity of our Minds appear even in our outward Looks; let neither Pride nor Lust manifest themselves in the Postures

Postures or Motions of the Eyes; let us have a Care that these Members be neither the Inlets nor Outlets of any of the fore-mentioned Vices; that they neither give Admission to the Temptations, nor be expressive of the Conception of them. Let us employ them in due season in reading the Word of God, and other good Books; for the Increase of our Knowledge and Direction of our Practice; in diligently viewing and contemplating the Works of the Creation; that we may discern and admire the Footsteps of the divine Wisdom, easily to be traced in the Formation, Disposition, and Designation, of them; let us take notice of any extraordinary Events and Effects of God's Providence towards ourselves, or others, personal or national; that as they are the Issues of his *Mercy* or *Justice*, they may stir up suitable Affections in us of *Thankfulness* or *Fear*; let those sad and miserable Objects that present themselves to our Sight, move us to Pity and Commiseration; and let our Eyes sometimes be exercised, in Weeping for the Miseries and Calamities of others, but especially for our own and their *Sins*.



FANCY.

LET not your *Fancy* be guided by your Eye, nor let your Will be governed by your *Fancy*; your Eye may be deceived in her Object, and your *Fancy* may be deluded in her Subject; let your Understanding moderate between your Eye and your *Fancy*, and Judgment arbitrate between your *Fancy* and your Will. So shall your *Fancy* apprehend what is true, so shall your Will elect what is good.

FASTING.

Let your religious Fast be a voluntary Abstinence, not so much from Flesh, as fleshly Thoughts. God is pleased with that Fast, which gives to another what you designed for yourself; and when the Affliction of your own Body, is the repairing of your Brothers. He fasts truly that abstains sadly, grieves really, gives chearfully, and forgives charitably.

FEAR.

He that is feared is hated; and they that hate a Man, wish him dead.

Fear is generally of such a Nature, that it refuses the Thing that should be its Safe-guard.

Fear

Fear nothing but what your Industry may prevent; be confident of nothing but what Fortune cannot defeat; it is no less Folly to fear what is impossible to be avoided, than to be secure when there is a possibility to be deprived.

There is a difference between *Caution* and *Fear*; and *Apprehension* is not to be termed *Pusillanimity*.

Well does the Scripture say, the Fear of Man brings a Snare; it is a Life of Death; and the Mind is so intirely supprest by it, that it is capable of no Relief; the animal Spirits sink; and all the Vigour of Nature, which usually supports Men under other Afflictions, and is present to them in the greatest Exigences, fails them here.

FELICITY.

A peaceful Conscience, honest Thoughts, virtuous Actions, and an Indifference for casual Events, are Blessings without End, Satiety or Measure; this consummate State of Felicity is only a Submission to the Dictates of Reason; the Foundation of it is Wisdom and Virtue; the knowledge of what we ought to do, and the Conformity of the Will to that Knowledge.

FLATTERY.

It was a saying of *Pythagoras*, those are our Friends who reprimand us, not those who flatter us.

Flatter

Flatter not yourself in your Faith to God, if you want Charity for your Neighbour; and think not you have Charity for your Neighbour, if you want Faith to God; where they are not both together, they are both wanting; they are both dead if once divided.

FOLLY.

If you would not be thought a Fool in others conceit, be not wise in your own; he that trusts to his own Wisdom, proclaims his own Folly; he is truly wise, that shall appear so; that hath Folly enough, to be thought not worldly wise; or Wisdom enough, to see his own Folly.

If you are subject to any secret Folly, blab it not, lest you appear impudent; nor boast of it, lest you seem insolent; every Man's Vanity ought to be his greatest shame; and every Man's Folly, ought to be his greatest Secret.

FORESIGHT.

If you have Providence to foresee a Danger, let your Prudence rather prevent it than fear it; the Fear of future Evils, bring often times a present Mischiefe; whilst you seek to prevent it, practice to bear it; he is a wise Man, that can *avoid* an Evil; he is a *patient* Man, that can *endure* it; but he is a *valiant* Man, that can *conquer* it.

FOR-

FORTITUDE.

Remember, that true Fortitude surmounts all Difficulties; and that you cannot pass into the Temple of Honour, but through that of Virtue.

FRIENDSHIP.

The pleasantest Friendship, is that which is contracted by a Similitude of Manners.

With three Sorts of Men enter no serious Friendship. The ingrateful Man; the multiloquious Man; and the Coward. The first, cannot prize your Favours; the second, cannot keep your Counsel; and the third, dares not vindicate your Honour.

Friendship, and true Magnificence, are, in a great Degree, become Strangers in this World. Interest, and Profit, are the Principles, by which most Things are swayed; And he that expects otherwise, will find himself fairly deceived.

He who visits the Sick in hopes of a Legacy, however friendly in other Cases, in this, is no better than a Raven, that watches a weak Sheep, only to pick the Eyes out.

Of all Felicities, how charming is that, of a firm and gentle Friendship. It sweetens our Cares; softens our Sorrows; and assists us in Extremities; it is a sovereign Antidote against Calamities.

Nature, within the Soul of Man, has form-

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ed nothing, more noble, or more rare, than Friendship.

Thro' all its ages the whole World pretends
To boast but one poor single pair of friends:
Do but *Pylades* and *Orestes* name,
And you have all the instances of fame.
Once death was strove for; 'twas a gen'rous strife:
Not who should keep, but who should lose a life
Was their dispute; contending to deny
Each other the great privilege to die.
The *surety* fear'd his guilty *friend's* return;
The guilty *friend* did his own absence mourn:
And ran to danger: Here they disagreed,
One hop'd to free, one fear'd to be so freed.

Manil. Lib. 2.

There is not perhaps a Quality more uncommon in the World, than that which is necessary to form a Man for this refined Commerce: for, however Sociableness may be esteemed a just Characteristick of our Species; *Friendliness*, I am perswaded, will scarce be found to enter into its general Definition. The Qualifications requisite to support and conduct Friendship in all its strength and extent, do not seem to be sufficiently diffused among the human Race, to render them the distinguishing Marks of Mankind; unless Generosity and good Sense should be allowed (what they never can be allowed) universally to prevail. On the contrary, how few are in Possession of those most amiable of Endowments! how few are capable of

of that noble elevation of Mind, which raises a Man above those little Jealousies and Rivalships, that shoot up in the Paths of common Amities.

We should not indeed so often hear complaints of the Inconstancy and Falseness of Friends, if the World in general were more cautious than they usually are, in forming Connections of this Kind. But the Misfortune is, our Friendships are apt to be too forward; and thus either fall off in the Blossom, or never arrive at just Maturity. It is an excellent piece of Advice therefore, that the Poet *Martial* gives upon this Occasion.

*Tu tantum inspice qui novus paratur,
An possit fieri Vetus sodalis.*

And the Author of the NIGHT THOUGHTS gives the following Advice on this Head.

Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;
First on thy friend, delib'rate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide 'till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee:
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
" Poor is the friendless master of a world:
" A world in purchase of a friend is gain.

YOUNG.

PLUTARCH gives the following Description of such a Person as a Friend should be, in his Treatise of a large Friendship.

As to the Person of whom we are to make a Friend, he must be endued with Virtue, as a thing in itself lovely and desirable; which consists in a sweet and obliging temper of Mind, and a lively readiness in doing good Offices; than which Qualifications nothing is more rarely found in Nature. To this a familiar Conversation must be added, for the Person whom we desire to make our Friend, must not be casually pick'd up at a Tavern or an eating House, nor at a promiscuous Meeting at an Horse Race; but one chosen upon long and mature Deliberations, confirm'd by settled Converse, and with whom as the Proverb says, *we have eaten a Buskel of Salt.*

The Relation between Friends, if rightly founded, is of great Nearness and Usefulness, but there is nothing more generally mistaken. Men frequently esteem those their Friends, with whom they have a frequency and intimacy of Conversation; though such Intimacy be indeed nothing but an Agreement and Combination in Sin. But these are no other Friends than the Devil himself. The truest Friendship is directly contrary, being a Concurrence and Agreement in Virtue, not in Vice; a true Friend loves his Friend, and is zealous of his Good; and therefore will
not

not be an Instrument in bringing him to Evil; the general Duty of a Friend being an industrious pursuit of a Friend's real Advantages; faithfulness in all his Trusts, Assistance in all his Wants, and a constant Endeavour for his Advancement in Piety and Virtue. For it is the Expression of God himself, speaking of a Friend, *Thy Friend which is as thine own Soul.* Deut. xiii. 6.

We should never pretend not to be at Leisure to assist a Friend; nor make Business an Excuse to decline the Office of Humanity.



GAIN.

THE true Way to gain *much*, is never to desire to gain *too much*.

GIFTS.

Take heed rather what you receive, than what you give; what you give, leaves you, what you receive, sticks by you; he that presents a Gift, buys the Receiver; he that takes one, sells his Liberty.

He that gives all, though but little, gives much; because God looks not to the *Quantity* of the Gift, but the *Quality* of the Giver; he that desires to give more than he can, hath equalled his Gift to his Desire, and hath given more than he hath.

He gives twice, who gives in Season;
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Whatsoever we bestow let it be done with a frank and chearful Countenance; a Man must not give with his Hand, and deny with his Looks; he that gives quickly, gives willingly.

G L O R Y.

Desire of Glory is a Notion so little understood, either as to the Name or Thing, that Men seem to pursue they know not what, and fill their Heads with *Chimeras* instead of *Realities*. *Chrysippus* and *Dio- genes* were the first Authors that wrote against Glory, and at the same Time were in hot Pursuit of it; others say, *Virtue* was not to be coveted but for the *Glory* that accompanies it; which renders *Virtue* a very vain and frivolous Thing, while it derives its Recommendation from the empty Bubbles of frothy Fame. Others make it consist in the Approbation of the giddy Multitude; which, if possible to be acquired, can be of no Continuance; for they that live by popular Breath, will have Work enough; they must be *always* doing, and yet *never* have done: Is it reasonable that the Life of a wise Man should depend upon the Judgment of Fools? Nothing, says *Demetrius*, is to be so little esteemed as the Minds of the Multitude; for there is scarce any difference in their Voices from above, and the Fumes below; however Glory is not utterly to be neglected, nor the
good

good Esteem of the People totally to be despised; but we must be sure constantly to adhere to the Dictates of Reason; and if the publick Approbation will not follow us in that Course, we must leave her astern; we had better want the noise of Fame, than lose our Reputations with ourselves; the Chart to steer our Course by, in such dangerous Seas, is to have our Judgments well instructed, what Actions are truly glorious; and to remember, that, in every important Enterprize, the Reward of a Thing well done, is to have it done; and the Fruit of a good Office, is the Office itself. Those that by other Methods scatter their Names into many Mouths, declare they rather hunt after a *great* Reputation, than a *good* one.

What Men call Grandeur, Glory and Power, in the Sight of God, are but Misery and Folly.

G O D.

The Things we ought to beg of God are, a virtuous Mind, a quiet State, an unblameable Life, and a chearful Death, full of good Hopes; these are the Matters of our Requests to God, not Wealth or Popularity, &c.

Remember that those who fear *God*, have nothing to fear from *Man*. If God be for us who can be against us.

The Fear of God is the greatest Treasure of the Heart of Man; it will be attended with

with Wisdom, Justice, Peace, Joy, refined Pleasures, true Liberty, sweet Plenty, and spotless Glory.

That is best for Man which God sends; and the Time of his sending too, is always a Circumstance of Advantage.

God is *Alpha* and *Omega*, in the great World, let us endeavour to make him so in the little World; let us practice to make him our last Thought at Night when we sleep; and our first in the Morning when we awake; so shall our Fancy be sanctified in the Night, and our Understanding rectified in the Day; so shall our Rest be peaceful, and our Labours prosperous; our Life pious, and our Death glorious.

Let us always remember God is Omnipresent; if we go up into Heaven he is there, if we go down into Hell he is there also; in the former, reigns his infinite Mercy, in the latter, his eternal Vengeance.

Let us always have the Contemplation of the Royal Psalmist in our Minds. *O! God when I view the Heavens the Works of thy Hands, the Moon and the Stars which thou hast made, then, I say, what is Man.*

G O D's F A V O U R.

Take no Pleasure in the Folly of an Idiot, nor in the Fancy of a Lunatick, nor in the Frenzy of a Drunkard; make them the Object of your Pity, not of your Pastime;
when

when you behold them, reflect how much you are beholden to him that suffer'd you not to be like them; there is no difference between you and them, but *God's Favour*.

G O O D W O R K S.

No Man ever was a loser by good Works; for though he may not be immediately rewarded, yet in process of Time, some happy Emergency or other, occurs to convince him, that virtuous Men are the Darlings of Providence.

G O O D H U S B A N D R Y.

Good Husbandry is commendable at all Times, but most requisite in Times of publick Necessity; and he that cannot sometimes spare, as well as *spend*, will never arrive at a great Fortune; nor keep it, though it be his Inheritance.

G O O D M A N.

Consider with yourself what is the Image and Character of a good Man. Will a good Man Lie, Calumniate, Supplant or Deceive? certainly he will not. Is there any thing then on the other Side so profitable or so desirable, as that a Man would forfeit the Reputation and Glory of a good and a wise Man to gain it? Can that Thing which we

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call

call Profit, bring us an Advantage to countervail what it takes from us, in depriving us of the very Name of good Men, and divesting us of Faith and Justice? What difference is there betwixt turning of Man into a Beast by a real Metamorphosis, and the bearing the figure and fierceness of a Brute in his Mind under the shape of a Man?

G O L D.

All Ages have complained of the cogent Power of *Gold*, that it promotes Vice more than Virtue; Men dig to Hell to find a *Viatikum* to carry them thither; but never was more Reason for Complaint than now, for Gold is become the God of this present World.

G R A T I T U D E.

He is reputed a Monster that fails in his Acknowledgment to his Father or his Friend, from whom he has received Assistance; yet Men glory in their Ingratitude towards God, of whom they hold Life and all the Blessings that attend it; we are more indebted to him for our Being, than to our Father or Mother, of whom we are born.

Gratitude is no inherent Virtue in Nature; nor do Men always square their Dealings by the Obligations they have received, so much as by the Advantages they expect.

As to the Matter of Gratitude and Ingratitude,

gratitude, there never was any Man yet so wicked as not to approve of the one and detest the other, as the two Things in the whole World, the one to be the most esteemed, and the other the most abominated.

Gratitude is a Duty of both *natural* and *revealed* Religion, and was very much recommended, pressed and practised by all the good and wise Heathens.

Demosthenes said, it becometh him, who receiveth a Benefit from another Man, *for ever* to be sensible of it; but him that bestowed it, presently to forget it. He is unjust, said *Socrates*, who does not return deserved Thanks for any Benefit, whether the *Giver* be a Friend or Foe. It is every where just and right, said a *Third*, that whosoever shall receive any Benefit from another should be sure to return him suitable *Thanks* for the same. And *Cicero* affirmed, that no Duty is more necessary than that of returning Thanks. In a Word, it is so acceptable to God and Man, that it is the ready way to obtain greater Benefits from both; whereas Ingratitude stops the Current of Favours for ever; for the Ungrateful render themselves unworthy of any more.

A striking Instance of which we have in the
following STORY by THOMPSON.

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends
And fortune smil'd, deceitful on her birth.
For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and HEAVEN,
She with her widow'd Mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a Cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy fashion and low-minded pride;
Almost on nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay Birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lilly, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flow'rs:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best Attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of Ornament,
But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embow'ring woods.
As in the hollow breast of *Appenine*

Beneath

Beneath the shelter of embowering hills,
A Myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet LAVINIA: 'till at length, compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains
PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich,
Who led the rural life in all its joy,
And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song
Transmits from antient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm Philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

What pity! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense,
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! she looks, methinks
Of old ACASTO's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;

Now

Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live,
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish, would this the daughter were!

When strict enquiring from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful ACASTO; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

And art thou then ACASTO's dear remains?
 She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
 So long in vain? oh yes! the very same,
 The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 Alive, his every feature, every look,
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring!
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root,
 That nourish'd up my fortune, say, ah where,
 In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
 Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
 O let me now, into a richer soil,
 Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and show-
 ers, Diffuse

Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;
And of my garden be the pride and joy !
It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
ACASTO's daughter, his, whose open stores,
Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of these harvest fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has lavish'd on me, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !

Here ceas'd the Youth : yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her Mother brought,
While pierc'd with anxious thought she pin'd away
The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate ;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening-hours :
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous Offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

G R I E F.

G R I E F.

Grief is the most senseless insignificant Passion, for that it regards only Things past, which are generally impossible to be recalled or remedied.

There is no Duty in Religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect Submission to his Will in all things: Nor is there any Disposition of Mind that can either please him more or becomes us better, than that of being satisfied with all he gives, and contented with all he takes away; none, I am sure, can be of more Honour to God, nor more easy to ourselves; for if we consider him as our Maker we cannot contend with him, if as our Father we ought not to distrust him; so that we may be confident, whatever he does is intended for our good; and whatever happens that we may interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save any thing by resisting. All the precepts of Christianity agree to teach and command us to moderate our Passions; to temper our Affections towards all Things below; to be thankful for the Possession, and patient under the loss, whenever he that gives it shall think fit to take it away; for Submission is the only way of Reasoning between a Creature and his Creator; and Contentment in his Will the greatest Duty we can pretend to, and the best Remedy we can apply to in all our Misfortunes;

fortunes; we bring into the World a poor, needy, uncertain Life, short at the Best; all the Imaginations of the Wise have been busied to find out the Ways how to revive it with Pleasure, or relieve it with Directions; how to compose it with Ease, and settle it with safety; to some of these Ends, have been employ'd the Instructions of Lawgivers, the Reasonings of Philosophers, the Inventions of Poets, the Pains of the Labouring, and the Extravagancies of the Voluptuous; all the World is at Work perpetually, about nothing else, but only that our poor mortal Lives should pass the easier and the happier for that little Time we possess them; or else end the better when we lose them; upon this Occasion Riches came to be coveted, Honour to be esteem'd, Friendship and Love to be pursued, and Virtues themselves to be admired in the World.

There is an Eloquence in Silence, where our Misfortunes are too great to be express'd.

It is the Part of a wise and well educated Man, as not to be transported beyond himself with any prosperous Events; so, when the Scene of Fortune changeth, to observe still the Comeliness and Decency of his Morals; for it is the Business of a Man that lives by Rule, either to prevent an Evil that threatens him, or when it is come, to qualify its Malignity, and make it as little as he can; or put on a masculine brave Spirit, and so re-

N

solve

solve to endure it; for there are four Ways that Prudence concerns herself about any thing that is good; she is either industrious to Acquire, or careful to Preserve; she either Augments, or useth it well: These are the Measures of Prudence, and consequently those of all other Virtues, by which we ought to square ourselves in either Fortune.

For no Man lives, who always happy is.



H A P P I N E S S.

HAPPY are those Men who live without Ambition, Distrust or Disguise. And happy is he who limits his Desires to a private and peaceable Manner of Life, wherein it is less difficult to be virtuous.

The best Provision for a happy Life, is to dissect every Thing; view it on all Sides, and divide it into Matter or Form; to practice Honesty in good earnest, and speak Truth from the very Soul of you; and when you have so done, live easy and chearful; and crowd one good Action so close to another, that there may not be the least empty or insignificant Space between them.

Happy is he who lives satisfied with himself, assured that he serves God in the Manner that he will be served.

A Man may be happy any where, that
knows

knows how to be contented; Nature is served with a little, and we ought to esteem our irregular Appetites as Foreigners; if our Fortune be not extended to the larger Measure of our Wishes, it is easy to contract and adequate our Minds to our Fortune.

No Man can call himself happy till the Hour of his Death; which alone releases us from all human Miseries.

He that cannot live happily any where, will live happily no where; for a Man's Cares will find him out let him travel where he will.

He that would be truly happy must think his own Lot best; and so live with Men, as if God saw him, and so speak to God, as if Men heard him.

But above all let us regulate our Desires, and choose the golden Mean, between too much and too little, saying in our Hearts with *Agur* in the *Proverbs*, *Give me neither Poverty nor Riches, feed me with Food convenient for me: Lest I be full, and deny thee, and say who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the Name of my God in vain.*

H A R L O T.

If you desire the Happiness of your Soul, the Health of your Body, the Prosperity of your Estate, the Preservation of your Credit,

converse not with a *Harlot*. Her Eyes run your Reputation in Debt, her Lips demand the Payment, her Breasts arrest you, her Arms imprison you ; from whence, believe it, you shall hardly go forth till you have either ended the Days of your Credit, or paid the utmost Farthing of your Estate.

The Word *Delilah*, which is the Name of a Harlot, is conceived to come from a Root, that signifies to exhaust or drain. The Sin of Whoredom will quickly exhaust the fullest Estate; and what a dreadful Thing will this be, when we are call'd upon in the last Day for an Account of our Stewardship! How righteous is it, that that Man should be Fewel to the Wrath of God, whose Health and Wealth have been so much Fewel to maintain the Flame of Lust! How lavish of their Estates are Sinners, to satisfy their Lusts! If the Members of Christ be Sick or in Prison, they may there perish and starve, before they will relieve them; but to obtain their Lusts, how expensive will they be!

Ask me never so much and I will give it, saith Shechem. Gen. xxxiv. 12. Ask what thou wilt and I will give it, saith Herod, to the Daughter of his Herodias. But it would be well for such Men to consider, that it had been ten thousand Times better for them, they never had an Estate; that they had begged their Bread from Door to Door, than to have such a sad Reckoning, as they

they must shortly have for it.

The longer a Man lives in Communication with a Harlot, the harder it is to leave them, for it is an *infatuating* Sin.

H E A L T H.

A certain Person said to his Friend, you seem to be much better in Health than you were a Year ago; quite contrary (replied he) for then, as sick as I was, I was more healthy than I am now, because I had above a Year to live.

A Certain Philosopher used to say, that Health was given by Drachms, and Diseases by Pounds; that he arrived to old Age by living prudently.

Practice in Health to bear Sickneſs, and endeavour in your Life to entertain Death; he that hath a Will to die, not having Power to live, ſhews Neceſſity, not Virtue. It is the Glory of a brave Mind to embrace Pangs, in the very Arms of Pleaſure. What Name of Virtue merits he, that goes when he is driven?

H O N E S T Y.

Nothing can be honeſt but what is juſt; and that Knowledge which is divided from Juſtice is rather Craft than Wiſdom; ſo that Courage which is bold and adventurous is rather

rather Temerity and Fool-hardiness than Valour, if it be carried on by Passion or Interest rather than for a common Good.

Every Man is bound to be an honest Man, but all cannot be great Men; he that is good is great, and if the foolish World esteem him not so, let him stand to the Verdict of his own Conscience.

He that is forward to reproach the Infirmities of other Men's Honesty, is very near a Breach of his own.

He that hastily reproaches another without sufficient Ground, cannot be an honest Man.

Where there may be a sufficient Ground of Reproach, yet an honest Man is always tender of his Neighbour's Character, from the Sense of his own Frailty.

An honest Man lives not to the World but to himself.

How just is the Sentiment of our late celebrated Poet upon this Occasion.

A Wit's a Feather and a Chief's a Rod,
An honest Man's the noblest Work of God.

H O N O U R.

The nearest Way to Honour is for a Man so to live that he may be found to be, that in Truth he would be thought to be.

'Tis honourable to support the Glory of ones Ancestors by Actions which correspond with

with their Reputation; and it is also glorious to leave a Title to one's descendants which is not borrow'd from our predecessors; to become the Head and Author of our own Nobility; and, (to use the Expression of *Tiberius* who was desirous of hiding the Defect of Birth in *Curtius Rufus*, though otherwise a very great Man,) *to be born of ones own self*.

H O P E S.

Hope is the only Mitigation of human Troubles.

Hope springs eternal in the human Breast,
Man never is, but always to be blest. POPE.

Let every Soldier arm his Mind with Hope, and put on Courage whatever Disaster falls, let not his Heart sink, the Passage of Providence lies thro' many crooked Ways; a despairing Heart is the true Prophet of approaching Evil, his Actions may weave the Webs of Fortune but not break them.

A man should no more hanker after, or grasp at Things out of his Reach, than leave the plain Way, to wander among Thorns and Precipices: No less uneasy is the one to the Mind than the other to the Body.

H U M I L I T Y.

It is good Advice that bids us the higher
we

we are to be the more humble.

Humility is a Virtue that comes from Christ himself, who published it by his Doctrine, and taught it by his Example.

Next to *theological and intellectual* Virtues, Humility holds the first place; for it overthrows Pride, the Fountain of all Evil.

Humility makes us acceptable to God, whose Communication is with the Humble: Without this Foundation, our whole spiritual Building falls to the Ground.

The Name of Humility does not seem to import any great Matter, but it is the Virtue nevertheless, without which no Man can either be great or perfect.

We can never be perfectly humble, till we come to a thorough Understanding of ourselves.

Owe not your Humility unto Humiliation from Adversity, but look humbly down in that State when others look upwards upon thee. Think not thy own Shadow longer than that of others, nor delight to take the altitude of thyself. Be patient in the Age of Pride, when Men live by short intervals of Reason under the Dominion of Humour and Passion, when it's in the power of every one to transform thee out of thyself, and run thee into the short Madness. If you cannot imitate *Job*, yet come not short of *Socrates*, of whom 'tis said,

Dulci-

— *Dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ sava inter vincla cicutæ
Accusatori nollet dare.*

JUV.

Not so mild Thales, nor Chrysippus thought;
Nor the good Man who drank the pois'nous draught
With mind serene, and could not wish to see
His vile accuser drink as deep as he:
Exalted Socrates!

CREECH.

HYPOCRISY.

The formal Hypocrite is very justly compared with a Nightingale. *First*, in that she is more in Sound than in Substance, a loud and excellent Voice, but a little despicable Body; which may remind us of the Story of *Plutarch*, who hearing a Nightingale, desired to have one killed to feed upon, not questioning but she would please the Palate as well as the Ear; but when the Nightingale was brought him, and he saw what a poor little Creature it was, truly said he thou art *vox et præterea nihil*, a mere Voice and nothing else: So is the Hypocrite, did a Man hear him sometimes in more publick Duties and Discourses, O! thinks he, what an excellent Man is this, what a choice and rare Spirit is he of; but follow him home, observe him in his private Conversation and Retirements, and then you will judge *Plutarch's* Note as applicable to him as the Nightingale's. *Secondly*, This Bird is observed to

O

charm

charm most sweetly, and set her Spirits all on work, when she perceives she hath engaged Attention; so doth the Hypocrite, who lives and feeds upon the Applauses and Commendations of his Admirers, and cares little for any of those Duties which bring in no Return of Praise from Men; he is little pleased with a silent Melody, and private Pleasure betwixt God and his Soul.

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

Alas! his Knowledge is not worth a Pin,
If he proclaim not what he hath within.

Thirdly, He is more for the Theatre than the Closet; and of such our Saviour saith, *verily they have their Reward*. Naturalists observe the Nightingale to be an ambitious Bird, that cannot endure to be outvied by any; she will rather chuse to die than be excelled; a remarkable Instance whereof we have in the following pleasant Poem translated out of *Strada*, concerning the Nightingale, and a Lutanist.

Now the declining Sun did downward bend,
From higher Heav'ns, and from his looks did send
A milder flame, when near to *Tyber's* flow
A Lutanist allay'd his careful woe,
With sounding charms, and in a greeny seat
Of shady Oak, took shelter from the heat;
A Nightingale o'er-heard him, that did use
To sojourn in the neighbouring groves, the Muse
That

That fill'd the place, the Siren of the wood
(Poor harmless Siren) stealing near, she stood
Close lurking in the leaves, attentively
Recording that unwonted melody.
She con'd it to herself, and every strain
His fingers play'd, her throat return'd again;
The Lutanist perceiv'd an answer sent
From th' imitating Bird, and was content
To shew her play more fully; then in haste
He tries his Lute, and giving her a taste
Of the ensuing quarrel, nimbly beats
On all his strings: As nimbly she repeats,
And wildly ranging o'er a thousand keys,
Sounds a shrill warning of her after-lays:
With rowling hand the Lutanist then plies
The trembling threads, sometimes in scornful wise
He brushes down the strings, and strikes them all
With one ev'n stroke, then takes them several
And culls them o'er again, his sparkling joints
With busy descant minching on the points,
Reach back again with nimble touch, then stays:
The Bird replies, and art with art repays;
Sometimes as one unexpert, and in doubt
How she might wield her voice, she draweth out
Her tone at large, and doth at first prepare
A solemn strain, nor wear'd with winding air,
But with an equal pitch, and constant throat;
Makes clear the passage for her gliding note;
Then cross-division diversly she plays,
And loudly chanting out her quickest lays,
Poises the sound and with a quiv'ring voice,
Falls back again: He wond'ring how so choice
So various harmony could issue out
From such a little throat, doth go about

Some harder lessons, and with wond'rous art
 Changing the strings, doth up the treble dart
 And downward smite the base, with painful stroke
 He beats; and, as the trumpet doth provoke
 Sluggards to fight, even so his wanton skill
 With mingled discord joins the hoarse and shrill.
 The Bird this also tunes, and whilst she cuts
 Sharp notes with melting voice, and mingled puts
 Measures of middle sound, then suddenly
 She thunders deep, and jugs it inwardly
 With gentle murmur, clear and dull she sings
 By course, as when the martial warning rings.
 Believ't, the minstrel blush'd, with angry mood;
 Inflam'd (quoth he) thou chauntress of the wood,
 Either from thee I'll bear the prize away,
 Or, vanquish't break the Lute without delay.
 Unimitable accents then he strains
 His hand flies on the strings, in one he chains
 Far different numbers, chasing here and there
 And all the strings he labours every where;
 Both flat and sharp, and stately grows
 To prouder strains, and backward as he goes
 Doubly divides, and closing up his lays,
 Like a full quire a shivering consort plays;
 Then, pausing, stoops in expectation
 Of his corival, nor durst answer on.
 But she, when practice long her throat had whet,
 Enduring not to yield, at once doth set
 Her spirits all to work, and all in vain;
 For whilst she labours to express again,
 With nature's simple voice such divers keys,
 With slender pipes such lofty notes as these,
 O'er match'd with high designs, o'er match'd with
 woe,
 Just at the last encounter of her foe,

She

She faints, she dies, falls on his Instrument
That conquer'd her; a fitting Monument.
So far even little souls are driven on,
Struck with a virtuous emulation.

And even as far are *Hypocrites* driven on
by their Ambition and Pride, which is the
Spur that provokes them in their religious
Duties.

But let us keep our Hearts Day and Night
under the Awe of God's all-seeing Eye: Let
us remember he beholds all our Ways, and
ponders all our Thoughts; how covertly so-
ever Hypocrisy may be carried for a Time,
all must out at last, *Luke xii. 3.* Secresy is
the main Inducement to Hypocrisy, but it
will fall out with the Hypocrite, as it did
with *Ottocar*, the King of *Bohemia*, who re-
fused to do Homage to *Rodolphus*, the Em-
peror, till at last being chastised with War,
he was content to do him *Homage* privately
in a Tent. But the Tent was so contrived
by the *Emperor's* Servants, that by drawing
one Cord it was taken all away, and so *Ot-
tocar* was presented on his Knees doing
Homage in view of three Armies.

Therefore let us shun the Rock of Hypo-
crisy, and awe our Hearts with God's Eye,
knowing that he will bring *every secret
Thing into Judgment.* Thus did *Job*, and
it preserved him. *Job xxxi. 1, 4.* Thus
did *David*, and it preserved him. *Psalms
xviii. 21, 22, 23.* Thus let us do also, and
it will preserve us to the Day of Christ.

J E S T-



JESTING.

IT is dangerous to jest with God, Death, or the Devil; for the *first* neither can nor will be mocked; the *second* mocks all men one time or other; and the *third* puts an eternal *Sarcasm* on those that are too familiar with him.

A Jest in the Mouth of the Ignorant, is like a fine Sword by the Side of a Valet.

We can make choice of our Meats, why not of our Words to? We can examine what goes into our Mouths, and why not what comes out of them as well? For the latter is more dangerous in a Family than the former in the Stomach.

IMPATIENCE.

An impatient Man is hurried along by his wild and furious Desires into an Abyss of Miseries, the more extensive his Power is, the more fatal is his Impatience to him, he will wait for nothing, he will not give himself any Time to take Measures, he forces all Things to satisfy his Wishes, he breaks the Boughs to gather the Fruit before it is ripe, he breaks down the Gates rather than wait till they are opened, he will needs reap when the wise Husbandman is sowing; all he does in haste is ill done, and can have no longer Duration than volatile Desires; such as these
are

are the senseless Projects of the Man who thinks he is able to do every Thing, and who by giving himself up to his Desires abuses his Power.

IMPROVEMENT.

Whatever Employ tends neither to the Improvement of your Reason, nor the Benefit of Society, conclude beneath your Notice, and manage accordingly.

INSULTING.

Insult not over Misery, nor deride Infirmary, nor despise Deformity; the first shews your inhumanity, the second your Folly, the third your Pride. The Being that made him miserable, made you happy, to lament him; he that made him weak, made you strong to support him; he that made him deformed, gave you Favour to be humble; he that is not sensible of another's Unhappiness, is a living Stone. But he that makes Misery the Object of his Triumph is an incarnate Devil.

INJURY.

If Men wound you with Injuries meet them with Patience, hasty Words rankle the Wound, soft Language dresses it, Forgiveness cures it, and Oblivion takes away the Scar; it is more noble by Silence to avoid an Injury than by Argument to overcome it.

Injury

Injury must never provoke a good Man to do wrong.

The greatest Punishment of an Injury is the Conviction of having done it, and no Man suffers more than he that is turned over to the Pain of Repentance.

INJUSTICE.

Nothing unjust or violent is permanent.

We too often see, that where there is Money there can be no Transgression.

Of all *Injustice* that is the most abominable and capital, which imposes upon us under the Colour of Kindness and good Meaning.

Injustice and Fraud is a dangerous Sin. A little unjust Gain, mingled with a great Estate, will consume it like a Moth. The Spirit of God hath used a very lively Simile to represent to us the mischievous Effects of this Sin, upon all human Diligence and Industry. *Jer. xvii. 11. As the Partridge sitteth on Eggs, and hatcheth them not: So he that getteth Riches and not by Right, shall leave them in the midst of his Days, and at his End shall be a Fool.*

Unjust Gain, how long soever Men sit brooding upon it, shall after all their Sedulity and Expectation, turn to no other Account than a Fowl's sitting upon a Nest of Addle-Eggs; if she sit till she pines herself to Death, nothing is produced.

You

You think you consult the Interest of your Families herein, but the Lord tells you, that *you consult Shame to your Houses*, Hab. ii. 10. This is not the Way to *feather* but to *fire* your Nest. A quiet Conscience is infinitely better than a full Purse. One Dish of wholesome (though coarser) Food is better than an hundred Delicate (but poisonous) Dishes. If a Man has eaten the best Food in the World, and afterwards sips but a little Poison, he loseth not only the Benefit and Comfort of that which was good, but his Health or Life to boot. What pity is it then that great Gains, obtained honestly, are oft destroyed for the Sake of a little gotten dishonestly? This is the Reason why some Men cannot prosper.

INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude, says orse, is of all Crimes, that which we are to account the most Venial in others, and the most unpardonable in ourselves, it is impious in the highest Degree; for, it makes us fight against our Children, and our Altars. There are, there ever was, and there ever will be Criminals of all Sorts; as Murderers, Tyrants, Thieves, Adulterers, Traytors, Robbers, and sacrilegious Persons; but there is hardly any notorious Crime without a mixture of *Ingratitude*. It dis-unites Mankind, and breaks the very Pillars of Society.

All should unite to punish the Ungrateful;
Ingratitude is Treason to Mankind.

We must expect to meet with Ingratitude from Men, and yet not cease to do them good Offices; we ought to serve them not so much for their own Sakes, as out of Love to God who commands it.

IRRESOLUTION.

Irresolution on the Schemes of Life which offer themselves to our Choice, and Inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal Causes of all our Disquiet and Unhappiness; when Ambition pulls one Way, Interest another, Inclination a third, and perhaps Reason contrary to all, a Man is likely to pass his Time ill; but when he has so many different Parties to please, when the Mind hovers among such a Variety of Allurements, one had better settle on a Way of Life that is not the very best one might have chosen, than grow Old without determining our Choice, and go *out* of the World as the greatest Part of Mankind do, before we have resolved how to live *in it*. There is but one Method of setting ourselves at Rest in this Particular, and that is, by adhering stedfastly to one great End, as the chief and ultimate Aim of all our Pursuits; if we firmly resolve to live up to the Dictates of Reason, without
any

any regard to Wealth, Reputation, or the like Considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal Design, we may go through Life with Steadiness and Pleasure; but if we act by several broken Views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a Value set upon it by the World, we shall live and die in Misery and Repentance.

J U D G I N G.

Learn not to judge too rashly of any one, either in Respect of Good or Evil, for both are dangerous.

Most Men judge by what they see, every body sees what you seem to be, but nobody knows what you really are.

Every one erects a *Court of Judicature* for himself; there he sits supreme Judge over his Neighbour, and proceeds upon him in as arbitrary and authoritative a Manner, as if he had some particular Prerogative over him. But we should be more modest and sparing in passing Sentence thus upon others, if we did but consider, that they too will take the same Freedoms, and use us with the same Severity when in their Power.

J U S T I C E.

To do Justice, to deal fairly, to bear good Will, to practice Beneficence, to succour the

Afflicted, and relieve the Necessitous, to esteem worthy Persons and Actions, to reverence God and our Parents, to honour and obey our Governours; these and the like are agreeable to Nature, necessary for our State, accepted of God, and approved of by all Men.

Justice is the Foundation of an everlasting Fame, and there can be nothing commendable without it.

It is with Justice as with sick Men: In time past, when we had fewer Doctors as well of *Law* as of *Physick*, we had more *Right* and more *Health*: But we are now destroyed by Multitudes, Delays, and Consultations, which serve to no other Ends, than to enflame both the *Distemper* and the Reckoning.

It may seem a hard Case for the greater Thieves to punish the less, and for publick Purloiners and Oppressors to sit in Triumph upon the Lives of the little ones, that go to the Gallows; for the Tie of Morality is the same upon both, and they stand both accountable to the same Master: But Time, Power, and Corruption give a Reputation to the worst of Practices, and it is no longer Oppression, when it comes gilded with the Name of Authority. Now in the Sight of Heaven, the greater the Temptation, the less is the Sin; and yet in the Vogue of the World, it passes for an Exploit of Honour, for Kings and States to run away with whole Countries,

Countries, that they have no Colour or Pretence to; when many a poor Wretch stands condemned to a Halter, or a Whipping-post, for the pilfering a Silver Spoon perhaps, or the robbing of an Hen Roost.

Justice is a glorious and a communicative Virtue, ordained for the common Good of Mankind, without any Regard to itself. This it is, that keeps Men from worrying one another, and preserves Tranquility in the World. It is the Bond of human Society, a Kind of tacit Agreement and Impression of Nature; without which there is not any thing we do can deserve Commendation. The just Man *wrongs nobody, but contents himself with his own; does good to all; thinks and speaks well of all; gives every Man his due, and is not any Man's Hindrance.* Where he is in Authority, *he commands righteous Things; lies open to all; prefers a publick Good before a private Benefit; punishes the Wicked, rewards the Good, and keeps every Man in his Duty.* Where he is in Subjection, *he preserves Concord, lives in Obedience to Laws and Magistrates; contents himself in his Station, without hankering after Offices and Preferment; and is no Medler in other Peoples Matters.* He is just for Justice Sake, and asks no other Reward than what he receives in the Comfort of being Just.

If

——— If Justice now requires,
 With Vice it should go ill, with Virtue well,
 Yet so it fares, with neither in this Life;
 It then remains, that in some other Life,
 Will this distinction certainly be made,
 And then the scene which with regard to Man,
 Now rude appears, nor worthy of a GOD
 All-wise and gracious, shall itself disclose;
 And ev'ry thing be seen, the Cloud remov'd
 In its true colour and its proper place.
 If this you doubt, say by what rule you prove,
 That there's a GOD at all, who governs things
 With perfect harmony, and nicest skill!
 What, does he ev'ry thing besides direct
 With just propriety, and only fail
 In this, the chiefest part? not so; a Time
 Will come (enquire not how) this is enough;
 'Tis plain; a time there will be after Death,
 When GOD as fit, the just from the unjust,
 The guiltless from the guilty shall select,
 And give to every Man his due reward.



K N A V E R Y.

AN honest *Intention* of imposing upon
 nobody, frequently lays us open to
 the Knavery of other People.

Affected Simplicity and Plainness, is but a
 nicer and more laboured Cheat.

Men never can bear to be over-reached by
 their Enemies, or betrayed by their Friends;
 and yet they are often contented to be both
 cheated

cheated and betrayed by their ownelves.

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge will soon become Folly, when good Sense ceases to be its Guardian.

The true Knowledge of God and yourself, are true Testimonies of being in the Highway to Salvation; *that* breeds in you a filial Love, *this* a filial Fear; the Ignorance of yourself is the Beginning of all Sin, and the Ignorance of God is the Perfection of all Evil.

It is for young Men to gather Knowledge, and for old Men to use it; and assure yourself, that no Man gives a fairer Account of his Time, than he that makes it his daily Study to make himself better.

The Love of new *Notions* and greater *Knowledge*, proceeds not so much from our being weary of what we had before, or any Satisfaction there is in Change, as from the Concern for being too little admired by those that know us well, and from the Hope of being admired more by those that know us but little.

KNOWLEDGE of one's Self. (*vide Man.*)

Did we but know ourselves, how humble it would make us, and happy would it be for us if we did; for want of Knowledge of
ourselves

ourselves, is the Cause of Pride, and Pride was the first Cause of our Separation from God, and Ignorance of ourselves is the Cause of keeping us from coming to him; *for God, resisteth the Proud and giveth Grace to the Humble.* Did we but know ourselves we could not be Proud. For *what is Man?* A weak and sickly Body; a pitiful, helpless Creature, exposed to all the Injuries of Times and Fortune; a Mass of Clay and Corruption, prone to Evil as the Sparks fly upwards, and of so perverse and depraved a Judgment as to prize Earth above Heaven; temporal Pleasures before endless Felicities: *Every Man living is altogether Vanity.*

It is not so very difficult for Men to know themselves, if they took but proper Pains to inquire into themselves; but they are more solicitous to be thought what they should be, than really careful to be what they ought to be.

The following is the Advice which St. Bernard gives to Pope Eugenius, upon this Occasion.

‘Tear off the Veil, says he, that hides you
 ‘from your own Eyes; pluck off those
 ‘Leaves which hide your Shame, but do
 ‘not heal your Wound: Strip off your vain
 ‘Ornaments, and all that seeming Glory
 ‘that surrounds you, that you may see your-
 ‘self quite naked, and as you came into the
 ‘World. Did you come with those Marks
 ‘of

‘ of Dignity, and those costly Garments? Did
 ‘ you come here all shining with precious
 ‘ Stones and loaded with Gold? If you look
 ‘ upon all this as something without you, as
 ‘ a Cloud which passes away, and that will
 ‘ soon be dispersed, you will see in yourself
 ‘ nothing but a poor miserable Man, discon-
 ‘ tented with his Condition, and ashamed of
 ‘ his Nakedness; a Man who weeps because
 ‘ he is born, and murmurs because he exists.
 ‘ In fine, a Man born for Labour, and not
 ‘ for Honour.’



L A B O U R.

NO Man can eat any Thing sweeter than
 what is acquired by his own Labour.

L A U G H T E R.

Wrinkle not your Face with too much
 Laughter, lest you become ridiculous, nei-
 ther delight your Heart with too much
 Mirth, lest you become vain; the Suburbs
 of Folly is vain Mirth, and Profuseness of
 Laughter is the City of Fools.

Let not your own Laughter handsel your
 own Jest, lest while you laugh at it, others
 laugh at you, neither tell it often to the same
 Hearers, lest you be thought forgetful or

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barren;

barren; there is no Sweetness in a Tale twice told.

To *laugh* at wise Men is the Priviledge of Fools.

LAW and PHYSICK.

Use Law and Physick only in Cases of Necessity; they that use them otherwise, abuse themselves into weak Bodies and light Purples; they are good Remedies, bad Busi-nesses and worse Recreations.

It is a singular Mercy to live under good Laws which protect the Innocent from Injury; for Laws are Hedges about our Lives, Liberties, Estates, and all the Comforts we enjoy in this World.

The Emperor *Justinian* said, that he acknowledged himself subject to the Laws; a Confession worthy of the greatest Monarch.

Agessilaus replied to his Father, who demanded of him what was unjust, *I have learnt from you to obey the Gods, and observe the Laws, and therefore I obey you in not doing what you ask.*

LEARNING.

Ignorance creates Weakness and Fear, but *Learning* makes Men bold and assured: Nothing affects or disturbs a Mind that has a true Apprehension of Things, and knows how to distinguish them rightly.

In

In the Study of human Learning the Mind ought always to preserve its own Freedom, and not to enslave itself to other People's Fancies; the Liberty of the Judgment should have its full Scope, and not take any thing upon trust, from the Credit of any Man's Authority. When different Opinions are proposed to us, we should consider and choose, if there are such Odds between them as to admit of a choice; and if there be not, then we should continue in Suspence still.

Many Persons are fond of Books, for the same Reason they are fond of Furniture, to set off and adorn their Rooms.

To form a Judgment of a good Book, we ought to have Learning; Judgment, and Taste.

Those who eat most are not always the Fattest, so those who read much have not always the most Knowledge; they sink under a Multitude of Ideas, and resemble the ancient *Gauls*, who by being too heavily Armed became useless in Battle.

It is so usual with most Men to judge of Things so very slightly and superficially, that the most ordinary *Words* and *Actions*, set off with a good Grace and some little Knowledge how Matters go in the World, very often gain a Man more Reputation than the most profound Wisdom and *Learning*.

LETTERS.

Those who invented the Art of Writing, discovered the Means of establishing a Commerce of Friendship in the Absence of the Objects who produced it.

Whatever Care we take to render a Letter tender and affecting, it will be only so in Proportion to the Dictates of the Heart: For the Language of the Heart is most eloquent because most natural.

If your Letters, says *Balsac*, are as short as usual, I declare I will read them so often, that they shall become long in spite of yourself.

One writes to his Friend who had neglected him a little in not writing to him. If you love me write to me, I beg you; if you are affronted write to me nevertheless; it will be a greater Comfort to me for the Trouble of being parted from you, only to receive the Letters of a Friend, though discontented and angry.

The same pious Author in a Letter of Complaint to another of his Friends, for not writing to him, reprimands him in the following lively and ingenious Manner; *Believe me if the Temper which ought to be kept in Writing did not stop me, I would in my Resentment say such severe Things, that you would quickly answer me in a Passion; but because it is human to be angry, and*
Christian

Christian to give no Affront, I come to my Temper again, and I again conjure you to love him who loves you.

L I F E.

Let us prepare ourselves by a virtuous Course of Life, and the Love of Justice, for a Place in the happy Regions of Peace.

We ought to spend the Remainder of our Life, as if it were more than we expected, and lent us on purpose for wiser Management.

This mortal Life is nothing but Death in Masquerade.

How little Repining would there be among Mankind at any condition of Life, if People would rather compare their Condition, with those that are worse, in order to be thankful, than be always comparing them with those that are better, to assist their Murmurs and Complainings.

We should continually say with *Job*, *are not my Days few*, and endeavour to imprint on our Minds this Sentence of *David*. *The Lord hath made my Days as an Hand's breadth, mine Age is as nothing before him;* or that of *Moses*, *The best of our Days are but Labour and Sorrow, for they are soon cut off and we fly away.*

The true Greatness of Life is to be Master of ourselves.

He that steers a middle Course of Life, that is to say, betwixt good Manners and Discretion, shall gain Approbation and Reverence.

It is the Work of Fate to make us live long, but it is the Business of Virtue to make a short Life sufficient, for Life is to be measured by Action, not Time.

The true Felicity of Life is to be free from Perturbations, to understand our Duties towards God and Man, to enjoy the present without any anxious Dependance upon the future, not to amuse ourselves with either Hopes or Fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is so, wants nothing.

Let us make haste to live, since every Day to a wise Man is a new Life, for he has done his Business the Day before, and so prepared himself for the next, that if it be not his *last*, he knows it might have been so; no Man enjoys the true Taste of Life, but he that is willing and ready to quit it; yet few Men take Care to live *well* but *long*, tho' it is in every ones Power to do the *former*, and in no Man's to do the *latter*.

In the Division of Life there is Time past, present, and to come, what we do is short, what we shall do is doubtful, but what we have done is certain, and out of the Power of Fortune. The Passage of Time is wonder-

fully

fully quick, and a Man must look backwards to see it, and in that Retrospect he has all Passages at a View, but the present gives us the slip unperceived; it is but a Moment that we live, and yet we are dividing it into Childhood, Youth, Man's Estate and Old Age, all which Degrees we bring into that narrow Compass. What greater Folly can there be in the World, than the Loss of Time, the future being uncertain, and the Damages so irreparable; if Death be necessary, why should any Man fear it, and if the Time be uncertain, why should we not always expect it.

This Life is only a Prelude to Eternity, where we are to expect another Original and another State of Things; we have no prospect of Heaven here but at a Distance; let us therefore expect our last and decretory Hour with Courage; the last, I say, to our Bodies but not to our Souls, our Luggage we must leave behind us, and return as naked out of the World as we came into it, the Day which we fear as our *last*, is but the Birth-Day of our Eternity, and it is the only Way to it. So that what we fear as a Rock proves to be but a Port, in many Cases to be desired, never to be refused, and he that dies young has only made a quick Voyage to it; some are becalmed, others cut it away before the Wind, and we live just as we sail; first we run our Childhood out of
Sight,

Sight, our Youth next, and then our Middle Age, after that follows Old Age, and brings us to the common End of Mankind; it is a great Providence we have more Ways out of the World, than into it, our Security stands upon a Point, the very Article of Death, for it draws a great many Blessings into a very narrow Compass.

CICERO in his CATO MAJOR, says thus.

QUOD si quis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repuerascam, et in cunis vagiam, valde recusam: nec vero velim, quasi decurso spatio ad carceres à calce revocari. QUID enim habet vita commodi? quid non potius laboris? sed habeat sane: habet certe tamen, aut satietatem, aut modum: non lubet enim mihi deplorare vitam, quod multi, et ii docti, sæpe fecerunt: neque me vixisse pœnitet: quoniam ita vixi, ut non frustra me natum existimem: et ex vita ita discedo tanquam ex hospitio, non tanquam ex domo: commorandi enim natura diversorium nobis, non habitandi dedit. O PRÆCLARUM diem, cum ad illud divinum animorum concilium, cœtumque proficiscar, cumque ex hac turba, et colluvione discedam!

Should God now put it in my Power to begin my Life again from my very Cradle, and once more run the Course over of the Years I have lived, I should not upon any
Terms

Terms agree to it ; for what is the Business of Life, or rather how great is the Pain? or if there were none of this there would be yet undoubtedly in it Satiety and Trouble. There are many (I know) and learned Men, that have taken up the Humour of deploring their past Lives, this is a Thing that I can never consent to, or to be troubled that my Life is spent ; because I have so lived as to perswade myself that I was not born in vain, and when I leave this Body it is but as an Inn, not as a place of Abode, for Nature has given us our Bodies only to lodge in, not to dwell in; O! how glorious will that Day be, when I shall leave the Rabble and the Froth of this World behind me, to join in Council and Society with those illustrious Spirits that are gone before!

It was a pretty Meditation of one, upon seeing two Birds haltered with a Gin of Hair, which is thus related.

Observing in a snowy Season, how the poor hungry Birds were haltered and drawn in by a Gin of Hair cunningly cast over their Heads, whilst, poor Creatures, they were busily feeding, and suspecting no Danger; and even whilst their Companions were drawn away from them, one after another, all the Interruption it gave to the Rest, was only for a Minute or two, whilst they stood peeping into that Hole through which their Companions were drawn, and then fell to

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their

their Meat again as busily as before; I could not choose but say, "Even thus surprizingly doth Death steal upon the Children of Men, whilst they are wholly intent upon the Cares and Pleasures of this Life, not at all suspecting its so near approach." These Birds saw not the Hand that ensnared them, nor do Men see the Hand of Death plucking them one after another into the Grave.

Omnibus obscuras Injicit illa manus. OVID.

Deaths Steps are swift, and yet no Noise it makes;
Its Hand unseen, but yet most surely takes.

And even as the surviving Birds for a little Time seemed to stand affrighted, peeping after their Companions, and then as busily as ever to their Meat again: Just so it fares with the careless inconsiderate World who see others daily dropping into Eternity round about them, and for the present are a little startled, and will look into the Grave after their Neighbours, and then fall as busily to their earthly Employments and Pleasures again as ever, till their own turn comes.

"I know, my God, that I must die as well as others; but O! let me not die as do others; let me see Death before I feel it, and conquer it before it kill me; let it not come as an Enemy upon my Back, but rather let me meet it as a Friend halfway! Die I must, but let me lay up that good Treasure before I go;
Mat.

Mat. vi. 19. carry with me a good Conscience when I go; *II. Tim.* iv. 6, 7. and leave behind me a good Example when I am gone, and then let Death come and welcome.

We feed ourselves up for a long Life with great Care and Expence; but alas! Fate will find us out, and when Death approaches we must embark though never so unwillingly.

Nor love thy Life, nor hate, but whilst thou liv'st, Live well; how long or short, permit to Heav'n.

MILTON.

If length of Days be thy Portion, make it not thy Expectation. Reckon not upon long Life: think every Day the last, and live always beyond thy Account.

*Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum,
Grata superveniet quæ non sperabitur hora.*

HOR.

Believe that every morning's ray,
Hath lighted up thy latest day;
Then, if tomorrow's Sun be thine,
With double lustre shall it shine.

FRANCIS.

A Man ought to employ the first Part of his Life in conversing with the Dead, the second in talking with the Living, and the third in discoursing with himself.

There are three Kinds of Life; the *Contemplative*, which only aims at the Delight

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arising

arising from Self-complacency and Tranquility of Soul; the *Active*, which labours for Riches; and the *Voluptuous*, which is confined to bodily Pleasures.

Happiness does not consist in a long or a short Life, since that depends on its last Moment.

The Philosophers, says one of the Fathers, set a great Value upon that Thought of *Plato*, *That all the Life of wise Men is a Meditation of Death*. But *St. Paul's* Saying is much stronger, *I die daily*. For to Act is a different Thing from endeavouring to Act; and there is a great difference between living to die, and dying to live.

L I B E R A L I T Y.

The most acceptable Thing in the World is a discreet Liberality, and the Reputation of it must needs be great, when the Goodness of every Man in Power is the common Sanctuary of Mankind.

He that gives to all without Discretion, will soon stand in need of every body.

Liberality does not consist so much in giving largely, as in giving seasonably.

He is not to be esteemed liberal who does, as it were, pick a Quarrel with his Money, and knows not how either to part with it or keep it; but he that disposes of it with Discretion and Reason, that proportions his
Bounty

Bounty to his Ability, chooses his Object according to their Necessities, and confers his Bounties when they can do most good.

LIBERTY.

Happy is he who not being the Slave of another, has not the foolish Ambition of making another his Slave.

The Dread of the Loss of Liberty is a Kind of Slavery.

Death deprives a Man only of Life, which is no more than a Trust granted him by Nature; but Slavery robs him of Liberty, the greatest Blessing he can possess.

Oh Liberty, thou Goddess heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of blifs, and pregnant with delight!
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
 Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks chearful in thy sight;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day.

ADDISON'S MISC.

LIBERTINES. (*Vide* ATHEISM.)

The *Libertines* that would pass for strong Heads, because they oppose the most solid Truths of Faith, are, according to St. *Austin*, nothing but Mad-men: This Strength doth not proceed from sound Health, but from Folly

Folly and Madness; for there is nothing stronger than Mad-men; they have more Strength than Persons in sound Health, but the stronger they are, the nigher they are to Death.

How excellent is the Reflection which the same Author makes upon those Words of the Wicked, *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.*

What do you say? *Repeat what you just said, Let us eat and drink, say you?* but what did you say after, *For to-morrow we die?* *You have frightened me, you have not seduced me. Yea by these last Words you are so far from making me be of your Opinion, that you make me against you; you only terrify me. You said, For to-morrow we die, and you said before, Let us eat and drink. This is not just Reasoning; but I will tell you what you ought to say, according to the Rules of good Sense, Let us fast and pray, for to-morrow we die.*

And how agreeably does he confound those Men of the World, which will believe nothing but what they see?

I don't see, says a Libertine, how can I believe? Is your Soul visible? answers the Saint. Since then only your Body is seen, why don't some body bury you? This Answer astonishes him, and he presently replies, You very well know that I am not dead, and that I yet live. But how do I know that

that you are alive while I don't see your Soul? You know it, (you answer me,) because I speak, because I walk, because I eat.

O! Fool, you would have me own that you are alive by the Actions of your Body, and you will not acknowledge the *Creator* by the Actions of the *Creature*.

Arnobius says, that good Sense would make a Man embrace *Christianity*, where there is every thing to be hoped by receiving it, every thing to be feared and to be lost in rejecting it; and he adds this Argument to convince an *Infidel* and *Libertine*.

As the Things to come are of such a Nature as they cannot be made present by any Anticipation of Time, is it not more conformable to Sense and right Reason, of two uncertain Things whose Expectation is doubtful, rather to believe that which gives us Hope of some Good, than that which leaves us none at all? For we are not exposed to any Peril, we have no Damage to fear, if what is promised us may fail and do not come to pass; whereas it would be the greatest of Ills, and the greatest of Losses, for us to discover by Time, that what was taught us proves not to be a Fable or a Lie.

Arnobius then cries out, with as much Delicacy as Zeal, addressing himself to opiated *Libertines*; What do you say, ignorant Men, who deserve our Compassion and Tears? What! are not you afraid that the
Things

Things that give you occasion to laugh, and which you only despise, should perhaps prove true and real? Doth it not at least come into your Mind, or rather do you not doubt a little, that you shall one Day know too late, what you now with so much Malice and Obstinacy refuse to believe; and that a useless Repentance will be the Punishment that you will eternally suffer for not believing.

Minutius Felix says of Libertines that appear rich in Goods and Honours; Poor Wretches! they are only raised on high to fall the lower; these are Victims that are fattened and crowned to have their Throats cut.

L O V E.

Plato in his Fable of the Birth of *Love*, esteem'd one of the prettiest Fables of all Antiquity; says, Love is the Son of the Goddess *Poverty*, and the God *Riches*; he has from his *Father* his daring Genius, his Elevation of Thought, his building Castles in the Air; his prodigality; his neglect of Things serious and useful; his vain Opinion of his own Merit, and his affectation of Preference and Distinction. From his *Mother*, he inherits his Indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of Favours; that Importunity, with which he begs; his Flattery; his

his Servility; his fear of being Despised, which is inseparable from him.

Where Love is, there is no Labour; and if there is Labour, the Labour is loved.

'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind
That binds our peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all our passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts his softest power;
Perfect esteem and sympathy of soul,
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

THOMPSON.

Love ever what is honest, as most lovely;
and detest what is the contrary, as most detestable.

There is no *Passion* that more excites us to every Thing that is Noble and Generous than *honest Love*.

———— *Capta lepore*
Illecebrisque tuis omnis natura animantum
Te sequitur cupide; quo quamque inducere pergis
Denique per maria, ac monteis fluviosque rapaceis,
Frondiferasque domos avium, camposque virenteis
Omnibus incutiens blandum per pectora amorem,
Efficis, ut cupide generatim, sæcla propagent.

Lucr. Lib. 1.

Great Love, thy empire o'er the World extends!
To thy soft charms the whole Creation bends;

On hills, in streams, through all the rolling main,
 The leafy forest, and the grassy plain,
 Thy kindling warmth the various Nations find,
 And rush with joy, to generate their kind.

L O V E *of your* N E I G H B O U R.

Love your Neighbour for God's Sake, and
 God for your own Sake, who created all
 Things for your Sake, and redeemed you for
 his Mercy's Sake. If your Love hath any
 other Object, it is false Love; if your Ob-
 ject hath any other End, it is Self-love.

L O V E *of* G O D.

The Thought of a pious Author upon the
 Love that God requires of us, is perfectly
 beautiful.

What Thanks do we owe to God, says
 he, who, though we are so much indebted to
 him, demands only our Love, to pay off all
 our Debts, or rather forgives us all our Debts
 upon this Consideration? Doth not he shew
 us, by placing the Precept of Love above all
 others, how, poor and insolvent as we are,
 we may clear ourselves of all that we owe
 him?

Let no Man excuse himself upon the Dif-
 ficulty of paying him, because no Man can
 say that he has not a Heart. No Sacrifices,
 no Presents, nor any painful Labour is re-

quired

quired of us: We have in ourselves enough to satisfy him, for we are Masters of our own Love; give that to the Lord, and we are quit. I say more, in paying thus for Favours that he hath done us, he will do us more, and of our Creditor he will become our Debtor.

And St. *Austin* perfectly explains in what pure Love consists. The Love of a *Christian* Soul, says he, is not Pure if it serves God for Interest: What then! shall our Services go without Reward? No, without doubt, but we shall have God himself whom we Served for a Reward; he will be the Pay of our Labours, because we shall see him such as he is. What does our Lord Jesus Christ say to his Disciples? *He that loves me keeps my Commandments; he that loves me will my Father love, and I will love him also.* And what will he give him then? *And I will manifest myself to him.* If you do not love at all, it is nothing; if you love, if you sigh after your God, if you serve him without Interest, that is all that your Heart can desire: Look after nothing besides him, he has enough to satisfy you; however covetous you are, a God is enough for you: Avarice aspires after the Possession of all the Earth and Heaven too; but is not he that made Heaven and Earth, of more Value than both together?

How Elegant and Noble is the following

pious Sentiment wrote in a Letter to a Friend.

Let the Orators adorn themselves with their Eloquence, the Philosophers with their Wisdom, the Rich with their Treasures, Kings with their Power and Grandeur; Christ is to us a rich Possession, and a glorious Kingdom: We find Wisdom in the Folly of the Gospel, Strength in the Weakness of the Flesh, Glory in the Shame of the Cross.

S E L F - L O V E.

Self love is found in every Thing; when we renounce Luxury, we indulge Pride, for we are conceited and proud of our Meanness and Rags; we make a shew of our Poverty, and display it to the Eyes of the World, to be valued for it.

Therefore purify your Love, turn the Water that runs into the Sink into the Garden; have as much Affection for the *Creator* of the World as you have for the World. It is not said to you, do not love at all, God doth not require this; you would be heavy and lifeless, you would be unworthy of Life, you would in short be unhappy if you loved nothing. *Love, but take care what you love.*

Vices never deceive but under the Mask and Appearance of Virtues; that is, if Vices were to appear what they really are, a Man would not let himself be surprized by them; for

for to look near them, they are as ugly in their proper Shape, as they are agreeable in a borrowed one.

Men love different Things; and when any one enjoys what he loves, he is thought happy. But true Happiness doth not consist in enjoying what is loved, but in loving what ought to be loved. Several are more miserable in possessing the Objects of their Love than in not possessing them; they are miserable through the Love of wicked Things, and more so by the Enjoyment of those Things. God does us a Favour when he refuses us what we love against his Will, but he punishes us, and in a terrible Manner revenges himself on us when he gives us our Desire.

LOVE of CHILDREN.

Love not your Children unequally; or if you do, shew it not, lest you make the one proud, the other envious, and *both* Fools. If Nature has made a Difference, it is the Part of a tender Parent to help the Weakest. That Trial is not fair, where Affection fits Judge.

L U S T S.

He that subdues his *carnal* Lusts, may easily keep himself untainted by any other.

Lust

Lust was the first Effect of *Adam's* Fall, and has ever since been a close Attendant on his Posterity.

—— But, that false Fruit
Far other operation first displayed!
Carnal desire inflaming, he on EVE
Began to cast lascivious Eyes; she him
As wantonly repaid: In Lust they burn.

MILTON.

We ought to fear nothing so much as the Evil that we ourselves are the Cause of, in following our Lusts. God has created us good Servants, and we create very bad Masters in our Hearts. We deserve to be Slaves to our disorderly Passions, and to groan under the Tyranny of Masters that we make ourselves, since we will not live under Obedience to him who made us.

L U X U R Y.

If we did but duly weigh and examine the Dignity and Excellency of Nature, we should quickly find how shameful a Thing it is to degenerate into a luxurious Softness and Delicacy; and on the contrary, how becoming it is to live frugally, temperately, gravely and soberly.

L Y I N G.

All Men must acknowledge *Lying* to be one of the most scandalous Sins, that can be committed

committed between Man and Man; a Crime of a deep Dye, and of an extensive Nature, leading into innumerable Sins; for *Lying* is practised to deceive, to injure, betray, rob, destroy, and the like; Lying in this Sense is the concealing of all other Crimes, the Sheep's Cloathing upon the Wolf's Back, the Pharisee's Prayer, the Harlot's Blush, the Hypocrites Paint, the Murderer's Smile, the Thief's Cloak, and *Judas's* Kiss; in a Word, it is Mankind's darling Sin, and the Devil's distinguishing Characteristick.

Falshood and Lying in Trade, is a Sin which tends to destroy all converse, and disband all civil Societies. And though by Falshood Men may get some present Advantage, yet hear what the Holy Ghost saith of Wealth accumulated this Way; *The getting of Treasures by a lying Tongue, is a Vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek Death.* Prov. xxi. 6. Some trade in Lies as much as in Wares; nay, they trade off their Wares with their Lies: And this proves a profitable Trade (as some Men account Profit) for the present; but in reality it is the most unprofitable Trade that Man can pursue: For it is but *the tossing of a Vanity to and fro*; a Phrase importing Labour in vain, it profits nothing in the End: And as it profits nothing, so it hurts much; they seek Profit *intentionally*, but lose it *eventually*; for it will bring Destruction and Ruin not only upon

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on their *Trades* but their Souls. The God of Truth will not longer prosper the Way of Lying. One Penny acquired by a laborious Hand, is preferable to great Treasures by a lying Tongue. And let such beware they seek not Death, in seeking an Estate this Way.

Lying is a Sin destructive to Society; for there is no *Trade* where there is no *Trust*, and no *Trust* where there is no *Truth*; and yet this cursed Trade of *Lying* creeps into all Trades, as if there was no living (as one speaks) without Lying: But sure it is, we had better be *Losers* than *Lyars*, for he sells a dear Bargain indeed that sells his Conscience with his Commodity.

A righteous Man hateth Lying. Prov. xiii. 5. and St. *Jerom* furnishes us in an ingenious manner with a striking Instance of this Truth, in the History of an innocent Woman, who being accused of Adultery was cruelly tortured, and broke seven Times without Dying. He says,

As she had her Hands tied behind her, and could not lift them up to Heaven, she lifted up her Eyes thither, which the Executioner could not bind, and said, with her Face all bathed in Tears, *You are my Witness, my Lord Jesus, you to whom nothing is hid, who soundest the Bottom of the Heart, that it is not to save my Life that I deny the Crime that I am charged with, but not to sin by telling a Lie.*

M A G-



MAGNANIMITY.

IF you desire to be Magnanimous, undertake nothing rashly, and fear nothing you undertake; fear nothing but Infamy, dare any Thing but Injury. The Measure of Magnanimity is to be neither rash nor timorous.

M A N. (*Vid. Knowledge of one's self.*)

As *Mortals*, let us esteem ourselves not as we *are*, but as we are *esteemed*; as *Christians*, let us esteem ourselves as we *are*, not as we are *esteemed*: The Price in both rises and falls as the Market goes; the Market of *Mortals* is wild Opinion, the Market of *Christians* is a good Conscience.

*Quid mentem traxisse polo, quid profuit altum
Erexisse caput, pecudum si more pererrant ?*

CLAUDIAN.

What signifies to Man, that he from Heav'n
His Soul derives, that with erected front
He walks sublime, and views the starry Skies,
If like the Brutes irrational he acts?

God requires of Man a Heart conformable
to the divine Will, and Actions void of Of-
fence.

T

It

It is not Health, Nobility or Riches, that can justify a wicked Man; nor is it the Want of all these that can discredit a good one.

Unto how many Infirmities is the Body of Man exposed, with what Imaginations is he afflicted and deceived, with how many Labours and toils does he daily wrestle, with what Thoughts and Apprehensions does he torment himself, what Dangers of Soul and Body does he run into, what Fopperies is he forced to behold, what Injuries to suffer, what Necessities and Afflictions? Nay such is our whole Life, that it seemed unto St. *Bernard* little less Evil than that of Hell, but only for the Hope we have of Heaven. Our Infancy is full of Ignorance and Fears; our Youth, of Sins; our Age, of Sorrow; and the Whole, of Dangers. The Moon hath every Month her Changes, but the Life of Man hath them every Day and every Hour; yet the Hopes of a blessed Eternity more than recompenses us for all.

*Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homini sublime dedit: cælumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.* Ovid.

Whilst all the mute Creation downward bend:
Their sight, and to their earthy mother tend,
Man looks aloft: And with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary Skies. *Dryden.*

ARIS-

ARISTOTLE thus defines MAN:

Men, the Inhabitants of Earth, are endowed with Speech, and vaunt of Reason; immortal are their Souls, mortal their Limbs, inconstant and anxious their Minds, brutish and obnoxious their Bodies, unlike in their Manners, the like in their Errors, sturdy is their Confidence, and obstinate is their Hope; fruitless their Toil, uncertain their Fortune, swift in their Tears, and slow their Wisdom, and their Life full of Complaints.

M A N by *Creation, Degeneration, and Regeneration.*

M A N by *Creation*, was of one constant, uniform Frame and Tenour of Spirit, held one strait and even Course; not one Thought or Faculty ravelled or disorder'd: His Mind had a perfect Illumination to understand and know the Will of God; his Will a perfect Compliance therewith; his sensitive Appetite, and other inferior Powers, stood in a most obedient Subordination.

Man by *Degeneration*, is become a most disorder'd and rebellious Creature, contesting with and opposing his Maker, as the *first Cause*, by Self-dependance; as the *chiefest Good*, by Self-love; as the *highest Lord*, by Self-will; and as the *last End*, by Self-see-

ing; and so is quite disordered, and all his Acts irregular: His illuminated Understanding is clouded with Ignorance; his complying Will full of Rebellion and Stubbornness; his subordinate Powers casting off the Dominion and Government of the superior Faculties.

But by *Regeneration* this disorder'd Soul is set right again; in which, *Self-dependance* is removed by Faith; *Self-love*, by the Love of God; *Self-will*, by Subjection and Obedience to the Will of God; and *Self-seeking*, by Self-denial. The darkened Understanding is again illuminated, *Ephes. i. 18.* the refractory Will sweetly subdued, *Psalms cx. 3.* the rebellious Appetite, or Concupiscence, gradually conquer'd, *Rom. vi.* And thus the Soul which Sin had universally depraved, is again by Grace restored and rectified.

M A N, *with respect to God's Care of him.*

There is an active vigilant Providence that superintends every Creature upon Earth: There is not the most despicable diminutive Creature that lives in the World, left without the Line of Providence. God is therefore said *to give them all their Meat in due Season*; and for that End *they all wait upon him*, *Psalms civ. 27*; as a great and provident House-keeper orders daily convenient Provisions for all his Family, even to the least

and

and lowest among them. The smallest Insects and Gnats which swarm so thick in the Air, and of the usefulness of whose Being it is hard to give an Account; yet as an incomparably learned Divine well observes, these all find Nourishment in the World, which would be lost if they did not, and are again convenient Nourishment themselves to others that prey upon them.

But MAN is the peculiar Care of God, and the Soul of Man much more than the Body. Hence Christ fortifies the Faith of Christians against all Distrusts of divine Providence, even from their Excellency above other Creatures, *Mat. x. 31. Ye are of more Value than many Sparrows*; and *Mat. vi. 26. Your heavenly Father feeds the Fowls of the Air, and are ye not much better than they?* and *ver. 30. He cloaths the Grass of the Field, and shall he not much more cloath you?* And so the Apostle, the first of *Cor. ix. 9. Doth God take care for Oxen? Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? for our sakes no doubt this is Written.* In all which Places is shewn the Dignity of Man, above all *Animals* and *Vegetables* in Respect of the natural Excellency of his reasonable Soul, but especially the gracious Endowments of it, which endear it far more to its Maker. Therefore Man may comfort himself, and rest assured that though he might fall into heavy Pressures and the deepest Distresses either of
Soul

Soul or Body, his merciful Creator will not fail to relieve, support, revive and deliver him, when he sees it fittest for him, if he continually looks unto him, and makes him his Delight, saying in his Heart with the royal Psalmist, *Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and there is none upon Earth that I desire besides thee*, Psal. lxxiii. 25.

A Man of Probity distinguishes himself to be such, by keeping Reason at the Head of Practice, and being content with his Condition; by living in a crowd of Objects, without suffering either in his Sense, Virtue, or Quiet; in having a good Understanding at Home, and being governed by that divine Principle within him. He is all Truth in his Words, and Justice in his Actions; and if the whole World should disbelieve his Integrity, dispute his Character, and question his Happiness; he neither takes it ill in the least, nor alters his Measures, but steadily pursues the Ends of living with all the Honesty, Ease, and Resignation imaginable.

M A R R I A G E.

Marriage is certainly a State and Condition, upon which the Happiness or Misery of Life does very much depend; more than indeed most People think upon before-hand. To be confined to live with one perpetually, for whom we have no Liking and Esteem,

must

must certainly be a most uneasy State: There had need be a great many good Qualities, to reconcile a constant Conversation to one, even where there is some share of Kindness and Affection; but without Love the very best of all good Qualities will never make a constant *Conversation* easy and delightful. And whence proceed those endless and innumerable domestick Miseries, that plague and utterly confound so many Families, but from want of Love and Kindness in the Wife or Husband? From thence comes their Neglect, and careless management of Affairs at home, and their profuse extravagant Expences made abroad. In a word, it is not easy, as it is not needful, to recount the evils that arise, abundantly, from the want of Conjugal Affection only. And since this is so certain, a Man or Woman runs the most fearful hazard that can be, who Marries without this Affection in themselves, and without good Assurance of it in the other. And since it is impossible for any one to Love with anothers Affections, but with their own, the Parents must consider this especially, how they Engage their Children to Marry, where, at the least, a hopeful prospect of this Love doth not appear; lest, whilst they are endeavouring to make their Children happy, they make them of all Creatures the most miserable; and make them irremediably so. If there be Reason, that young People should

be

be left in any thing to themselves, and to their own Liberty, it seems to be in the Choice of those with whom they are to live and die; with whom they are to venture being happy or unhappy all their Days. It is, without doubt, in nothing so necessary as in Marriage. *Do you know (saith one of old) that Marriages belong to us ourselves, and must be matter of our own Choice? Our Affections are our Masters, not our Servants; and you cannot with all your Power and Might, nor by your frequently reiterated Orders and Commands, cause me to Love or Hate where you shall fix; nor is it in my Power to obey you if I would. Then is Marriage like to be lastingly happy, when both agree in loving each other: and therefore since I am to have a Wife, the Partner of my Bed, and of all the Joys and Sorrows that are likely to befall me, whilst I live, I must seek for one that I can like (I think) for ever.*

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
 What gay distress! what splendid misery!
 Whatever fortune lavishly can pour
 The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
 Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says,
 Like any Lord it promises—and pays.
 How will the Miser startle to be told
 Of such a wonder as *insolvent* gold?
 What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight;
 All *more*, is but the passion of the plate,

Which

Which for one moment, charms the fickle view,
It charms us *now*, *anon* we cast anew,
To some fresh birth of *Fancy* more inclin'd :
Then wed not Acres, but a noble Mind.

If your *Fancy* and Judgment have agreed
in the Choice of a fit Person for your Wife,
love so, that you may be feared; rule so,
that you may be honoured; be not too diffi-
dent, lest you teach her to deceive you; nor
too suspicious, lest you teach her to abuse
you: If you see a Fault, let your Love hide
it; if she continue in it, let your Wisdom re-
prove it: Reprove her not openly, lest she
grow bold; rebuke her not tauntingly, lest
she grow spiteful: Proclaim not her Beauty,
lest she grow proud; boast not of her Wis-
dom, lest you be thought foolish: Let her
not see your Imperfections, lest she disdain
you; profane not her Ears with loose Com-
munication, lest you defile the Sanctuary of
her Modesty: An understanding Husband
makes a discreet Wife, and she a happy
Husband.

Let your Love advise before you choose,
and your choice be fixed before you marry :
remember the Happiness or Misery of your
Life depends upon this one Act, and that no-
thing but Death can dissolve the Knot; he
that weds in Haste, repents oftentimes by
Leisure; and he that repents him of his own
Act, either is, or was a Fool by his own
Confession.

A single Life is doubtless preferable to a married one, where Prudence and Affection do not accompany the Choice; but where they do, there is no terrestrial Happiness equal to the married State.

In the Choice of a Wife (say the *Spaniards*) we ought to make use of our Ears, and not of our Eyes.

Whatsoever Jars happen after Marriage, they ought never to break the most sacred Bands.

There cannot be too near an Equality, too exact an Harmony betwixt a married Couple; it is a Step of such Weight, as calls for all our Foresight and Penetration; and especially the Temper and Education must be attended to. In unequal Matches, the Men are more in Fault than Women, who can seldom be Choosers.

Many People marry first, and have to learn afterwards the Duty of a married State, and the Comforts and Inconveniences that attend it; and it is not uncommon to meet with Persons whose depraved Judgments encourage them to think it immaterial, whether or not Love precedes tying the matrimonial Knot, looking upon it as a Matter of future Expectation.

The following Lines of *Milton* are very fine upon this Subject.

Hail wedded Love! mysterious law! true source
Of human offspring! sole propriety

In Paradife, of all things common else!
 By thee adult'rous Lust was driven from Man
 Among the beaftial herds to rang: By thee,
 Founded in Reason, loyal, juft, and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of Father, Son, and Brother, firft were known!
 Perpetual fountain of domeftick fweets!
 Here Love his golden shafts employs; here lights
 His conftant lamp, and waves his purple wings:
 Here reigns and revels; not in the bought fmile
 Of Harlots, lovelefs, joylefs, unendear'd,
 Cafual fruition: Nor in court-amours,
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 And ferenade, which the ftarv'd Lover fings
 To his proud Fair, beft quitted with difdain.

MEDIOCRITY.

If e'er Ambition did my fancy cheat,
 With any Wifh fo mean as to be great,
 Continue Heav'n ftill from me to remove,
 The humble Bleffings of the Life I love!

COWLEY.

*Stet quicunque volet potens**Aula culmine lubrico**Me dulcis faturet quies.**Obscuro positus loco,**Leni perfruar otio.**Nullis nota Quiritibus**Ætas per tacitum fluat.**Sic cum transferint mei**Nullo cum strepitu dies**Plebeius moriar senex.**Illi mors gravis incubat**Qui notus nimis omnibus,**Ignotus moritur sibi. Sen. Thyestes.*

Climb at Court for me that will
Tottering favour's pinnacle!

All I seek is to lie still.

Settled in some secret nest,
In calm leisure let me rest:

And far off the publick stage,
Pass away my silent Age!

Thus when without noise unknown

I have lived out all my span

I shall die without a groan,

An old honest Country-Man.

The following is a *Paraphrase* of Lord
LANSDOWN upon the same Passage.

Place me ye Powers! in some obscure retreat:
O keep me innocent! make others great!

In quiet shades, content with rural sports,

Give me a Life, remote from guilty Courts:

Where free from hopes, or fears, in humble ease,

Unheard of I may live, and die in peace!

Happy the Man who thus retir'd from sight

Studies himself, and seeks no other light:

But most unhappy he, who sits on high

Expos'd to every tongue, and every eye:

Whose Follies blaz'd about, to all are known,

And are a secret to himself alone:

Worse is an evil fame, much worse than none.

This beautiful Translation of the same Lines,
is here incerted as it may prove agreeable
for its *Antiquity* of *Stile*.

Eche man himself this kingdome gives at hand,
Let who so lyst with mighty mace to rayne,

In

In tyckle toppe of court delight to stand;
 Let me the sweet and quiet rest obtayne.
 So set in place obscure, and mean degree,
 Of pleasaunt rest, I shall the sweetnes knowe;
 My Life unknowne to them that noble bee,
 Shall in the Steppe of secret silence goe.
 Thus when my Days at length are overpast,
 And tyme without all troublous tumult spent;
 An Aged man I shall depart at last
 In mean estate, to die full well content.
 But grievous is to him the Death, that when
 So farre abroad the bruit of him is blowne,
 That knowne he is too much to other men,
 Departeth yet unto himself unknowne.

Translated by JASPER HEYWOOD, Fellow of
 ALSOLNE College, in OXENFORDE,

A. MDLXXXI.

M E R I T.

How many Men of extraordinary Parts
 and Merit have died unknown? How many
 are there still at this Time who live un-
 known, and who will never be taken any
 Notice of?

Nature produces Merit; Virtue carries it
 to Perfection; and Fortune gives it the Pow-
 er of Acting.

True Merit is not afraid of being effaced
 by that of others.

We judge of the Merit of Men by the
 Usefulness of their Actions. And there are a
 great many Men valued in the World, who
 have

have no other Merit, than Vices profitable to Commerce and Society.

The more true Merit a Man has, the more does he applaud it in others.

A Man of great Merit in Place, never makes himself troublesome to others by Vanity and Pride. He is less puffed up with the Preferment he has, than humbled by a higher Post he has not, and which he is conscious he deserves; he is more apt to be uneasy than proud; and does not so much despise others, as he is a Burthen to himself.

Real Merit gains a Man the Esteem of good Men; but it is only Fate and Chance that gains him that of the Multitude.

So much has Chance the casting Voice in the Disposal of all the great Things of the World, that, that which Men call *Merit* is a mere Nothing, for even when Persons of the greatest Worth and Merit are preferred, it is not their Merit but their Fortune that prefers them; and as for that so much admired Thing, called *Policy*, it is very little better; for when Men have busied themselves, and racked their Brains never so much, the whole Result both of their Counsels and their Fortunes is still at the mercy of an Accident; and therefore whosoever it was that said, he had rather have a Grain of Fortune than a Pound of Wisdom, (as to the Things of this Life) spoke nothing but the Voice of Wisdom and great Experience.

Endeavours

Endeavours bear a value more or less,
 Just as they're recommended by success.
 The lucky Coxcomb every Man does prize,
 And prosperous actions always pass for wise.

M E R C Y.

How merciful can our great Creator treat
 his Creatures, even in those Conditions in
 which they seem to be overwhelmed in De-
 struction; how can he sweeten the bitterest
 Providences, and give us cause to Praise him
 for Dungeons and Prisons?

M E M O R Y.

A Person offering to teach *Themistocles* the
 Art of Memory, he said, he rather chose
 that of Forgetfulness.

I.

O Memory! celestial Maid!

Who glean'st the flow'rets cropt by time;
 And suffering not a leaf to fade,

Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;
 Bring, bring those moments to my mind
 When life was new and *Lesbia* kind.

II.

And bring that garland to my sight,

With which my favour'd crook she bound;
 And bring that wreath of roses bright

Which then my festive temples crown'd.
 And to my raptur'd ear convey
 The gentle things she deign'd to say.

III.

III.

And sketch with care the muses bow'r,
 Where *Iffs* rolls her silver tide;
 Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r
 That shines on *Cherwell's* verdant side;
 If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
 When polish'd *Lycon* join'd my song.

IV.

The song it vails not to recite
 But sure to sooth our youthful dreams,
 Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
 Than other banks than other streams:
 Or by thy softening pencil shewn,
 Assume they beauties not their own?

V.

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
 When, all beneath the poplar bough,
 My spirits light, my soul serene,
 I breath'd in verse one cordial vow;
 That nothing should my soul inspire,
 But friendship warm, and love intire.

VI.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
 On thee the drooping muse attends;
 As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
 On thy expressive pow'r depends;
 Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
 To live the Lord of all that shines.

VII.

But let me chase those vows away
 Which at ambition's shrine I made,
 Nor ever let thy skill display
 Those anxious moments ill repaid:
 Oh! from my breast that season raze,
 And bring my Childhood in its place.

VIII.

VIII.

Bring me the Bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the Hobby I bestrode;
When pleas'd, in many a sportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the Whistle that I blew.

IX.

Then will I muse, and penfive say,
Why did not these enjoyments last?
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waste?
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But oh! for pleasure yield us pain.

WM. SHENSTONE *Esq.*

MISFORTUNES.

Since Misfortunes cannot be avoided, let them be generously borne; it is not for any Sort of Men to expect an Exemption from the common Lot of Mankind; and no Person is truly great, but he that keeps up the same Dignity of Mind in all Conditions.

Those Misfortunes which we make a Matter of Choice, and submit voluntarily to, are not real Evils.

It is time enough to bear a Misfortune when it comes, without anticipating it; for why should we torment ourselves with what may fall out, perhaps, twenty Years hence.

There is no People so miserable, but that

at some time or other, in some Respect or other, they have Reason to account themselves happy. And if they would but duly consider how it is with many of their Neighbours, they would find it their Duty to be thankful, that it is no worse with themselves; for it is some Relief to the Unfortunate to shew them that there are others yet more miserable.

It is a Comfort to the miserable to have Companions in their sad State.

It may seem to be a kind of malicious Satisfaction, that one Man derives from the Misfortunes of another, but the Philosophy of this Reflection stands upon another Foundation; for our Comfort does not arise from others being miserable, but from this Inference upon the Balance, that we suffer only the Lot of human Nature; and as we are happy or miserable, compared with others, so others are miserable or happy compared with us: By which Justice of Providence, we come to be convinced of the Sin, and the Mistake of our Ingratitude.

It is a noble Saying of the Philosopher, cited by *Seneca*; "That there cannot be a more unhappy Man in the World, than he who has never experienced Adversity." There is nothing perhaps in which Mankind are more apt to make false Calculations, than in the Article both of their own Happiness and that of others; as there are few, I believe, who have lived any Time in the
World

World, but have found frequent Occasion to say with the poor hunted Stag in the Fable, who was entangled by those Horns he had but just before been admiring.

*O me infelicem! qui nunc demum intelligo,
Ut illa mihi profuerint quæ despexeram,
Et quæ laudaram quantum luctus habuerint.*

Phæd.

We should manage ourselves with Regard to our *Fortune*, as we do with Regard to our *Health*; when good, enjoy and make the best of it, when ill, bear it patiently, and never take strong *Physick*, without an absolute Necessity.

We generally fancy ourselves more miserable than we are, for want of taking a true Estimate of Things; wherefore we fly into Transports without Reason, and judge of the Happiness or Calamity of human Life, by false Lights: A strict Inquiry into the Truth of Matters will help us in the one, and Comparison will set us right in the other.

The Whimsicalness and Uncertainty of Fortune is finely shewn in the following Paraphrase of the Duke of *Buckingham* upon these Lines.

*Laudo manentem: Si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, & mea*

X 2

Virtute

*Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quero.*

Hor. Lib. iii. Ode 29.

Fortune made up of toys and impudence,
That common jade, that has not common sense:
But fond of business, insolently dares
Pretend to rule, and spoils the World's affairs.
She shuffling up and down, her favours throws
On the next met, nor minding what she does,
Nor why, nor whom, she helps or injures, knows. }
Sometimes she smiles, then like a fury raves,
And seldom truly loves, but Fools or Knaves.
Let her love whom she please, I scorn to woe her;
While she stays with me, I'll be civil to her:
But if she offers once to move her wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain gew-gaw things,
And arm'd with virtue will more glorious stand,
Than if the B—h still bow at my command:
I'll marry Honesty, tho' e'er so poor,
Rather than follow such a dull blind Whore.

There is no Accident so exquisitely *unfortunate*, but wise Men will make some Advantage of it; nor any so entirely *fortunate*, but Fools may turn it to their own Prejudice.

MORTALITY. (*Vide* DEATH.)

Nothing in this World is to be depended upon; God Almighty knows what is best for us, and often afflicts us to make Trial of our Faith, and to see how far we can resign
our-

ourselves to his Will; he knows whether it will be for our Advantage to be cropt in the Bud or the Bloom, and he is the best Christian that submits chearfully to every divine Dispensation, and the more especially, when all our Tears, all our Sorrows, cannot recal the Deceased from the Grave; our Grief may contribute to our Misery, may add to the Load of our Afflictions, but cannot possibly be any Diminution of them; nor if we lament and grieve to the last Day of our Lives, avail any thing. DAVID was a bright Example to us in this Case, he sorrowed beyond measure, and refused the common Sustainance of Life, while the Child was yet alive, but as soon as they told him he was dead, he called for Bread and eat, saying, *we may go to him, but he cannot return to us: And in the Psalms, I was dumb and opened not my Mouth, because it was thy doing.* By the Laws of our holy Religion, we must submit to Providence, under all the Evils and Calamities of Life how severe soever; and if we make this Submission easy and chearful, we possess our Souls with a firm Persuasion of the Wisdom and Goodness of God; if we lose our Estates, a dear Friend, or near Relation, we should consider that all these are uncertain Comforts, and when the Case is doubtful we ought to acquiesce in the divine Will; and conclude that to be best for us which God is pleased to do; because he is infinitely

infinitely wiser than we are, and more concerned for our Happiness than we ourselves can possibly be, if we make a good Use of his Providence. In fine, let the Trial be never so great, we must not grieve *as one without Hope*; for it cannot be long before we must all return to our primitive Earth, and then, if we shall happily have followed the Precepts of Christ, we shall most assuredly be made Partakers of those Joys, which the Souls of those already departed in him are in the full Fruition of.

A law eternal does decree,
That all things born shall mortal be.

To be above the Stroke of Passions, is a *Condition* equal to Angels; to be in a *State* of Sorrow, without the Sense of Sorrow, is a *Disposition* beneath *Beasts*: But to regulate our Sorrows duly, and limit our Passions under the Rod, is the Wisdom, Duty and Excellency of a *Christian*. He that is without natural Affections, is deservedly ranked among the worst of *Heathens*; and he that is able rightly to manage them, deserves to be numbered with the best of *Christians*. Tho' when we are sanctified we put on the divine *Nature*; yet till we are *glorified*, we put not off the Infirmities of our *human Nature*.

Whilst we are within the reach of Troubles,
we cannot be without the Danger, and ought
not

not to be without the Fear of Sin; for it is as hard for us to escape Sin being in *Adversity*, as *becalming* in *Prosperity*. And Scripture furnishes us with a lively instance of our Aptness to transgress both the bounds of Reason and Religion, under a sharp Affliction, in the Example of the Woman in the Gospel, *Luke vii. 13*, who grieved to that Excess for the loss of her Son; that when our Saviour saw her, *he had Compassion on her, and said to her, Weep not.* The Lamentations and Wailings of this distressed Mother, moved the tender Compassion of the Lord in beholding them, and stirred up more Pity in his Heart for her, than she could possibly conceive for her dear and only Son.

And thus we find *St. Basil* bewailed the Death of his Son.

*"Filius mihi erat adolescens, solus vitæ
 "successor; solatium senectæ, gloria generis,
 "flos equalium, fulcrum domus, ætatem
 "gratiosissimam agebat: hic raptus perit
 "qui paulo ante jucundam vocem edebat,
 "Et jucundissimum spectaculum parentis
 "oculis erat."*

"I once had a Son who was a young Man, my only Successor, the Solace of my Age, the Glory of his kind, the Prop of my Family, arrived to the endearing Age; then was He snatch'd from me by Death, whose lovely Voice but a little before I heard, who

lately

lately was a pleasant Spectacle to his Parent."

But though these and the like are poignant Afflictions, and it is not Magnanimity but Stupidity to make slight of God's Corrections; still we must endeavour so to moderate and regulate our Sorrow, as not to offend therein the Creator and Lord of all Things. Thou lamentest, says *Seneca*, thy deceased Friend, but I would not have thee grieve beyond what is meet: That thou shouldst not grieve at all, I dare not require thee; Tears may be excused if they do not exceed: Let thine Eyes therefore be neither wholly dry, nor yet let them overflow; *weep* thou mayst, but *wail* thou must not.

It is much more becoming a Christian ingenuously to open his Troubles, than sullenly to smother them. There is no Sin in complaining to God, but much wickedness in complaining of him. This was *David's* Course and constant Way, who was a Man of Afflictions, *Psalms* cxlii. 2, 3. *I poured out my Complaint before him; I shewed before him my Trouble. When my Spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my Path.* And happy were it if every one under Affliction would choose this Way to express his Sorrows. Did we complain more to God, God would complain less of us, and quickly abate the Matters of our Complaint.

It is as common with Men, even with good Men, to exceed in their Sorrows for
dead

dead Relations, as it is to exceed in their Love and Delights to living Relations; and both of the one and the other we may say, as of Waters, it is hard to confine them within their Bounds. It is therefore a grave Advice which the Apostle delivers in this Case, I. Cor. vii. 29, 30. *But this I say, Brethren, the Time is short. It remaineth that both they that have Wives, be as tho' they had none; and they that weep, as tho' they wept not; and they that rejoice, as tho' they rejoiced not;* as if he had said, the floating World is near its Port; God hath contracted the Sails of Man's Life; it is but a point of Time we have to live, and shortly it will not be a Point to choose, whether we had Wives or not, Children or not. All These are time-eaten Things, and before the expected Fruit of these Comforts be *ripe*, we may ourselves be *rotten*. It is therefore a high Point of Wisdom to look upon Things which shortly will not be, as if already they were not, and to conduct ourselves under the Loss of those carnal Enjoyments, as the natural Man conducts himself, in the Use of spiritual Ordinances; he hears as if he heard not, and we should weep as if we wept not. Their Affections are a little moved sometimes by spiritual Things, but they never lay them so to Heart, as to be broken-hearted for the Sin they hear of, or deeply affected with the Glory revealed. We also ought to be sensible

Y ble

ble of the stroke of God upon our dear Relations, or valuable Friends: But yet still we must weep as if we wept not; that is, we must keep due Bounds and Moderation in our Sorrows, and not be too deeply concern'd for these dying short-liv'd Things.

Happy the Man that keeps the golden Bridle of Moderation upon his Passions and Affections, and still retains the Possession of himself, whatsoever he lose the Possession of.

M U S I C K.

In Musick there is so much of Majesty, something so Divine and Great, that shews that all Harmony descended from Heaven, and is of a Divine, Noble, and angelical Extraction, and working upon the Senses, admirably produces great Effects upon Mens lives. On this Account the Antient *Greeks* were so careful to teach their Children Musick; that by it's Assistance they might form and compose the Minds of their Youth to what was decent, sober, and virtuous; believing the Use of Musick beneficially Efficacious to incite them to all serious Actions, especially to the adventuring upon warlike Dangers; to which Purpose they made use of Pipes and Flutes when they advanced in Battle Array against their Enemies; like the *Lacedæmonians*, who, upon the same Occasion caused the *Castorean* Tunes and Measures to be Played
before

before their Battalions; as the *Cretans* used
Harps, and we now *Trumpets*.

Plutarch.

Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs,
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Musick shall then exert its pow'r,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:
Then Saints and Angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All Heav'n shall eccho with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole Creation in a chorus join.

ADDISON.



NAME of GOD. (Vide *Prophane Oaths*.)

AUGUSTUS prohibited the common
Use of his Name, lest it should grow too
cheap and vile, by the common and heedless
using of it. The Name of *Mercurius Tris-*
megistus was sparingly used, because of the
great Reverence People had for him. The
very Heathens were afraid to pronounce the
Name of their great God *Demogorgon*, as
fearing the Earth would tremble when his
Name was mentioned. How then doth the
Reverence of Heathens to their *false Gods*,
expose and aggravate the Impudence of pro-

fed Christians, in their vile Indignities and Abuses of the great and terrible Name of the *true God*! Nay they not only take up his Name vainly and rashly into their Lips, but audaciously insert it by a prophane Oath into their common talk, as that which gives the Grace and Ornament to their Discourses. Some have not been ashamed to say, what Pity it is that Swearing should be a Sin, which gives so great a Grace and Ornament to Language?

N A T U R E.

Reflect frequently upon the Instability of Things and how very fast the Scenes of Nature are shifted; Matter is in a perpetual Flux, Change is always and every where at work, it strikes through Causes and Effects, and leaves nothing fixed and permanent; and then how very near the two vast Gulphs of Time, the past, and the future, stand together; therefore how little Cause has Man to think these momentary Things sufficient to make him proud or uneasy?

Since Nature is the Fountain of Justice, it is also, according to Nature, that no Man should make Advantage to himself of another's Ignorance; nor is there any greater Pest in human Society, than a perverse Craft under the Mask of Simplicity.

Nature and natural Causes are nothing else
but

but the Order in which God works. This some Heathens, by the Light of Nature acknowledged; and therefore, when they went to Plough in the Morning, they did lay one Hand upon the Plough (to speak their own Part to be Painfulness) and hold up the other to *Ceres*, the Goddess of Corn, to shew that their Expectation of Plenty was from their supposed Deity. But, it is to be feared, many Christians lay both Hands to the Plough, and seldom lift up Heart or Hand to God, when about that Work. There was a Husbandman (says one) that always sowed good Seed, but never had good Corn; at last, a Neighbour came to him, and said, I will tell you what probably may be the Cause of it; it may be (said he) you do not steep your Seed. No truly, said the other, nor did I ever hear that Seed must be steeped. Yes, surely, said his Neighbour, and I will tell you how, *it must be steeped in Prayer*. When the Party heard this, he thanked him for his Counsel, reformed his Fault, and had as good Corn as any Man whatsoever. It is not the Husbandman's but God's Steps that drop Fatness. *Alma mater terra*, the Earth indeed is a fruitful Mother, but the Rain which fecundates and fertilizes it, hath no other Father but God. *Job xxxviii. 28.*

N A T U R A L G I F T S.

The most excellent common Gifts come out of the common Treasury of God's bounty,
and

and that in a natural Way: They are but the Improvement of a Man's natural Abilities, or (as one calls them) the Sparks of Nature blown up by the Wind of a more benign and liberal Education; but Principles of Grace are of a divine and heavenly Original and Extraction, not induced or raised from Nature, but supernaturally infused by the Spirit from on high. *John iii. 6. That which is born of the Flesh is Flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit.* In this Respect they differ from Gifts, as the heavenly *Manna* which was rained down from Heaven differs from common Bread, which by Pains and Industry the Earth produces in a natural Way.

The best natural Gifts afford not that Sweetness and solid Comfort to the Soul that Grace doth; they are but as a dry Stalk that affords no Fruit for Nourishment. A Man may have an Understanding full of Light, and a Heart void of Comfort at the same Time; but Grace is a Fountain of the purest living Streams of Peace and Comfort. *1. Pet. i. 8. Believing we rejoice with Joy unspeakable and full of Glory. Psalm xcvi. 11. Light is sown for the Righteous, and Joy for the Upright in Heart.* All true Pleasure and Delights are seminally in Grace. They are sown for them in these divine and heavenly Graces, which are Glory in the Bud.

Aristotle said, " a little Knowledge about
" heavenly

“heavenly Things, though conjectural, is
“preferable to much of earthly Things, tho’
“certain.”

NEIGHBOUR. (*Vide* LOVE of our
Neighbour.)

If you neglect your Love to your Neighbour, in vain you profess your Love to God; for by your Love to God, your Love to your Neighbour is acquired, and by your Love to your Neighbour, your Love to God is nourished.

NOBILITY.

It is the Saying of a great Man, that if we would trace our Descendants, we should find all Slaves to come from Princes, and all Princes from Slaves: But Fortune has turned all Things topsy-turvy, in a long Story of Revolutions. Tho’ it matters not whence we came, but what we are; nor is the Glory of our Ancestors any more to our Honour, than the Wickedness of their Posterity is to their Disgrace.

It matters not from what Stock we are Descended so long as we have Virtue; for that alone is true Nobility.

The great Mistake of most *Noblemen* is, that they look upon their *Nobility*, as a Character given them by *Nature*.

True

True *Quality*, and that which is the Gift of *Nature*, is the only noble Advantages and Endowments of *Body* and *Mind*.

Let high Birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing ——— but Merit in a low estate.
To Virtues humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, only by their Place?
Titles are marks of *honest* men, and *wise*;
The Fool, or Knave that wears a Title, *lies*.



OATHS. (*Vide* SWEARING.)

SWEARING by the Name of God in a right Cause, when called thereto by due Authority, is not only a lawful but a religious Act, founded upon, and directed to, the Honour of God's Omniscience, whereunto there is a solemn Appeal made in every assertory and solemn Oath; and a religious Acknowledgment made him of his infalible Knowledge of the Truth or Falshood of our Hearts, and all the Secrets of them.

The lawful Use and End of Swearing, is to put an End to all Strife, and to maintain both Equity and Charity among Men, the two Bonds and Ligaments of human Society. Now since it is the sovereign Right and Property of God alone, infallibly to search and try

try the Hearts and Reins of Men, he thereby becomes the infallible Witness to the Truth or Falshood of what they speak; so that in every such lawful Oath, there is not only a solemn Appeal, and in that Appeal an Ascription of Glory to his sovereign Omniscience; but therein (implicitly at least) they put themselves under his Wrath and Curse, in Case they swear falsely; which makes this Action most sacred and solemn.

The deep Corruption of human Nature by the Fall, makes these Appeals to God under a Curse necessary: For it is supposed, though Men be false and deceitful, yet there is some Reverence of a Deity, and Fear of his Wrath, lest unextinguished in their fallen Nature; so that Men will rather speak the Truth (though to their own Shame and Loss) than by invoking so glorious a Name in vain, put both Soul and Body under his Wrath and Curse. By which it appears what a solemn and awful Thing an Oath is; and that every good Man not only takes a lawful Oath with holy Fear and Trembling, because of the Solemnity of the Action; but rather ought to choose Death, than to swear prophanelly, because of the Malignity of the Action.

The Contumely and the Malignity found in prophane Oaths appears in that terrible Threatening, *The Lord will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his Name in vain.* A

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Threaten-

Threatening altogether as just and righteous as it is severe and terrible. This Sin admits of Degrees of Guilt: It is highly sinful to swear by the Name of God, lightly and vainly in our common Discourses, though the Oath be clipped and half suppressed or disguised in the Pronunciation of it, which argues some Remains of Fear and Shame in the Sinner.

It is worse (and indeed not a Jot below Blasphemy) to swear by any other Name than the Name of God; for in so doing they attribute to a Creature, the sovereign and incommunicable Property of God; set that Creature in the very Throne of God, and invest it with the Regalities of his Omniscience to know our Hearts, and Almighty Power to avenge the Wrong upon us, done to himself, as well as to Men by false swearing.

But to break in rudely and blasphemously upon the sacred and tremendous Name of God, with bold and foul-mouthed Oaths, striking through his sacred Name, with direct contumelious Blasphemies; this argues a Heart from which all Fear of God is utterly expelled and banished.

Yet some there are, grown up to that prodigious Height of Impiety, that they dare assault the very Heavens, and discharge whole Volleys of Blasphemies against that glorious Majesty which dwells there. They are not
afraid

afraid to bid Defiance to him, and challenge the God that made them to do his worst. They deck and adorn (as they account it) their common Discourses with bloody Oaths and horrid Imprecations, not esteeming them genteel and modish without. It consists not with the Greatness of their Spirits to be wicked at the common Rate. They are willing to demonstrate to the World that they are none of those puny, silly Fellows, that are afraid of invisible Powers, or so much Cowards as to clip a full-mouthed Oath, by suppressing or whispering the emphatical sounding Syllable, but think a horrid Blasphemy makes the most sweet and graceful Cadency in their hellish Rhetorick.

They glory that they have fully conquered all those troublesome Notions of Good and Evil, Virtue and Vice, Heaven and Hell, to that Degree that they can now affront the divine Majesty to his very Face, and not fear the worst he threatens in his Word against their Wickedness.

If there be a God (which they scarce believe) they are resolved audaciously to provoke him to give them a convincing Evidence of his Being. And if he be (as they are told he is) rich in Patience and Forbearance, they are resolved to try how far his Patience will extend, and what Load of Wickedness it is capable to bear.

If their Destruction be not sure enough,
Z 2 they

they will do their utmost to make it so by breaking down the only Bridge whereby they can escape it, that is, by trampling under their Feet the precious Blood and Wounds of the Son of God, and imprecating the Damnation of Hell upon their own Souls, as if it flumbered too long, and were too slow paced in its Motions towards them. And it is to be feared there are few Christians to be found on Earth, crying so oft, for *the Lord to pardon, the Lord to save them*; as some Wretches among us cry, (*Horresco referens*) for God to d--n them, and the Devil to destroy them.

It would be well therefore for all such, coolly and solemnly to debate the following plain Question in their own Reason and Consciences: Do they think they must die, or live here for ever as they do? If they are convinced (as all living are supposed to be) that they must die, do they desire an easy and comfortable or a painful and terrible Death? It must be presumed there is no Man living that is convinced he must die, but desires naturally and rationally as easy and comfortable, a Dissolution as may be. If so, let them appeal to their own Reason, whether prophane Swearing and Blaspheming the Name of God, be a proper rational Way to obtain Peace and Comfort at their latter End? With what Hope or Encouragement can those Tongues cry at Death for the
Lord

Lord to have Mercy on them, which pronounced that Name, and imprecated Damnation from him, till they come into their last Extremities, which convinced them they could live no longer.

But to those who may happily be convinced of their dangerous Condition, and seriously desire to reform, the following few Helps or Means may prove beneficial.

First, Fix in your Thoughts that Scripture, *Mat. xii. 36. But I say unto you, that every idle Word that Men shall speak, they shall give an Account thereof in the Day of Judgment.* Let this sound continually in your Ears, Day and Night. *St. Hierom* was frequently heard to say, *Whether I eat or drink, or whatever I do, methinks I still hear the Sound of the Words in mine Ear, Arise, ye Dead, and come to Judgment.*

Secondly, Consider before you speak, and be not rash to utter Words without Knowledge. He that speaks what he thinks not, speaks *hypocritically*; and he that thinks not what to speak, speaks *inconsiderately*. You have Cause to weigh your Words before you deliver them by your Tongue; for whether you do, or do not, the Lord pondereth them. Records are kept of them, or else you could not be called to any Account for them, as you certainly will.

Thirdly, Resign your Tongue to God every Day, and beg of him to guide and keep it;

it; so did *David*, *Psalms* cxli. 3. *Set a Watch, O Lord, before my Mouth, and keep thou the Door of my Lips*; beg of him to keep you from Provocations and Temptations; or if you fall into them, intreat him for Power to subdue your Spirits, that you may not be conquered thereby.

Fourthly, But above all, labour to get your Soul cleansed and purified by Faith, possessed by saving and gracious Principles; all other Means will be ineffectual without this. Study the Vileness of your Nature, and the Necessity of a Change to pass upon it. First make the Tree good, and then its Fruit will be good. A new Nature will produce new Words and Actions.

O B E D I E N C E.

Let the Ground of all our Religion be Obedience, let us examine not why it is commanded, but observe it because it is commanded; true Obedience neither procrastinates nor questions.

Our Saviour has not freed us from our Obedience to the moral Law, not even those who savingly believe on his Name: For we must not think our spiritual Liberty by *Christ*, presently brings us into an absolute Liberty in all Respects; for *Christ* does not free Believers from Obedience to the moral Law. It is true, we are no more under it

as a *Covenant* for our *Justification*; but we are and must still be under it as a *Rule* for our *Direction*. The Matter of the moral Law is unchangeable, as the Nature of Good and Evil is, and cannot be abolished except that Distinction could be destroyed, *Mat. v. 17, 18*. The Precepts of the Law are still urged under the Gospel, to enforce Duties upon us, *Ephes. vi. 12*. It is therefore a vain Distinction invented by *Libertines* to say, it binds us as *Creatures*, not as *Christians*; or that it binds the unregenerate Part, but not the regenerate: But this is a sure Truth, that they who are freed from its *Penalties*, are still under its *Precepts*: Though those that truly believe, are no more under its Curse, yet they are still under its Conduct: The Law sends us to Christ to be justified, and Christ sends us to the Law to be regulated. Therefore let the Heart of every Christian join with *David* in that holy Wish, *Psal. cxix. 4, 5*. *Thou hast commanded us to keep thy Precepts diligently: O that my Heart were directed to keep thy Statutes.*

O B L I G A T I O N S.

Have I obliged any body, or done the World any Service? if so, the Action has rewarded me; this Answer will encourage Good-nature; therefore let it always be at hand.

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He that will not oblige the Wicked and Ungrateful, must resolve to oblige nobody; for all of us in some Degree or other fall under that Denomination.

A Man cannot be bound by one Benefit, to suffer all sorts of Injuries; for there are some Cases wherein we lie under no Obligation for a Benefit; because a greater Injury absolves it. As for Example, a Man helps me out of a Law Suit, and afterwards commits a Rape upon my Daughter; where the following Impiety cancels the antecedent Obligation. A Man lends me a little Money, and then sets my House on Fire; the Debtor is here turn'd Creditor, because the Injury outweighs the Benefit. Nay, if a Man does but so much as Repent the good Office done, and grow Sour and Insolent upon it, and upbraid me with it: If he did it only for his own sake, or for any other Reason, than for mine; I am in some Degree, more or less acquitted of the Obligation. I am not at all beholden to him that makes me an Instrument of his own Advantage.

O B S T I N A C Y.

Stubbornness and Obstinacy are the Effects of a shallow Understanding, for we can never believe what we cannot apprehend.

Men of mean *Capacities*, but especially your half-witted Persons, and *pedantick* Scholars

lars, are most apt to be stiff and peremptory. None but manly *Souls* can unsay what they have said, and forsake an Error when they once discover it.

There can be no arguing with a Man obstinate in his opinion; for when he has once contradicted, his Mind is barred up against all Light and better Information: Arguments, though never so well grounded, do but provoke him, and make him even afraid to be convinced of the *Truth*.

The generality of Men do not make it their Business to be *in the Right*, so much as to be *thought so*: This makes them such strong Sticklers for their own Opinions, even when they know and are satisfied they are false.

No Men are so oft in the Wrong, as those who pretend to be always in the Right.

O N E S - S E L F.

Let Men learn to be Affectionate to their Friends, faithful to their Allies, respectful to Nobility, and just even to their Enemies; let them be taught to fear Death and Torments, less than the least Reproach of their Conscience.

Turn yourself the wrong Side outwards, and be proud if you can; and to improve your Thoughts, consider what a Beauty Age, Diseases, and Death will make of you;

A a

and

and to regulate your Computations of Fame, consider that both the Orator and the Hero, the Man and the Merit will quickly go off and be out of Sight; that the Earth is but a Point, and that we live but in a Corner of this little Dimension; that Men differ in their Notions of Honour and Esteem, and that even the same Person is not of the same Opinion long together.

Let us be just, humane, faithful, disinterested, contented with little, and despising that vain Nicety which multiplies our Wants; what we ought to value most is Health, Frugality, Liberty, a sound and vigorous Body and Mind, the Love of Virtue, the Fear of God, a kind Disposition towards our Relations, constant Affection to our Friends, Faithfulness and Honesty with all Men, Moderation in Prosperity, Constancy in Adversity, a courageous Boldness in speaking the Truth, and an abhorrence of Flattery.

O P E N E N E M Y.

He that professes himself your open Enemy, arms you against the Evil he intends; but he that dissembles himself your secret Friend, strikes beyond Caution, and wounds above Cure; from the first you may deliver yourself, from the last good Lord deliver you.

O P I N I O N.

O P I N I O N.

If Opinion hath cried your Name up, let Modesty cry your Heart down, lest you deceive it, or it deceive you; there is no less Danger in a great Name, than in a bad one; and no less Honour in deserving of Praise, than in the enduring it.

Though Mens Reasons and Opinions vary as their Faces, yet Truth is homogeneous and uniform, and ever of the same Complexion in all Ages and Nations.

Mr. *Norris* in his Discourse upon *Romans* xii. 3. says.

There is nothing wherein Men are so much divided from one another, as in Opinions; and nothing wherein they more unanimously conspire, than in thinking well of themselves. This is a Humour of so catholick a Stamp, and universal Empire, that it may seem to challenge a Place among those Elements of our Constitution, those Essentials of our Nature which run throughout the whole Kind, and are participated by every Individual. For should a Man *take the Wings of the Morning*, and travel with the Sun round the terrestrial Globe, he would hardly find a Man either of a Judgment so difficult to be pleased, or of Accomplishment so little to recommend him, that was not notwithstanding sufficiently in love with himself, however he

might dislike every Thing else about him; and without Question, that arrogant and peevish Mathematician, who charged the grand Architect with Want of Skill in the Mechanism of the World, thought he had played the Artist well enough in himself; and as to the Harmony of his own Frame, acquitted the Geometry of his Maker.

And as Men are thus naturally apt to think well of themselves in general, so there is nothing wherein they indulge this Humour more than in the Opinion they have of the Goods of the Mind; and among these, there is none which has so great a Share of their Partiality as their intellectual Faculty. The Desire of Knowledge is not more natural, than the Conceit that we are already furnished with a considerable Measure of it; and though a particular Sect were characterized by that Appellation, yet all Mankind are in reality *Gnosticks*. For (as it is ingeniously observed by the excellent *Cartesius*) nothing is more equally distributed among Men than the intellectual Talent, wherewith every one fancies himself so abundantly stocked, that even those who have the most unsatiable Desire, and whom Providence could not satisfy in any one Thing else, are notwithstanding, as to this Dispensation of Heaven, well enough content, complain not of the dull Planet that influenced their Nativity, or wish their Minds more richly endowed

dowed than they are. And although there are a Generation of Men, who use to be very eloquent in setting out the Degeneracy of human Nature in general, and particularly in decyphering the Shortness of our intellectual Sight, and the Defects of our now diminished Understanding; yet should a man take them at their Word, and apply that Verdict to themselves in particular, which they so freely bestow upon the whole Species, I dare not undertake that he shall not provoke their Resentment: And perhaps, notwithstanding the liberal, though otherwise just Complaints of the Corruption of human Nature, could all Mankind lay a true Claim to that Estimate which some pass upon themselves, there would be little or no Difference betwixt lapsed and perfect Humanity; and God might again review his Image with paternal Complacency, and still pronounce it good.

OPPRESSION.

There is a Species of Oppression, that Custom (and a bad Custom it is) has made too familiar to the Inhabitants of this Isle, that is, the Confinement of the Persons of our Fellow-Creatures for Debt, under Sanction of the Law. As there is no general Rule, that is not liable to an exception, I will not say, but there may be some Instances wherein the Scourge of a Prison becomes requisite to
make

make Men honest. But it may be confidently affirmed, where there is one single Instance of that Sort, there are ten where it makes Knaves of honest Men, and as many where the *Innocent* are greatly *Oppressed* and *ruined*: For by the oppressive Proceedings of *Male-Practisers* in that Profession, when a Man unhappily falls into the Hands of those *Mercenaries*, and they have once got him into Custody, they triumph in having the Opportunity of every subsequent Oppression. They will not condescend to talk and treat with the unhappy *Defendant*, and nine times in ten, not even acquaint or suffer the *Plaintiff* to know his own Interest; by which Means they fix a Gulph between both Parties, to the utter Ruin of the one, and the Loss of the other's Debt. And when they have run through the Course of legal Proceedings, then by compelling the *Plaintiff* to satisfy their heavy Demand, they further rivet in his Mind, the most implacable Enmity against the unfortunate *Defendant*; and thus playing the Part of Satan, become Seducers of the one, the Ruin of the other, and Tormentors of both. I say, the *Male-Practisers*; for as Laws are necessary for the Protection of our Property, so are the Professors of the Law to enforce it; and there are many Men of strict Honour, Probity and Humanity in that Profession, who do Honour to it; but these are not the Men that advise Arrests, Imprison-

Imprisonment and Destruction; it is not these that would lay waste a whole Family to put Money in their Purse; such only are the Proceedings of the Dregs of that Profession.

Therefore Men would do well to consider, that every Man not an arrant Villain, is able and willing to make better Proposals before he goes to Prison, than he either can or will after. Before he goes to Prison his Credit may reasonably be supposed to exist, and a Desire in him to preserve it, as a chief means of his and his Family's future Support; for this Reason, what would he not do? What Terms would he not comply with in his Power, rather than give up this the main Anchor of his Hope, future Industry and Prosperity? But it is too frequently the Case, that Men shut up their Bowels of Compassion for each other, and through an infatuated Obstinacy, proceeding from Envy, Hatred, and Uncharitableness, assisted by bad Advice, become blind even to their own Interest, and ruin many a Man worthier than themselves, both in publick and private Life. Justice and Mercy they banish their Thoughts, and without the least Reflection on the Possibility of being themselves equally indigent; like the wicked Servant in the Gospel, they seize their Fellow-Creature, cast him into Prison, there to remain till he has paid the uttermost Farthing, not at the same Time reflecting

reflecting they thereby disable him from so doing.

But this Savageness and Cruelty of Mind, as the excellent Author of *The whole Duty of Man* observes, is not only unbecoming the Nature of Man, but highly offensive to God, and against which he hath threatened his heavy Vengeance, as in *Ezek. xviii. 12.* *He that hath oppressed the Poor and hath spoiled by Violence, he shall surely die, his Blood shall be upon him;* and the same Sentence is repeated again in Verse 18. Indeed God hath so peculiarly taken upon him the Protection of the Poor and Oppressed, that he is engaged, as it were in Honour to be their Avenger. And accordingly in *Psal. xii. 5.* we see God solemnly declares his Resolution of appearing for them. *For the Oppression of the Poor, for the Sighing of the Needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord, I will set him in safety from him.* And the Advice of Solomon is excellent, *Rob not the Poor because he is poor, neither oppress the Afflicted in the Gate; for the Lord will plead their Cause, and will spoil the Soul of those that spoiled them.* *Prov. xxii. 22, 23.* And who are the Poor here meant, but those who cannot pay an oppressive Demand, who through Losses in Trade, or otherwise, are reduced in their Circumstances?

Hear this then, ye hard-hearted *Plantiffs*, and tremble; think no more on that devilish
Maxim

Maxim, *Revenge is sweet*; for you and your evil Advisers are like in the End to have little Joy from your Cruelty, when it thus engages God! *the Omnipotent God against you.*

O U R E N D.

Spend a hundred Years in Earth's best Pleasure, and after that a hundred more, to which being ipent, add a thousand, and to that ten thousand more, the last shall as surely end as the first are ended, and all shall be swallowed in Eternity. He that is born to-day is not sure to live till tomorrow; he that hath lived the longest is but as he that was born yesterday; the Happiness of the one is but as that he hath lived, the Happiness of the other is that he may live, and the Lot of both is that they must die; it is no Happiness to live long, nor Unhappiness to die soon; happy is he that hath lived long enough to die well.



P A I N.

TO bear Pain decently, is a good Indication of inward Strength, and a handsome Proof of a great Mind. Such a Person is well prepared to maintain his Reason, and act up to his Sentiments: He is fortified

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against

against Outrage and Tyranny; and if he throws up his Honesty, and resigns to his Ease and his Interest, he is the more unpardonable. Indeed most People may have Courage if they will but awaken their Spirits, and exert themselves. The Scandal of Misbehaviour, and the Danger of a cowardly Compliance, is sufficient when well thought on, to fright us into Resolution: *Audaces cogimur esse metu.*

Thus a Woman mentioned by *Eusebius*, who was going to renounce her Faith, and sacrifice to Idols, was so affected with the Sight of a Martyr burning at the *Stake*, that she recovered her Fortitude, owned her Christianity, and moved for Execution; wisely considering, that it was much more eligible to burn a few Minutes with a good Conscience, than for ever with a bad one. To be plain, there is no guard for Honour or Conscience unless the Mind is well steeled, and hardened to a Temper of Endurance. Unless a Man can reconcile himself to suffering, keep his Spirits above Water, it is in vain to pretend to *Principles*: Where Fear has the Ascendant all Virtue grows precarious, and is ready to surrender at Discretion.

For Instance, how can a Man pretend to Prudence that tosses like a Bull in a Net under his Pain; gives way to the Excesses of Clamour and Despair, and rages and laments to no Purpose? What Justice can you expect from

from that Person that prefers his Ease to his Honesty? Fright him with a troublesome Confinement, shew him but an Axe, or a Halter, and he will desert his Friend, betray his Trust, and go any other lengths of Meanness and Treachery. In short, he that cannot stand the Shock of Pain, and part with his Limbs, or his Life upon Occasion, can never be firm in his Duty, nor true to his Engagements.

I grant it is no easy Task to come up to this Pitch of Fortitude: However, the force of Custom and Principle, Vigour of Thought, and Nobleness of Resolution, will go a great Way in the Matter.

Collier's Essays.

PARENTS. (*Vide* CHILDREN.)

Those Parents who consume their whole Estates, with which they should provide for their Children, in Gaming, Drinking, Riot, Luxury and sinful Pleasures, are in no better Condition, nor do any better discharge their Duty to their Children, than they, who, for little or no Cause, Anger, Folly or Humour, disinherit their Children, and cut them off from their Estates. There is, indeed, great difference betwixt the *Minds* and *Affections* of these two sorts of Parents, but the *Effect* to the Children is the same: And since the Commands of God to Parents, to make Pro-

vision for the Children, are given for the Children's sakes; if these Commands take not Effect, it is all one to them what it is that hinders it: They are full as destitute and helpless by their Parent's Neglect, as they could be by their Displeasure; and they become as miserable when the Parent's Luxury and Vice deprive them of their Maintenance, as when they are disinherited through causeless Anger, and by false Suggestions. And a Parent who is thus abused into the wronging of his Children, is much more Innocent and pitiable than he who riotously, vainly, and viciously spends the Estate that might, and should contribute to his Children's Sustainance and Welfare; because this Man does willingly deprive himself of the means of doing his Duty: And the other, who is abused, is under a Force and Constraint, Acting reasonably to himself, tho' mistaken through the Faults of other People. And therefore, these luxurious, foolish Spenders, when they come to die, or are by Misery reduced beforehand to consider, cannot satisfy themselves with knowing, and remembering, that they never had any Thought or Intention to wrong their Children, but loved them infinitely, and wish'd them all the Happiness imaginable: They cannot satisfy themselves with this, whilst through their Folly, and their Negligence, they see those Children miserable, that might, and should have been

provided

provided for: And it is not enough for them to grieve, as they will naturally do, at the Misfortunes of their Children; but they ought to repent, and ask God's Pardon, for they have trespass'd against him, by the neglect of their Duty; for that is the way which the Christian Religion takes to make all People in the World happy: It binds the natural and civil Duties upon all related, and concern'd, with strong and strict Commands of God, under severe Penalties, and large Rewards; So that whatever Christian now neglects the Performance of them, he shall not only be accounted heedless, ill advised, and unnatural; but highly sinful and provoking, and shall without Repentance, be severely punish'd. He is esteem'd to deny the Faith, and to be worse than an Infidel: And therefore it will be more tolerable for them in the Day of Judgment, than for him.

The Duty of Parents to their Children does not terminate in giving them Existence: On the contrary, as long as they stand in need of their Assistance, they have a Right to demand it; for they are tender Plants, that must be nursed with the extremest Care till they have taken Root. And here Nature has sufficiently pointed out the distinct Offices of the Father and the Mother, for the same Duties are not required of both. Nature seems to have peculiarly assigned to the Mother the Nourishment of the animal
Frame,

Frame, and all the various Cares which relate to the Body. But the deportment of the Father is of a much more noble Kind; for to him is devolved the Care of rearing the thinking, and immortal Substance.

Parents, or those to whom the Education of Children is committed, will do well to consider the following Heads.

First, How near the Relation is betwixt them and their Children; and therefore how much they are concerned in their Happiness or Misery. Consider but the Scripture Account of the Dearness of such Relations, expressed, first by Longings for them, as Gen. xv. 2. *And Abraham said, Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go Childless? And when Rachael saw that she bare Jacob no Children, Rachael envied her Sister; and said unto Jacob, Give me Children, or else I die. Gen. xxx. 1. And secondly*, by our Joy when we have them, as Christ expresses it, John xvi. 21. *A Woman when she is in Travail hath Sorrow because her Hour is come: But as soon as she is delivered of the Child, she remembereth no more the Anguish, for Joy that a Man is born into the World. Fourthly*, The Sympathy with them in all their Troubles, as in Mark ix. 22. And *fifthly*, By our Sorrow at parting, Gen. xxxvii. 35. *And all his Sons and all his Daughters rose up to Comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, for I will go*
down

down into the Grave unto my Son, mourning: Thus his Father wept for him. Now shall all this be to no purpose? For to what purpose do we desire them before we have them, rejoice in them when we have them, sympathize with them so tenderly, grieve for their Death so excessively, if in the mean time no Care be taken, what shall become of them to Eternity?

If the Season of their Youth be neglected, how little Probability is there of good Fruit afterwards? That is the moulding Age, *Prov. xxii. 6.* How few are converted in old Age? A Twig is brought to any Form, but grown Limbs will not bow.

Besides there is none in the World so likely as Parents, to be Instruments of the eternal Good of their Children. They have peculiar Advantages that none others have: As first, the Interest they have in their Affections: Second, the Opportunities to instill Knowledge into them, being daily with them, *Deut. vi. 7.* Third, the knowledge of their Tempers. Therefore if Parents neglect, who shall help them?

The Consideration of the great Day, should also move their Bowels of Pity for them. Remember that Text, *Rev. xx. 12, &c. I saw the Dead, small and great, stand before God.* What a sad Thing will it be for Parents to see their dear Children, the Offspring of their Loins, at Christ's left Hand. Let
every

every Parent then exert himself to prevent this Misery.

The following is the Advice of the Queen of Sweden to her Son.

Continués, mon cher fils, à être exact à remplir tous vos devoirs : je mets au dessus de tous, le culte et la veneration que vous devés à L'Etre Supreme. Souvenez-vous, que les vertus morales sont en danger, si elles ne sont soutenues par les chrétiens, et que les ames élevées out pour Dieu des sentimens qui partent du cœur, et qui leur donnent cette noble assurance dans toutes les actions de leur vie.

Dieu vous a donné des talens, et une ame sensible : gardés vous toujours que ce cœur ne devienne la dupe de l'esprit ; c'est un écueil qui a souvent terni les plus belles vies : que la votre aye la pieté pour guide ! c'est le plus sur remede contre tous les égaremens.

Continue, my dear Child to be exact in fulfilling your several Duties ; the principal of which is the Veneration and Worship due to the *Supreme Being*. Remember that moral Virtue is in great danger, when it is no longer supported by Christianity : and that all great Minds have a sincere Love and Confidence in their *Creator*, which gives them that noble Assurance that is visible in every Action of their Lives.

God hath given you Talents, and a Heart not without Sensibility : be careful lest it be-
come

come a Dupe to your Sense; it is a Rock on which many a sensible Man hath Split. Chuse Piety for your Pilot, and you need not fear that you will err in your Course.

It is much better to keep Children in Order by Shame and Generosity of Inclination, than by Fear.

That Man I conceive is very much mistaken, who imagines Government, purely by Force, to have more Authority and a better Foundation, than when it is accompanied with Tenderneſs and Reſpect. This is my Logic, and I argue thus: He that is compelled by Threats to do his Duty, will continue wary no longer than you have an Eye over him. And when he thinks he ſhall not be found out, he will eagerly follow his own Inclinations. But he that is governed by Love obeys moſt chearfully; ſtrives to make his due Returns; and is juſt the ſame whether you are preſent or abſent. It is a Father's part to uſe his Child ſo, that his own Choice, rather than outward Constraint, may put him upon doing well. Here lies the Difference between a Father and a Maſter: And he that does otherwiſe, let him own that he underſtands not at all how to govern Children.

Teren. Alelph.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit and to fix
The gen'rous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.

C c

P A S S I O N S.

PASSIONS.

As wary and cautious as Men are to conceal their Passions, under the specious Dress of Honour and Piety, this Disguise is too thin; and they seldom fail to break through it at one time or other.

Passions often give Birth to others of a quite contrary Nature to their own: Avarice sometimes brings forth Prodigality; and Prodigality Avarice: Some are resolute out of Weakness, and bold through Temerity.

All Passions are good and bad, according to the Object; where the Object is absolutely good, there the greatest Passion is too little; where absolutely evil, there the least Passion is too much; where indifferent, there a little is enough.

Our Passions hurt not ourselves but others, and we receive again the Revenge of the Damage we give.

Our Passions are not in our Power, we cannot love and hate when and whom we please.

Violence and uncommon Passions are apt to smother within the Heart, whilst only smaller Grievs break forth in Tears.

PATIENCE.

The Exercise of God's Patience, is a standing Testimony of his reconcileable and merciful

ciful Nature towards sinful Man. This he shewed forth in his Patience towards St. *Paul*, a great Example of his merciful Nature, for a Pattern to them that should hereafter believe on him, *I. Tim. i. 16.* The Long-suffering of God is a special Part of his manifestative Glory; and therefore when *Moses* desired a sight of his Glory, *Exod. xxxiv. 6.* he proclaims his Name, *The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in Goodness and Truth.* He would have poor Sinners look towards him as an atoneable Deity, a God willing to be reconciled, a God that retaineth not his Anger for ever; but if Sinners will take hold of his Strength, and make Peace with him, they may have Peace. *Isai. xxvii. 4, 5* This Long-suffering is an Attribute very expressive of the divine Nature; he is willing Sinners should know, whatever their Provocations have been, there is room for Pardon and Peace, if they will yet come in to accept the Terms. This Patience is a *Jewel* belonging to the *imperial Crown* of Heaven; the Lord glories in it, as what is peculiar to himself. *Hos. xi. 9. I will not execute the Fierceness of my Anger, for I am God and not Man.* Had I been as Man, the holiest, meekest, and most mortified Man upon Earth, I had consumed them long ago; but *I am God and not Man*, my Patience is above all created Patience. No Husband can bear with his Wife, no Parent

with his Child, as God bears with Men.

The Lord exercises this admirable Patience towards Sinners, with Design to lead them to Repentance; which is the direct Aim and Intention of it. God desires and delights to see ingenuous Relenting, and Brokenness of Heart for Sin, and nothing equals his Forbearance in the Promotion of it. All the Terrors of the Law will not break the Heart of a Sinner, as the Patience and Long-suffering of God will do; therefore it is said, *Rom. ii. 4. That the Goodness, Forbearance, and Long-suffering of God lead Men to Repentance*; Reason, Conscience, Gratitude, &c. feel the Influence, the Goodness of God herein, and melt under it. *Saul's* Heart relented in this Case, *I. Sam. xxiv. 16, 17. Is this thy Voice, my Son David? And Saul lift up his Voice and wept: And he said to David, Thou art more righteous than I: For thou hast rewarded me Good; whereas I have rewarded thee Evil.* Thus the Goodness and Forbearance of God doth, as it were, take a Sinner by the Hand, lead him into a Corner, and saith, Come, let us talk together; thus and thus vile hast thou been, and thus and thus long-suffering and merciful have I been to thee; thy Heart hath been full of Sin, the Heart of thy God hath been full of Pity and Mercy. Sure, if any thing will melt a hard Heart, it must be this. How can Man help crying out, How good hath

God

God been to me! How have I tried his Patience to the uttermost, and still he waiteth to be gracious, and is exalted that he may have Compassion!

Let us then think seriously with ourselves, what Answer shall we make in the great Day, when Christ shall say, Did not I stand at your Door and knock, and ye would not let me in? Did I not from Day to Day, and Sabbath to Sabbath, call, and persuade you, to be reconciled and accept Pardon and Mercy in the proper Season of them, and you would not? *Rev. ii. 21. I gave her Space to repent, and she repented not.* This divine Patience takes away all Apologies and Pleas out of the Mouths of impenitent Sinners. And Men and Angels in that awful Day shall applaud the Sentence, dreadful as it is, and say, **RIGHTEOUS ART THOU O LORD IN JUDGING THUS.**

Also this Patience of Christ calls aloud upon all that have felt it, to exercise a Christian Patience towards others; as we have found the Benefit of divine Patience ourselves, let us exercise the Meekness and Long-suffering of Christians towards those that have wronged and injured us. Who should shew Patience more, than those that have found it? Let us not be severe, short and quick with others, that have lived ourselves so many Years upon the Long-suffering of God. We are poor, short-spirited Creatures, quick to revenge In-

juries:

juries: But, had God dealt so by us, miserable had our Condition been. Our Saviour hath made this Duty the very Scope of that excellent Parable, *Mat. xviii.* from *ver. 25.* to the End, where the King takes an Account of his Servants, reckoning with them one by one, and amongst them finds one which owed him ten thousand Talents, and having not to pay, commands him, his Wife and Children, and all he had to be Sold, and Payment to be made; but the Servant falling down and begging *Patience*, his Lord was moved with Compassion, and loosed him, and not only forbore, but forgave him the Debt. One would think the Heart of this Man should have been a Fountain of Compassion towards others; but see the deep Corruption of Nature; the same Servant finding one of his Fellow-Servants, which owed him but an hundred Pence, he laid Hands on him, and took him by the Throat. Alas, the Wrongs done to us are but Trifles, compared with our Injuries done to God; where others have wronged us once, we have wronged him a thousand times. Who would not then conclude, that the Patience of Christ towards us should melt our Hearts into an ingenuous Easiness to forgive others, according to our Saviour's Command. *If thy Brother trespass against thee, rebuke him, and if he repent, forgive him: And if he trespass against thee seven times in a Day, and seven*

times

times in a Day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him. Luke xvii. 4, 5.

PHILOSOPHY.

There is a great Difference betwixt the Splendor of Philosophy and of Fortune; the one shines with an original Light, and the other with a borrowed one; besides that it makes us happy and immortal, for Learning shall out-live Palaces and Monuments. Misfortunes, in fine, cannot be avoided, but our Minds may be made happy by Philosophy.

With thee serene Philosophy! with Thee,
And thy bright Garland, let me crown my Song!
Effusive source of Evidence, and Truth!
A Luster shedding o'er th' ennobled Mind,
Stronger than Summer-noon; and pure as that,
Whose mild Vibrations sooth the parted Soul,
New to the Dawning of celestial Day.
Hence thro' her nourish'd Powers, enlarg'd by thee,
The Springs aloft, with elevated Pride,
Above the tangling Mafs of low Desires,
That bind the fluttering Croud; and, Angel-wing'd,
The Heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round
Or in the starry Regions, or th' abyfs,
To Reason's and to fancy's Eye display'd:
The *first* up-tracing, from the dreary Void,
The Chain of Causes and Effects to Him,
The World-producing ESSENCE, who alone
Possesses Being; while the *Last* receives

The

The whole Magnificence of Heaven and Earth.
And every Beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier Sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid Mind.

THOMPSON.

P L E A S U R E. (*Vide Religion, Sin.*)

The Excess of Delight palls our Appetites
rather than pleases.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense
Lie in three words; Health, Ease and Competence
But Health consists with Temperance alone
And Peace, Oh virtue! Peace is all thy own.

The Pleasures of Sin are dear bought and costly. There is a greater Disproportion betwixt those Pleasures and the Wrath of God, than a Drop of Honey and a Sea of Gall. Could a Man distill all the imaginary Pleasure of Sin, and drink nothing else but the highest and most refined Delights of it all his Life, though his Life should be protracted to the Term of *Methuselah's*; yet one Day or Night under the Wrath of God would make it a dear Bargain. But,

1. It is certain, Sin hath no Pleasures to bestow; they are all imbitter'd, either by adverse Strokes of Providence from without, or painful and dreadful Gripes and Stings of Conscience within. *Job xx. 14. His Meat in his Bowels is turned, it is the Gall of Asps within him.*

2. It

2. It is as certain the Time of a Sinner is near its Period, when he is at the Height of his Pleasure in Sin: For as high Delights in God, speak the Maturity of a Soul for celestial Happiness, so the Height of Delights in Sin answerably speak the Maturity of such a Soul for its eternal Destruction. Sin is now a big *Embryo*, and speedily the Soul travails with Death.

3. According to the Measure of Delights Men have had in Sin, will be the Degrees and Measures of their Torments hereafter, *Rev. xviii. 7.* So much Torment and Sorrow as there was Delight and Pleasure in Sin.

The Pleasures of Sin are but for a Season, as we read, *Heb. xi. 25.* But the Wrath of God is for ever and ever. There is a Time when the Pleasures of Sin cannot be called *Pleasures to come*; but the Wrath of God, that will still be *Wrath to come*. Would Men then but consider what a Trifle they sell their immortal Souls for! When *Lyfsmachus* parted with his Kingdom for a Draught of Water, he said when he drank it; *For how short a Pleasure have I sold a Kingdom!* And *Jonathan* lamented, *I. Sam. xiv. 43. I tasted but a little Honey, and I must die.* Satan would not charm so powerfully, as he doth with the *Pleasures* of Sin, if this Point were well believed and heartily applied.

There is something very agreeable in the Passage of that divine Moralist *Hierocles*,

D d

who

who in regard to Happiness, tells us that the virtuous Man lives much more pleasantly than the vicious Man. " For, says he, all " Pleasure is the Companion of Action, it " has no Subsistence of it's own, but accom- " panies us in our doing such and such " Things. Hence it is that the worst Acti- " ons are accompanied with the meaner Plea- " sures. So that the good Man does not on- " ly excel the wicked Man in what is good, " but also has the Advantage of him, even in " *Pleasure*, for whose Sake alone he is wick- " ed. For he that chuses *Pleasure* with Fil- " thiness, although for a while he be sweetly " and deliciously entertained; yet at last, " through the Filthiness annexed to his Enjoy- " ment, he is brought to a painful Repen- " tance. But now he that prefers Virtue " with all her Labours and Difficulties, tho' " at first for want of Use it sits heavy upon " him; yet by the Conjunction of Good he " alleviates the Labour, and at last enjoys " pure and unallayed *Pleasure* with his Vir- " tue. So that of Necessity that Life is most " unhappy, which is most wicked; and that " most *pleasant* which is most virtuous."

Upon which the Reverend Mr. Norris in his *Idea of Happiness*, enquiring wherein the greatest Happiness attainable by Man in this Life consists; observes, That it is a great Truth, that the Degrees of Happiness vary according to the Degrees of Virtue; and consequently,

consequently, that that Life which is most virtuous, is most happy; with Reference to those that are vicious or less virtuous, every Degree of Virtue having a proportionate Degree of Happiness accompanying it (which is all he supposes *Hierocles* intends.) He then goes on: But I do not think the most virtuous Life so the most happy, but that it may become happier, unless something more be comprehended in the Word *Virtue* than the Stoicks, Peripateticks, and the Generality of other Moralists understand by it. For with them it signifies no more but only such a firm *ῥεσις*, or Habitude of the Will to Good, whereby we are constantly disposed, notwithstanding the contrary Tendency of our Passions, to perform the necessary Offices of Life. This they call moral or civil Virtue; and although this brings always Happiness enough with it to make amends for all the Difficulties which attend the Practice of it; yet I am not of Opinion, that the greatest Happiness attainable by Man in this Life, consists in it. And so that it does not consist in Virtue, unless Virtue be so largely understood, as to comprehend the contemplative and unitive Way of Religion, consisting in a devout Meditation of God, and in affectionate Unions and adherences to him. And which therefore, to distinguish it from the other, we may call divine Virtue, taking the Denomination not from the Principle, as if it

were wholly infused into us, and we wholly passive in it, but from the Object; the Object of the former being moral Good, the Object of the latter, God himself. The former is a State of Proficiency, the latter of Perfection. The former is a State of Difficulty and Contention, the latter of Ease and Serenity. The former is employed in mastering the Passions, and regulating the Actions of common Life, the latter, in divine Meditation, and the Extacies of seraphick Love. He that has only the former, is like *Moses*, with much Difficulty climbing up to the holy Mount; but he that has the latter, is like the same Person conversing with God on the serene Top of it, and shining with the Rays of anticipated Glory. So that this latter supposes the Acquisition of the former, and consequently has all the Happiness pertaining to the other, besides what it adds of its own. This is the last Stage of human Perfection, the utmost Round of the Ladder whereby we ascend to Heaven; one Step higher is Glory. Here then will I build my Tabernacle, for it is good to be here. Here will I set up my Pillar of Rest, here will I fix; for why should I travel on farther in pursuit of any greater Happiness, since Man in this Station is but a little lower than the Angels, one Remove from Heaven? Here certainly is the greatest Happiness, as well as Perfection attainable by Man in this State of Imperfecti-

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on. For since that Happiness, which is absolutely perfect and complete, consists in the clear and intimate Vision, and most ardent Love of God; hence we ought to take our Measures, and conclude that to be the greatest Happiness attainable in this State, which is the greatest Participation of the other. And that can be nothing else but the unitive Way of Religion, which consists in the Contemplation and Love of God.

P O L I T E N E S S.

Politeness is an evenness of Soul, which excludes at the same Time both Insensibility and too much Earnestness. It supposes a quick Discernment, to perceive immediately the different Characters of Men; and by an easy Condescension, adapts itself to each Man's Taste, not to flatter but to calm his Passions. In a Word, it is a forgetting of ourselves in order to seek what may be agreeable to others; but in so delicate a Manner as to let them scarce perceive that we are so employed. It knows how to contradict with Respect, and please without Adulation, and is equally remote from an insipid Complaisance, and a mean Familiarity.

Study with care politeness, that must teach
The modish forms of gesture and of speech:
In vain formality, with matron mien,
And pertness, apes her with familiar grin;

They

They against nature for applauses strain,
 Distort themselves, and give all others pain:
 She moves with easy, tho' with measur'd pace,
 And shews no part of study, but the grace.
 Yet ev'n by this, Man is but half refin'd,
 Unless Philosophy subdues his mind:
 'Tis but a varnish that is quickly lost,
 Whene'er the Soul in passions sea is tost.

Mr. B. STILLINGFLEET.

POVERTY.

The Proverb says, the poor Man is always
 in a strange Country.

In seeking Virtue, if you find Poverty be
 not ashamed, the Fault is not yours. Your
 Honour or Dishonour is purchased by your
 own Actions; though Virtue gives a ragged
 Livery, she gives a Golden Cognizance. If
 her Service make you poor, blush not; your
 Poverty may prove disadvantageous to you,
 but cannot dishonour you.

To feel the Extremity of Want, and be
 always under Discipline and Mortification,
 must be very uncomfortable: But then we
 are to consider, that the World will either
 mend or wear off; and that the Discharge
 will come shortly, and the Hardship turn to
 Advantage; that the Contest is commenda-
 ble and brave, and that 'tis dangerous and
 dishonourable to surrender.

Let us call to mind the Poverty and Mean-
 ness that attended the Condition of our bles-
 sed

sed Saviour here on Earth, and alienate our Affections from the Things of this World, fixing them upon the ineffable Joys purchased by him for us in another. He lived poor and low all his Days; so speaks the Apostle, II. Cor. viii. 9. *Though he was rich, yet for our Sakes he became poor.* So poor, that he was never owner of a House to dwell in, but lived all his Days in the Habitations of other Men, or in the open Air. His outward Condition was more neglected and destitute than that of the Birds, or Beasts of the Earth; as he informed that Scribe, who professed such Readiness and Resolution to follow him, but was soon cooled when Christ told him, Mat. viii. 20. *The Foxes have Holes, and the Birds of the Air have Nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his Head.* Sometimes he feeds upon Barley-bread, and a broiled Fish; and sometimes he was hungry and had nothing to eat, Mark xi. 12. As for Money he was much a Stranger to it; when the Tribute-money was demanded of him, he and Peter were not sufficiently furnished to make Half a Crown betwixt them to pay it, but must work a Miracle for it. Mat. xvii. *He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.* Not to amass earthly Treasures, but to bestow heavenly ones. His great and heavenly Soul neglected and despised those Things that too many admire and prosecute; he spent not a careful Thought about these

Matters,

Matters, that eat up Thousands and ten Thousands of our Thoughts. He came to teach Men by his Example of Humility; the Vanity of this World, and to pour Contempt upon the ensnaring Glory of it; therefore went before us in a chosen and voluntary *Poverty*. Let us then not murmur or be restless at a Condition which the Lord of Life underwent himself, but let us labour to improve every Advantage of it, for the attainment of the everlasting Happiness of our immortal Souls. Let us bless God that we are freed from the dangerous and insnaring Temptations that are the Attendants upon a wealthy and prosperous Condition; for Riches make the Heart grow secure, proud, and earthly. *Rara Virtus est humilitas honorata*, saith St. Bernard "To see a Man "humble under Prosperity, is one of the "greatest Rarities in the World." Even a good *Hezekiah* could not hide a vain-glorious Temper under his Temptation, and hence that Caution to *Israel*, *Deut. vi. 10, 11, 12.* *And it shall be when the Lord thy God shall have brought thee into the Land which he swore to thy Fathers, to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to give thee great and goodly Cities which thou buildest not, and Houses full of all good Things which thou fillest not, &c. then beware lest thou forget the Lord:* And indeed, so it fell out, for *JESURUN* waxed fat and kicked, *Deut. xxxii. 15.*

P R A I S E.

P R A I S E.

A MAN ought to blush when he is praised for Perfections he does not possess.

Praises would be of great Value, did they but confer upon us the Perfections we want.

Nothing is so sweet, as the Praises bestowed by a Person who is himself generally praised.

The Refusal of Praises often proceeds from a Desire of being praised twice.

Be careful how you receive Praise from Men; from good Men, neither avoid it nor glory in it; from bad Men, neither desire it nor expect it; to be praised of them that are evil, or for that which is evil, is equal Dishonour; he is happy in his Merit, who is praised by the Good, and imitated by the Bad.

Of Folly, Vice, Disease, Men proud we see;
And (stranger still!) of Blockhead's Flattery,
Whose Praise defames; as if a Fool should mean
By spitting on your Face to make it clean.

Praise no Man too liberally when he is present, nor censure him too lavishly when he is absent; the one favours of Flattery, the other of Malice, and both are reprehensible; the true Way to advance another's Virtue, is to follow it; the best Means to decry another's Vice, is to decline it.

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PRAYING

P R A Y I N G.

PRAY often, because you sin always ; repent quickly, lest you die suddenly ; he that repents because he wants Power to act, repents not of Sin 'till he forsakes it ; and he that wants Power to commit his Sin, does not forsake Sin, but Sin forsakes him.

A Man that is praying (saith St. *Bernard*) should behave himself as if he was entering into the Court of Heaven, where he sees the Lord upon his Throne, surrounded with ten Thousand of his Saints and Angels ministering unto him.

Nothing is more reasonable than what St. *Chrysostom* says, concerning that Spirit with which a Christian ought to pray.

We have not Recourse to God with the Mind and Thoughts that we ought. It looks as if we expected nothing from him ; or rather, to see our Remissness and Indolence, it may be said, that we do not desire to obtain, that we do not value the Things that we seem to ask. Yet, God would have what is asked of him, asked with Earnestness ; and far from taking our Importunity ill, he is in some Manner well pleased with it : For in fine, he is the only Debtor who thinks himself obliged for the Demands that are made upon him. He is the only one that pays what we never lent him : The more he sees us press him, the more liberal he is. He even

even gives what he does not owe. If we coldly ask, he defers his Liberalities; not because he does not love to give, but because he would be pressed, and because Violence is agreeable to him.

Let us approach him (continues the Father) in Season and out of Season: But what do I say? It can never be out of Season in this Respect: We are importunate to him when we are not continually addressing him: Our Prayers are always in Season to him, who always desires to grant Favours.

St. *Paul* ingeniously explains what Christ teaches in the Gospel, that Heaven is taken by Violence: Do Violence to God, says he; seize the Kingdom of Heaven; he that forbids us to touch another's Goods, rejoices to have his own invaded; he that condemns the Violence of Avarice, praises that of Faith.

Tertullian says something like this, of the Prayers that the primitive *Christians* made in common. We meet together, says he, as if we conspired to take by our Prayers what we ask of him; this Violence is pleasing to him.

P R I D E.

If you see any Thing in yourself which may make you proud, look a little further, and you will find enough to make you humble; if you are wise, view the Peacock's Feathers with his Feet, and weigh your best

Parts with your Imperfections: He that would rightly prize the Man, must read his whole Story.

Blindness and *Folly* are the most pernicious Effects of Pride; for they both cherish and increase the *Vice*; by concealing from us those Remedies that might conduce to the Cure of our Miseries, and correct our Excesses and Extravagances.

All proud Men, over and above the Stroke of a divine Judgment, are miserable, even in themselves; and no Circumstances in the World can ever make them otherwise. Their Appetites are insatiable, and their Hearts consequently never at Rest; whether it be *Wealth*, *Power*, *Honour*, *popular Esteem*, or whatever else they pretend to: They envy, and are envied: It is impossible for them to be at Rest, without enjoying what it is impossible for them to attain: They live gaping after more, and in a perpetual Fear of losing what they have already: The higher they are raised, the giddier they are; the more slippery is their Standing, and the deeper they fall. They are never well so long as any Thing is above them; and their *Ambition* carries them to the supplanting of their Masters and Makers: When yet, by a most ridiculous Contradiction, they lie effectually, in the same Instant, at the Mercy of the Men they most despise.

As you desire the Love of God and Man, beware of Pride; it is a Tumour in your Mind,
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that breaks and poisons all your Actions ; it is a Worm in your Treasure, which eats and ruins your Estate ; it loves no Man ; it disparages Virtue in another by Detraction ; it rewards Goodness in itself by Vain-glory ; it is the Friend of the Flatterer, the Mother of Envy, the Nurse of Fury, the Band of Luxury, the Sin of Devils, the Devil in Mankind ; it hates Superiors, it scorns Inferiors ; it owns no Equals ; in fine, 'till you hate it, God hates you.

Ask for what End the heavenly Bodies shine?
 Earth for whose Use ? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine :
 " For me, kind Nature wakes her genial Power,
 " Suckles each Herb, and spreads out every Flower.
 " Annual for me, the Grape, the Rose renew
 " The Juice nectareous, and the balmy Dew :
 " For me the Vine a thousand Treasures brings ;
 " For me, Health gushes from a thousand Springs ;
 " Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me rise ;
 " My Footstool Earth, my Canopy the Skies."

POPE.

Let not the Grandeur of any Man's Station render him proud and wilful ; but let him remember, when he is surrounded with a Croud of Suppliants, Death shall level him with the meanest of Mankind.

Pride is often the chief Cause of our reproving others Faults, that we may be thereby judged not guilty of the like Errors.

It is best for every Man to be content with his own Condition, since Destiny distributes the

the Employments of the World among Men, by Rules into which we cannot penetrate.

St. Bernard's Thought upon the Excellency of Humility, and the Baseness of Pride, is exquisite. Humility, says he, must be a very glorious Thing, since Pride itself puts it on not to be despised : Pride must be of itself something deformed and shameful, since it dares not shew itself naked, and is forced to appear in a Mask.

PROSPERITY.

IT is an Infirmary which the Frailty of Man can seldom avoid, not to govern his Affections in Prosperity of Fortune.

In the Height of your Prosperity expect Adversity, but fear it not ; if it come not, you are the more sweetly possessed of the Happiness you have, and the more strongly confirmed : If it come, you are the more gently disposed, and the more firmly prepared.

So use Prosperity, that Adversity may not abase you : If in the one Security admits no Fears, in the other Despair will afford no Hope : He that in Prosperity can foretel a Danger, can in Adversity foresee Deliverance.

PROVIDENCE.

THAT great Prophet, *Moses*, it is said, was call'd up by a Voice from Heaven to the
Top

Top of a Mountain ; where, in a Conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some Questions concerning his Administration of the Universe. In the Midst of this divine Colloquy, he was commanded to look down on the Plain below. At the Foot of the Mountain there issued out a clear Spring of Water, at which a Soldier alighted from his Horse to drink. He was no sooner gone, than a little Boy came to the same Place, and finding a Purse of Gold which the Soldier had dropped, took it up, and went away with it. Immediately after this, came an infirm old Man, weary with Age and Travelling, and having quenched his Thirst, sat down to rest himself by the Side of the Spring. The Soldier missing his Purse, returns to search for it, and demands it of the old Man, who affirms, he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in witness of his Innocence. The Soldier not believing his Protestation, kills him. *Moses* fell on his Face, with a Horror and Amazement, when the divine Voice thus prevented his Expostulation : Be not surpris'd *Moses*, nor ask why the Judge of the whole Earth has suffer'd this Thing to come to pass : The Child is the Occasion that the Blood of the old Man is spilt ; but know, that the old Man whom thou sawest, was the Murderer of that Child's Father.

Addison's Evidences of the Christian Religion.

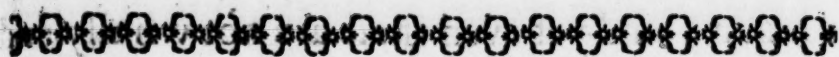
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The following likewise is another remarkable Instance to the same Effect.

THREE Persons had entered into a Conspiracy to assassinate *Timoleon* as he was offering up his Devotions in a certain Temple: In order to it, they took their several Stands in the most convenient Places for their Purpose. As they were waiting for an Opportunity to put their Design in Execution, a Stranger having observed one of the Conspirators, fell upon him, and slew him. Upon which, the other two, thinking their Plot had been discover'd, threw themselves at *Timoleon's* Feet, and confess'd the whole Matter. This Stranger, upon Examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended Assassination, but having several Years before, had a Brother kill'd by the Conspirator, whom he here put to Death, and having, 'till now, sought in vain for an Opportunity of Revenge, he chanced to meet the Murderer in the Temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mention'd Purpose.

Plutarch cannot forbear, on this Occasion, speaking with a kind of Rapture on the Schemes of Providence, which, in this Particular, had so contrived it, that the Stranger should, for so great a Space of Time, be debarr'd from doing Justice to his Brother; 'till, by the same Blow that revenged the Death of one innocent Man, he preserved the Life of another.

REASON.



R E A S O N.

TH E R E is nothing can continue that is not governed by Reason; for though Fortune seems to favour us for a while, yet at last she will not support Rashness.

Reasonable Creatures are best guided and influenced by Justice and Reason, not by Force and Power; for Swords and Power may frighten, but it is Reason and Justice that commands the World.

Reason exalts Man above all earthly Beings: It is his Dignity and Privilege that God hath furnished him with Abilities of Mind, to recollect, animadvert, compare, infer, ponder, and judge his own Actions: Hereby he becomes not only capable of moral Government by human Laws, which no Creature beside him is, but also of spiritual Government by divine Laws, and the blessed Fruition of God in Glory; which no other Species of Creatures (Angels only excepted) hath a subjective Capacity for.

Right Reason by the Law of Nature (as an home-born Judge) arbitrates and determines all Things within its proper Province; which Province is extended far and wide. All Actions natural, moral, and civil, are weighed at this Beam and Standard; none are

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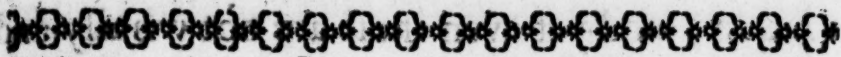
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exempted but Matters of supernatural Revelation ; and yet even these are not wholly and in every Respect exempt from the Trial of Right Reason ; for though there be some Mysteries in Religion, above the Sphere and Flight of Reason, yet nothing can be found in Religion that is unreasonable.

And though these Mysteries be not of natural Investigation, but of supernatural Revelation ; yet Reason is convinced nothing can be more reasonable, than that it takes its Place at the Feet of Faith, which is but to suffer itself to become Pupil to an *Omniscient* and *Infallible Instructor*. The Resolution of our Reason into Faith, and of Faith into God's Veracity, are Acts highly becoming reasonable Beings in such Cases as these.

It may not pry too nicely into unrevealed Mysteries, to demand the Reasons, or examine the Causes of them (as bold and daring *Socinians* do) but it feels itself obliged to receive all those Things, both as possible and true, which God hath revealed, counting his Revelation alone to be Reason sufficient : For the *Veraicity* of God takes out of Reason's Mouth all Objections against the *Truth* of them ; and his Almighty *Power* silences all its Scruples about the Possibility of them.

But in all Matters properly under the Jurisdiction of Reason, every Man is obliged to account with himself, as well as others, for the Reasonableness of his own Actions : And
that

hat Act which will not endure the Test of sound Reason, it judges not fit for the Entertainment of a Man. If Reason cannot justify it, it is beneath the Rank and Dignity of a Man to do it.

1. Such is the Degeneracy and deep Corruption of some Mens' Natures, by ill Education, base Company, and long Custom in Sin, that, abandoning and casting away the Bonds and Restraints of Right Reason, as well as Religion, they give the full Scope and Liberty to their Lusts and Passions; reckoning their chief Happiness to consist in the Gratification and Satisfaction of their sensitive Appetites. They affect a soft, delicate, Sense-pleasing Life; esteeming it the only real Heaven to be desired; and any other besides that to be mere notional and fantastick. This is the Element they desire to live and sport in, fitly described *Tit. iii. 3.* In this Situation their masculine Agility melts away, and all publick Hopes and Expectations from them are totally defeated; Appetite is the *Master*, and Reason the *Slave*.

These Men (if it be fit to call them Men) have bid Defiance to their own Reason, and denounced War against their own Faculties, as if Reason had licensed and privileged (which it never did nor can do) their worse than brutish Lusts, to act to the Extent of their Abilities, without any Matter of Restraint over them.

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2. But notwithstanding the present Captivity of Reason, under usurping and domineering Lusts, so long as it hath a permanent and fixed Root and Principle in their Nature, it is possible it may recover its Throne and Empire over them again; and probably would do it in a very short Space, if those Prejudices they have conceived against its Government, were but once fairly confuted and removed; which certainly is not hard to do.

They are of Opinion that the Laws of Reason are too severe, strict, and rigorous; that they too much abridge them of their Pleasures and Delights; and that the Government of Sensuality being more easy, favourable, and indulgent, is for that Reason much more eligible and desirable.

Whereas *Right Reason* designs not the *Abandoning* of all Pleasures, but only the *Exchange* of them, and that *Exchange* every Way to our great Advantage. The only Hurt or Loss (if this must be accounted so) any Man can sustain by the Exchange of Pleasures made by Reason and Religion, is this, that they design for us the rational, ordinate, and congruous Delights, both of a Man and a Christian, in lieu of the lower, baser, and filthy Pleasures of a Beast or Devil.

They propose to you Rules about Pleasures, far more safe and grateful, without any culpable Severity or Austerity in them: *Reason* would only regulate and legitimate
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your Delights, and Religion sanctify them, that you might much more purely and sweetly enjoy them, without either Shame arising from their Turpitude, or Fear from their Guilt. The Rules of both are large and indulgent enough; and, keeping within their Lines and Limits, Men may find such generous, manly, and agreeable Delights, as are no where to be enjoyed without them.

3. To make this evident, let us presume but one Thing, and that so immediately true and self-evident, that in the first naked Proposal of it, it naturally and easily procures Admittance into every Man's Understanding, and no sooner asks, but gains the Approbation of *Right Reason*; and that self-evident Principle which it must be supposed no Man of sound Intellects will quarrel or dispute with, is this:

That Good which compriseth and involveth the true Honour, Profit, and Pleasure of the whole Man, which is more congruous to human Nature, and preservative of it, is to be preferred in our Estimation and Choice, to that which only yields a lower Degree of Pleasure, without Profit or Honour, to the basest Part of Man; and that low and transient Pleasure it doth yield, attended and followed with many present and future Miseries, destructive to the whole Man.

The several Parts of this complex Proposition cast such a Light and Glory around them,

them, that one cannot but imagine, as soon as it shall be propounded to the Judgment and Censure of *Sound Reason*, it must immediately gain both its Approbation and Applause.

But, because *Reason* in many Men is so beclouded and disturbed by Lusts and Passions, that it can neither receive Things orderly, nor judge of them truly and impartially; it is needful to demand the Censure and Judgment of their Reason, upon the Particulars comprised in this general complex Proposition; that so weighing and examining one by one, we may try whether sound Reason hath any valuable Exceptions against any Part or Member thereof.

4. And first, it must be granted, *That Good is to be chosen, and Evil avoided*: For the Will is naturally carried to that which is good, as its proper Object, and shuns that which is evil; and that is naturally good, which is convenient and agreeable to Nature; and that naturally evil, which is inconvenient and hurtful to Nature: So that the Choice of Good, rather than Evil, is the natural Choice of the Will; and this Choice of the Will is founded upon the Law of Self-Preservation, without which the Creation would quickly disband, and no particular Being could be long preserved.

And not only the Will of *rational* Creatures chooseth the Good, and refuseth the Evil, but every sensitive Creature is endowed with

with a natural Faculty to discern the one from the other, in order to the Preservation of their Being. We find it in the smallest and most despicable Animals, and therefore cannot deny it unto Man, the noblest and most excellent Being on Earth, except only in his Non-Age, before he hath lived to the Years of Discretion. Children, indeed, in their Infancy, have *no Knowledge to discern between Good and Evil*, Deut. i. 39. but Men not discerning Good from Evil, or choosing Evil rather than Good, are many Degrees beneath Babes.

Secondly, Nor will Reason hesitate at all upon this Particular, *That there are Degrees of Goodness found among Pleasures and Delights*. Some are better than others; every Life is not alike pleasant and happy: To deny this, is to make the most despicable Worm or Fly equally happy with the most excellent Creature upon Earth. And, beside, for the Conviction of such debauched Persons, as it is necessary thus to argue with, it will follow clearly from the Denial of that Truth, that they really gain nothing to themselves, by all their extravagant and licentious Courses; there being altogether as much Pleasure and Felicity in a temperate, chaste, and sober Life; as there is in that brutal Life they live. And their very Departure from *Sobriety*, to embrace the Ways of *Debauchery*, most clearly evinceth to the World, that they do
not

not think all Pleasures equal, but that they do confidently expect to find more Pleasure and Satisfaction in the Way that they choose, than they did in the Way of *Sobriety*, which they left and abandoned.

Thirdly, One can hardly be so uncharitable as to think that the Relicks of Reason in the most profligate Person, will not readily admit and grant, *That, where the Good of Pleasure, Profit, and Honour, meet together, and jointly conspire to make the Life of a Man more comfortable and more durable upon Earth; that is much rather to be chosen than a mere transient Touch of sensitive Pleasure, accompanied with present Regret, and followed with the Ruin of Estate, Name, Honour, Soul, and Body.*

The Wisdom and Goodness of God are clearly discernible in leaving such Principles of Reason, and common Notices of Conscience, in Men after the Fall, as prompt them naturally unto Justice, Chastity, Temperance and Sobriety, and which struggle within them to restrain or recover them out of their Immoralities; from which many Advantages do result.

For hereby God is acknowledged all the World over, Men every where shewing by these Things, *the Work of the Law written in their Hearts*, Rom. ii. 15.

Hereby Kingdoms and Commonwealths are preserved, this being the common Bridle which restrains the outrageous Lusts of Milli-

ons of Men, which else would turn the World into Confusion ; though here and there some have flipp'd their Bridle, and run into all Excess of Riot. We justly admire the Providence of God, in bounding and restraining the boisterous Ocean by Mountains, Rocks, and Sands ; and as much is he to be admired in curbing the insatiable Lusts of Man, by these innate Principles of Reason and Conscience.

Hereby the Way to Sin is in some measure barred and shut up ; and the further Progress of Sinners, already entered into it, stopped and denied : For Actions done with Regret, cannot be supposed to be done so frequently and furiously as if they were done without any Regret ; or that the Way to Sin was smoothed to them with a full Consent and Approbation of their whole Self ; for most Sinners find in themselves what *Medea* did,

—*Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.*—

They both see and approve that which is better, though they follow that which is worse.

In fine, these Relicks of Reason and Conscience in Men, are fit Handles to catch hold on, for their turning themselves about from Satan to God. When *Paul* reasoned with *Felix* about Temperance, Righteousness, and Judgment to come, his Words

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laid hold upon these Handles, and gave him such a Shake, that the Text saith, *Felix trembled*: Therefore may these Reflections be rightly and duely considered by every prophane Person, and produce some more excellent and lasting Effect upon him, toward the Good of his immortal Soul.

R E C R E A T I O N.

LET your Recreation be manly, moderate, seasonable, and lawful: If your Life be sedentary, let it be more tending to the Exercise of your Body; if active, more to the Refreshing of your Mind: The Use of Recreation is to strengthen your Labour, and sweeten your Rest.

R E L A P S E.

SALVIAN gives the following ingenious Picture of those repenting Sinners, who, far from Conversion, are always relapsing into Sin.

They act every Thing in such a Manner, that one may say, they do not so much repent of their Sins, as they afterwards do of that Repentance. They seem by their Behaviour, not to be so sorry for their ill Life, as that they have promised to live a good one.

R E L I G I O N.

RELIGION. (*Vide* ATHEISM, LOVE
OF GOD, REASON, &c.)

ABOVE all, love and observe Religion; all other Things are mortal, but the Fruits of this endure for ever.

The Sum and Substance of Religion is to fear God, serve your King, honour and obey your Parents, love your Friends, and do Justice to all Men.

Let all who profess Religion be uniform and steady in the Profession and Practice of it, without politick Reserves and bye Ends.

It highly imports us to take Heed of a *Laodicean* Neutrality and Indifferency, which Christ hates: Let us be sure our Ground be good, and then that we stand our Ground. The Religion of Time-servers is but Hypocrisy: They have Sluices in their Consciences, which they can open or shut, as Occasion requires. The Hypocrite poizeth himself so evenly in a Mediocrity, that, as it was said of *Baldwin*, let *Anthony* win, let *Augustus* win, it is all one; so let *Christ* win, let *Anti-Christ* win; he hopes to make every Wind that can blow, serviceable to waft him to the Port of *his own Interest*.

The Times under *Dioclesian* were *Pagan*; under *Constantine*, *Christian*; under *Constantius*, *Arian*; under *Julian*, *Apostate*; and under *Jovian*, *Christian* again; and all these

within the Space of 70 Years, the Age of one Man. What Shifting and Shuffling was there among the Men of that Generation! The Changes of Weather, shew the Soundness of Mens' *Bodies*; the Changes of Times, the Unsoundness of their *Souls*.

St. *Chrysostom* says, The vain Armaments of Eloquence do not become the Truths of Religion, and an Evangelical Workman ought to take care not to affect that Sublimity and Elegance in his Words, which a prophane Orator minds in his.

He ought to leave, says *Arnobius*, that Pomp, and those Graces of Discourse to the Academy, and to the Bar. In grave and important Subjects, which are not made for Ostentation and Shew, one should think of the Things that are said, and not how beautifully they are said.

It is a vile and groundless Slander upon Religion, to say or insinuate, that it deprives Men of the Comfort and Joy of Life. But the Devil, in Design to discourage Men from the Ways of God, puts a frightful Mask upon the beautiful Face of Religion; pretending there is no Pleasure or Joy to be expected therein; but this is abundantly confuted in the Text, *Rev. iii. 20. I will come into him and sup with him.* Solomon tells us, *a Feast is made for Laughter*; and surely the religious Man that feasts with Christ, has high Reason to be *merry*. Religion, indeed, denies

us all *sinful* Pleasures, but abounds with all spiritual Pleasure. The Irreligious rejoice in Things of small Value, and their Joy will soon be ended; they are hastening to that Place, where they will find that to be verified of the Ways of *Sin*, which they now falsely impute to the Ways of *Holiness*; they will then rejoice no more. But the Religious shall find that Scripture attested by their daily Experience, *Prov. iii. 17. Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and all her Paths are Peace.* For

On Piety, Humanity is built;
 And, on Humanity, much Happiness;
 And yet still more on Piety itself.
 A Soul in Commerce with her God, is Heaven;
 Feels not the Tumults and the Shocks of Life;
 The Whirls of Passions, and the Strokes of Heart:
 A Deity believ'd, is Joy begun;
 A Deity ador'd, is Joy advanc'd;
 A Deity belov'd, is Joy matur'd.
 Each Branch of *Piety*, Delight inspires;
Faith builds a Bridge from this World to the next,
 O'er Death's dark Gulph, and all its Horror hides.
Praise, the sweet Exhalation of our Joy,
 That Joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still.
Pray'r ardent, opens Heav'n, lets down a Stream
 Of Glory on the consecrated Hour
 Of Man, in Audience with the Deity:
 Who worships the *Great God*, that Instant joins
 The first in Heav'n, and sets his Foot on Hell.

According

According to *Lactantius*, the learned Disciple of *Arnobius*, and the skilful Master of *Crispus*, the Son of *Constantine*, a Man that would come to the Truth (*of Religion*) ought always to join Piety and Wisdom together. If we believe him, Men generally deceive themselves, either in embracing Religion without consulting Wisdom, or in giving themselves up entirely to Wisdom, without thinking of Religion; though one without the other cannot be true or useful.

It is an Argument of the Excellency of the Christian Religion, that even wicked Men themselves covet the Name and Profession of it, though they only cloak and cover their Evils under it. It must be confessed a great Abuse of so excellent a Thing as Religion is: But yet, if it had not an awful Reverence paid it by the Consciences of all Men, it would never be abused to this Purpose by Hypocrites as it is.

REPENTANCE.

MEN sin without Concern, but when they come to suffer the Consequence, then how unwilling are they to receive their Doom! how sincerely do they regret their Conduct! how bitterly does *Adam* complain when he is to receive the Reward of his too fatal Complaisance to his Spouse!

The

The Complaint of A D A M turned out of PARADISE.

I.

A N D must I go, and must I be no more
The Tenant of this happy Ground?
Can no Reserves of Pity me restore!
Can no Atonement for my Stay compound!
All the rich Odours that here grow, I'd give
To Heav'n in Incense, might I here but live.
Or if it be a Grace too high
To live in *Eden*, let me there but die!

II.

Fair Place, thy Sweets I just began to know,
And must I leave thee now again?
Ah! why does Heav'n such short-liv'd Bliss bestow?
A Taste of Pleasure, but full Draught of Pain.
I ask not to be Chief in this blest State,
Let Heav'n some other for that Place create.
So 'tis in *Eden*, let me there but have
An Under-Gard'ner's Place, 'tis all I crave.

III.

But 'twill not do, I see I must away,
My Feet prophane this sacred Ground;
Stay then, bright Minister, one Minute stay,
Let me in *Eden* take one farewell Round.
Let me go gather but one fragrant Bough,
Which, as a Relick, I may keep and shew:
Fear not the Tree of Life; it were
A Curse to be immortal, and not here.

IV. 'Tis

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'Tis done ; now farewell thou most happy Place,
 Farewel, ye Streams, that softly creep ;
 I ne'er again in you shall view my Face.
 Farewel ye Bow'rs, in you I ne'er shall sleep ;
 Farewel ye Trees, ye flow'ry Beds farewell,
 You ne'er will bless my Taste, nor you my Smell
 Farewel, thou Guardian divine,
 To thee my happy Rival I resign.

V.

O whither now, whither shall I repair,
 Exil'd from this Angelick Coast ?
 There's nothing left that's pleasant, good, or fair ;
 The World can't recompense for *Eden* lost.
 'Tis true, I've here a universal Sway,
 The Creatures me as their chief Lord obey ;
 But yet the World, tho' all my Seat,
 Can't make me happy, tho' it make me great.

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Had I lost lesser, and but seeming Bliss,
 Reason my Sorrows might relieve ;
 But when the Loss great and substantial is,
 To think is but to see good Cause to grieve.
 'Tis well I'm mortal, 'tis well I shortly must
 Lose all the Thoughts of *Eden* in the Dust.
 Senseless and thoughtless now I'd be,
 I'd even lose myself, since I've lost thee.

REPENTANCE is the Reproof of a Man's
 Conscience for the Neglect of some Advan-
 tages ; therefore whatever is morally good is
 profitable,

profitable, and ought to be the Concern of a Man of Probity ; but no good Man was ever inwardly troubled for the Omission of any Pleasure, or the disappointing of his Sense ; whence it follows, that Pleasure, strictly speaking, is neither profitable nor good.

The first Happiness of a Man, says St. *Chrysostom*, is not to sin at all ; the second is, to be sensible and sorry for his Sin.

The Insensibility of a Sinner, (he adds) the Want of Regret and Penitence after having sinned, provokes God more than the Sin itself.

These two Thoughts imply very much, and deserve a great deal of Reflection as well as this.

When God is angry with us, it is not through a Principle of Hatred that he shews his Anger, it is to draw us to him, even in the Time of his Anger.

St. *Maximus* says, that *Peter* melts into Tears after his Sin, without speaking one Word for Pardon. I find that he wept, adds this Father, but I do not find that he said any Thing ; I read of his Tears, but not of his Prayers : *Peter* had Reason to shed Tears, and say nothing ; for what we weep for, we do not generally go to excuse ; and that which cannot be justified by Words, may be washed out with Tears.

Tears, pursues St. *Maximus*, wash away Sin which we are ashamed to confess with

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the Mouth: They spare Modesty, and procure Salvation at the same Time: They ask without blushing, and obtain all they ask for. Tears, I say, are silent Prayers; or rather, properly speaking, they do not ask Pardon, but they deserve it; they do not plead the Cause of Sinners, but they procure their Pardon. The Prayer of Tears is more useful and powerful than Words; because that Words in Prayer may deceive, but Tears never do: In speaking we sometimes do not say all we think, nor all that affects us: In weeping we express all the Mind, and all the Heart: And therefore *St. Peter* no more makes use of Words, by which he deceived, he sinned, he lost his Fidelity; for Fear that in confessing *Jesus Christ*, he should not be believed by the same Way that he made use of to deny him. I find yet another Reason why *St. Peter* did not speak; he was afraid that if he asked Pardon so soon for his Crime, his Request would look impudent, which might rather more offend his Master than appease him.

Thus we see how strong a Testimony of Repentance our Tears are held.

St. Chrysostom's Thoughts upon the Fruits of Repentance are fine and solid.

At the Tribunal of Men, and according to the Proceedings of the World, after your Sentence is pronounced, you may weep and groan in vain, your Tears and Groans will
not

not save you from Punishment. But at the Tribunal of God, according to the Proceedings of the Church, if you weep and sigh with all your Heart, then you will annul the Sentence of your Judge, and obtain your Pardon.

The Author of the *Whole Duty of Man* thus defines Repentance: It is a turning from Sin to God, the casting off all our former Evils, and instead thereof practising all those Christian Duties which God requires of us: And this is so necessary a Duty, that without it we certainly perish: We have Christ's Word for it, *Luke xiii. 5. Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*

RESOLUTION.

IT is the Part of a valiant and resolute Man, not to be discomposed in Disasters, or to make a Bustle and be put beside himself, but to maintain a Presence of Mind and Judgment, without departing from Reason; and this is the Mark and Effect of a great Courage; so is it also of an excellent Understanding, to forecast in our Thoughts the Events of Things to come; and to weigh beforehand the Good and Bad, and what is to be done when it happens, without being put to the foolish Exclamation of *who would have thought it!* These are the Works of an elevated Soul, that supports itself upon Prudence and Judgment: But he that rashly thrusts

himself into Dangers, without Fear or Wit, and engages an Enemy Hand over Head, shews only his Outrage; whilst the other, when the Time comes, and Necessity requires it, fights with his Sword in his Hand, and would rather lose his Life than his Honour and his Freedom.

St. Gregory Nazianzen's Oration in Commendation of the *Maccabees*.

He begins the Encomium of the seven Brothers with a Thought well imagined: *Those who resign'd to Martyrdom*, says he, *before the Passion of our Blessed Saviour, to what Degree would their Fortitude have been raised, if they had suffered after the Appearance of the Messiah; if they had seen the other World wider opened, and had the Example of an Incarnate God to animate their Courage!*

This Father, with what Exactness I shall not examine, makes *Eleazar* the first Martyr under the *Law*, as St. *Stephen* was under the *Gospel*.

This *Eleazar*, venerable for his Character, his Age, and Attainments, thinking it not enough to offer Prayers and Sacrifices for the People, made himself a Victim; and thus prepared his seven Sons to expire in a Burnt-Offering; an Offering of a more acceptable Odour to God Almighty, than all the Incense and Oblations in the *Jewish* Temple. His Discourse and Silence, his Air, his Gesture,
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and Behaviour, were all animating and instructive.

These magnanimous young Men, these bold Champions for Truth; these illustrious Disciples of *Moses*, who adhered to the divine *Institutions*, and maintained the Customs of their Ancestors, with so much Exactness and Resolution; these Brothers, nearer related by their Mind, than by their Parents; more Brothers in their Bravery, than in their Blood; these Saints, who grasped at Martyrdom, knew no other Way to Life and Happiness, than by submitting to a cruel Death, for the Law of their God.

All their Fear was, that the Executioners might either refuse the Office, or be tired with their Constancy: That by such an Accident, some one of them might be disappointed of a glorious *Exit*, and unfortunately parted from the rest. The Possibility of such an uncomfortable Escape was an afflicting Consideration; and it was a Sort of Punishment to be in Danger of suffering nothing. Their Discourse to King *Antiochus*, when they were just at the Point of Torture, is not a little remarkable.

Antiochus, and the rest of you that are present, give us Leave to speak to you in a few Words, before we are dispatched. God, who has created us, and to whom we shall quickly return, is the sole Lord of the Universe: Moses is the only infallible Legislator. We will
never

never renounce our Belief, and betray the Constitution, though the Consequences should be ever so formidable ; though another Antiochus, more sanguinary than yourself, should menace us with farther Extremities. Our Constancy will be our Guard ; and as long as we keep the Law of God, we are under no Distrust of Protection. To despise all secular Advantages for the Honour of Religion, is what we glory in : The Wealth we value, lies all in Hope and Prospect ; it is lodged all in the other World. And we are afraid of nothing so much, as that we should fear any Thing more than God Almighty. These, Sirs, are the Arms with which we enter the Lists. It is against such Combatants that you have declared War, and engaged yourself. It is true, this World is pretty well furnished with agreeable Amusements : Our Country, our Relations, our Friends, the holy Solemnities, and Pomp of our Temple-SERVICE, are entertaining enough ; but all this is nothing to the Satisfaction of the Divine Favour, nothing to the Pleasure of doing our Duty, nothing to the Honour of being tormented for the Love of God.

When this World is over with us, we shall be conveyed into another much richer, nobler, and more lasting, than any Thing that appears. The heavenly Jerusalem is our Country, properly speaking : A Seat impregnable against Insult : No Antiochus can ever besiege or carry the Place. The Patriarchs and Prophets are
our

our Friends and Relations there : Those who have set us such brave Examples, and left us such admirable Rules for Piety and Conduct. As for this Temple, we can part with it without Regret : The Grandeur of the Court above is much more magnificent : The Choir and Concert of Angels will prevent our longing for the Music of our solemn Festivals. In fine, the Majesty of God, so little understood by the most of Mankind, will be fully displayed : And when his glorious Nature comes further into View, no Mystery worth the knowing can lie conceal'd.

Forbear then to tempt us with Trifles : Offers of Wealth, and Honour ill-gotten, will ne'er make Apostates of us. We understand better than to overpurchase at this Rate.

On the other Side, Menacing will turn to as little Account. We think ourselves in a Condition to make you afraid. Be pleased to consider then, you have not a few Cowardly Princes to deal with : The Enterprize is more difficult than this comes to. You attempt to scale the Sky in Effect ; you outrage the Laws proclaimed from Heaven, and written with the Finger of God Almighty : You attack the holy Cuoms of our Ancestors, the Seven Brothers, who are ready to engage, with that Harmony and Inclination, as if they had but one Heart and one Soul amongst them : Who make no Doubt of baffling your Power, transmitting their Conquest

quest to future Ages, and stamping a Disgrace upon your Memory.

We are descended from those, and bred to their Principles, who subsisted upon Miracles; who had distinguishing Directions of Fire and Clouds, to guide them in their March: For whose Protection the Waves of the Sea made Way, and opened to dry Ground; the Rivers and the Sun stopped their Course; the Sky rained Manna; Lions and fiery Furnaces have left untouched; who, by the Force of their Prayers, have routed numerous Armies, and defeated powerful Princes: But to say something you are better acquainted with, we are Eleazar's Children, of whose Fortitude and Greatness you have had sufficient Proof. The Father has distinguished himself first, his Sons won't degenerate: The brave Priest is dead with Honour, his Family will follow him. In earnest, you threaten us with Plenty of Torments, but we are ready to suffer more. Executioners, who hinders you from doing your Business? What makes you so backward to put us to the Torture? Why do you wait for an acceptable Order? For let it be never so rough, we shall like it. Where are the Chains and Swords? You can't be too quick in your Office: The Fire looks faint, make it bigger: Is there nothing fiercer than those Tygers? Bring them out if you have them: Strain your Invention, and heighten the Torture; let the King exert himself upon us, and shew his Grandeur in punishing. I have lived somewhat

somewhat longer than the rest, says the eldest Maccabee; pray let me come first, and have the Privilege of my Birth. I desire, says the youngest, you would take me, and that the Regards of Time may be suspended for once. Why do you delay the seizing us, say all of them together; it may be, you think we shall change our Note; but that is a vain Expectation. Unless you have something more frightful in Reserve, you will miss your Point; for depend upon it, we despise what appears already.

This is their Address to King Antiochus; their next Speech is to themselves.

After they had embraced each other, with an Air of Pleasure, as if the Contest had been over, and the Victory gained, they all cried out, Come on; let us hasten to the Execution: The King's Fury is now at the Height: There is Danger in Delay: If his Rage should cool, the glorious Opportunity may be lost. It is a pleasant Sight to see Brothers live easily together, and correspond with Union and Love: But it is a much finer Thing to see them unanimous in running the last Hazards for their Conscience, and their God. - Let none of us be overfond of living, nor fail in our Resolution: Let us behave ourselves with that Firmness, that on whichever the Tyrant fastens fiercest, he may despair of dealing with the rest. Let us come forward to the Combat, with that Fortitude and Concert, as if the Seven were but single, and every single Brother Seven. We

shall be conveyed to Mansions of Bliss; to our Father Eleazar, and our brave Mother will follow with the same Advantage: And Jerusalem, our native beloved Town, will give us an honourable Funeral, provided there's any Thing left of us to be buried.

When they were in the Executioner's Hands, their Mother, who stood by, had strong Counter-Passions, and floated between Joy and Fear. She was transported to see all her Sons so resolved and magnanimous: And then anxious almost to Death, for fear the Extremities of Pain, the Racking of the Torture, might prove too much for them. Under these different Agitations of Mind, she moved from Place to Place, to pour in fresh Spirits, and harden their Courage. She took her Share in the Action, gathered up their Blood, and their Limbs; led up one to the Executioner, and prepared another for the same Service. She spoke aloud to them all; *Courage, my Children; you behave yourselves as if you were all Soul, and your Bodies were foreign to your Person. One Moment more, and the Victory is our own. The Executioner's flag, that's the only Thing I am afraid of. A Minute further, and I am the happiest Woman living. But it may be, you are troubled to part with me. I shall not leave you, I give you my Word for it: I do not like my Children so little, as to keep at a Distance from them.*

After

After she saw them Martyrs, and dead, her Solicitude was over: She brightened her Looks, discovered her inward Satisfaction, and like a Conqueror at the *Olympick Exercises*, congratulated her Happiness, and called herself the *most glorious Mother*. I am now, says she, *out of the Reach of Danger*: My *Treasure, my Hopes, the Comfort of my Age,* are all lodged safe, consecrated to God, and put into his Hands. My dear Children, I am fully rewarded for the Care of your Education: I have seen you all go nobly through, and come off with Conquest about you. The Executioners have done us a Favour: And I must thank Antiochus for keeping me in Reserve for his Cruelty.

I will fall into no passionate Excesses upon the Occasion, nor shew so much as the customary Signs of Grief: I'll neither disfigure my Face, nor tear my Hair or my Cloaths: I will make no loud Lamentations: I am resolved not to shun the Light, nor lock myself up in any dark and melancholy Retirement. I will send for no weeping Women, to heighten the Affliction, and go deeper in the Mourning. I will wait for no condoling Visits, not be disconsolate at Table, nor moisten my Bread with my Tears: Such Behaviour is fit for none but weak and cowardly Mothers; Mothers only by Labour, by Flesh and Blood, and whose Children were snatched by Diseases, and common Death. As for you, my dearest Sons, you are

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far

far from being lost to me, you fell a Sacrifice to the Holy Law; therefore God has improved your Being, and now you are more alive than ever. What remains for me but to follow, and die gloriously by your Example? I beg of you, cruel Prince, send me the same Way into the other World; do not let me be parted from my Children; let our Blood be mixed, and our mangled Limbs laid together: At the lowest, do not disjoin us in our Ashes, nor envy the same Grave to the Dead, who had the same Faith and Resolution living.

He that never experienced ill Fortune, has the more to fear. Physicians tell us, that there may be too good a Habit of Body, and that nothing is more dangerous than a Plethora. So at Sea, a dead Calm is commonly the Fore-runner of a Storm. If we lie under the Lash of cross Accidents, we are not to reckon it Cruelty, or a Persecution, but a Contest: Without a Skirmish there can be no Victory; and without a Victory no Triumph. Now if *Christ himself* was to suffer, and so enter into his Glory, shall we pretend to go Scot-free, and be made Partakers of what another has purchased, *gratis*? He who thinks to go to Heaven any other Way, most miserably deceives himself. *We must bear the Cross, or we cannot wear the Crown.* Therefore let us imitate, in all our Sufferings, the Resolution of the **MACCABEES**, sustaining our Afflictions with a Christian Fortitude;

tude ; let us bear whatever befalls us without Reluctance ; let us not murmur under the Rod, nor return Evil for Evil ; but love our Enemies, and pray for those that persecute us ; seeing the Hand of God in all we suffer, either saying nothing at all, or appealing to Heaven for Relief, being fully resolved to suffer whatsoever the Almighty shall see fit to lay upon us, with Joy and Thanksgiving.

RESIGNATION.

I will take the Cup of Salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord. That Cup is indeed a bitter one, but yet my Saviour drank it, and drank to me in it too, from the bloody Cross. That Cup is the fatal Cup of Death, which Christ and all his Friends did, and and all Men must, drink, by an inevitable Necessity. Why should I alone refuse it ? Whosoever hath begun to live, ought to end, that he may begin that Life which shall never end. Good and Evil, Life and Death, Poverty and Riches, come all from the Lord : Therefore what would'st thou have, vain Fear ? thou hurtful Grief, what dost thou call back ? The Cup my Father has given, and Christ has prepared for me, would'st thou not have me drink it ? Am not I mortal, and do I wonder that I must die ?

Alexander,

Alexander, King of *Macedon*, being sick, some too suspicious Friends of his, accused his Physician *Philip* to him, of intending to poison him : Whom the King thus receives bringing the Potion. He takes the Draught into one Hand, and with the other gives him his Friends Letter to read : And while he lifted the Potion to his Mouth, he stedfastly kept his Eyes fixed on *Philip's* Face, narrowly observing if he could perceive any Tokens of Guilt to appear. But perceiving nothing but Signs of an innocent Conscience, he drank up the Draught boldly. And so I'll do. The Cup which my *Jesus*, my Physician, and my Saviour, shall prescribe me, to cause me to rest, and hath given me to drink, I will drink ; I will not take my Eyes off this Physician of mine while I drink it, I will look stedfastly in the Face of my crucified Saviour, in whom I may read Characters of endeared Affection and constante Love to me ; I will drink it off without Fear ; for it is so much the more healthful, by how much the more compounded with Love.

Drexelius de Morte.

I.

Long have I view'd, long have I thought,
And held with trembling Hand this bitter Draught ;
'Twas now just to my Lips applied,
Nature shrank in, and all my Courage dy'd :
But now resolv'd, and firm I'll be,
Since, Lord, 'tis mingled, and reach'd out by thee.

II. I'll

II.

I'll trust my great Physician's Skill,
I know what he prescribes can ne'er be ill ;
To each Disease he knows what's fit,
I own him Wife and Good, and do submit :
I'll now no longer grieve or pine,
Since 'tis thy Pleasure, Lord, it shall be mine.

III.

Thy Med'cine puts me to great Smart,
Thou'st wounded me in my most tender Part ;
But 'tis with a Design to cure,
I must and will thy sovereign Touch endure.
All that I prized below is gone,
But yet I still will pray, *Thy Will be done.*

IV.

Since 'tis thy Sentence I should part
With the most precious Treasure of my Heart,
I freely that and more resign,
My Heart itself, as its Delight, is thine :
My little All, I give to thee,
Thou gav'st a greater Gift, *thy Son* to me.

V.

He left true Bliss and Joys above,
Himself he emptied of all Good but Love ;
For me he freely did forsake
More Good than he from me did take :
A mortal Life for a divine
He took, and did at last even that resign.

VI. Take

VI.

Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
 But still will wish that I had still to give.
 I hear thy Voice, thou bid'st me quit
 My Paradise; I bless, and do submit.
 I will not murmur at thy Word,
 Nor beg thy Angel to sheath up his Sword.

RESURRECTION.

THAT our Lord *Jesus Christ*, though laid, was not lost in the Grave, but the third Day revived again, is a Truth confirmed to us by many infallible Proofs; as St. *Luke* witnesseth, *Acts* i. 3. We have Testimonies of it both from Heaven and Earth, and both infallible. From Heaven, we have the Testimonies of Angels, and to the Testimony of an Angel all Credit is due; for Angels are holy Creatures, and cannot deceive us. The Angel tells the two *Maries*, *Mat.* xxviii. 6. *He is not here, for he is risen as he said; come see the Place where the Lord lay.* We have Testimonies of it from Men, holy Men, who were Eye-Witnesses of this Truth, to whom he shewed himself alive for the Space of forty Days after his Resurrection, by no less than * nine solemn Apparitions: Sometimes *five hundred* Brethren saw him at once, *1 Cor.* xv. 6. These were holy Persons who durst

* *John* xx. 14. *Mark* xvi. 12. *John* xx. 19.
1 Cor. xv. 6, 7, 8. *John* xx. 1, 2. *Luke* xxiv. 36.

not deceive, and who confirmed their Testimony with their Blood. So that no Point of Religion is of more confessed Truth, and infallible Certainty, than this before us.

And a great Blessing it is for us that it is so; for if it were not, then were *the Gospel in vain*, 1 Cor. xv. 14. *If Christ is not risen, then is our Preaching vain, and your Faith is also vain*: For the whole Weight of our Faith, Hope, and Salvation, hangs upon *Christ* as risen from the Dead. If this was not so, then would the holy and inspired Apostles be found false Witnesses, 1 Cor. xv. 15. For they all with one Mouth, and constantly to their Death, affirmed it. If Christ be not risen, then are Believers yet in their Sins, 1 Cor. xv. 17. *If Christ be not raised, your Faith is vain, ye are yet in your Sins*. For our Justification is truly ascribed to the Resurrection of Christ, Rom. iv. 25. *Who was delivered for our Offences, and raised again for our Justification*. While Christ was dying, and continued in the State of the Dead, the Price of our Redemption was all that while but in paying; the Payment was completed when he revived and rose again: Therefore for Christ to have continued always in the State of the Dead, had been never to have completely satisfied: Hence the whole Force and Weight of our Justification depends upon his Resurrection: Nay, had not Christ risen, the Dead had perished, 1 Cor. xv. 17. even the Dead who

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died

died in the Faith of Christ, and of whose Salvation there now remains no Ground of Doubt. But farther :

Had he not revived and risen from the Dead, how could all the *Types* that prefigured it have been satisfied ? Surely they must have stood as insignificant Things in the Scriptures, and so must all the Predictions of his Resurrection, by which it was so plainly foretold : *Vide Mat. xii. 40. Luke xxiv. 46. Psal. xvi. 10. 1 Cor. xv. 4.*

To conclude : Had he not risen from the Dead, how could he have been installed in that Glory, whereof he is now possessed in Heaven, and which was promised him before the World was, upon the Account of his Death and Sufferings ? *For to this End, Christ both died, and rose and revived, that he might be Lord both of the Dead and Living, Rom. xiv. 9.* And that in this State of Dominion, and glorious Advancement, he might powerfully apply the Virtues and Benefits of his Blood to us ; which else had been as a precious Cordial, spilt upon the Ground.

And as certain as Christ is risen, so also shall we rise ; and in the same Bodies with which our Soul is now cloathed here on Earth, as one says in his Considerations upon Death. This Flesh of ours now lives, but will shortly return to its native Soil, and worthless Dust ; nay to Dunghill Vermin, and in them feed on Poison ; or after a Shipwreck,

wreck, it shall be Meat for Fishes, or be turned to Gnats, or Moths, Locusts, or Ants; to terrestrial or aquatic Creatures; what not? And after all this, the same Flesh shall rise: Whatsoever was torn in Pieces, or burnt to Ashes, shall be crowned. Nor don't let any one think it is any other Flesh, but the same, unless he would count God unjust, that rewards another instead of the Conqueror, or Delinquent; makes another his Companion in Heaven, than he that laboured for it, or consigned to endless Punishment, other than he that merited it. The same Soul, in every Part of it, that fought in the Flesh, that held out, learned God, put on Christ, sowed the Hope of Salvation, shall reap the Fruit of it. The very same Flesh that spent this Life in the Association of the Soul, that suffered Cold, endured Heat, and shed its Blood, with the same associate Soul shall be rewarded. It was the same *Lazarus*, after a four Days Burial, as it was before; the same Christ, after he came out of the Sepulcher, that he was before; it was the same Tongue of the rich Man that tasted Dainties, and which was tormented in Flames, and hoped for the Solace of a dropping Finger of a beautified *Lazarus*: The very same Soul in all Things, that mourned while the World rejoiced, that shall rejoice while the World mourns? that none may be felicitated for Wickedness, or miserable for Honesty, when every Thing

is restored again; that according to our Merits, or Demerits in this Life, we may be either punished or rewarded in the Life to come.

Mark the Potter; he tempers his Clay into a softer or harder Consistence by the Help of Fire, and forms it into several Shapes. Cannot God be able to raise to Life the same Clay, into which he once infused his Breath of Life? And shall not he be able to make the same out of the same, who formed the Clods into Muscles, the Stones into Bones, the Pebble-Stones to Paps, the trailing branchy Veins, and the hidden Marrow, out of the same Lump of Clay? Or was there a greater Efficacy in the Virgin Lump of Clay, and less in that widowed Mass after the Soul's Divorce? Why should that formed by the same Hand, not be animated by the same diffusive Breath it was before? or must that which perished once, of Necessity perish always? what Law is there for that? Do but look upon this rolling Order of all Things (not to carry your Thoughts to a higher) you will find it a Testimony of Man's Return. See how all Things return when once departed. Hence it is the Moon is renewed, when worn out by her monthly Courses: Winters and Summers, Springs and Autumns, with all their Vicissitudes, are all revolved again. The Rays of the Sun and Stars, eclipsed by Morning Light, or darkened Night, return again. You would almost

almost swear the Vines were dead, and fit for nothing but the Fire; but we see they are renewed again, and richly arrayed with Leaves and Grapes; and that which the Cold had almost killed, the Spring restores in greater Glory, with large Usury.

And in Fowls, we have noble Documents. As the Phoenix, a Miracle for its Singularity, to whom dying another succeeds. Not that these exactly express the Reparation of human Kind, but that they, as it were, lead us by the Hand to it. Would you have a more express Instance? We have a Pledge in Christ, by which we take Possession of Heaven, and the Kingdom of God. Would you have one in Man? *Lazarus's* Flesh was almost corrupted, yet his Flesh arose; it lay without a Soul, but rose with it. And in the Transfiguration on the Mount, *Moses* and *Elias* were known to the Apostles, the one not having taken upon him Flesh again, the other not yet really dead; yet they teach us that the same Disposition of Body remains in Glory. And those solitary Souls, although they have broke out of this Cabin; the Body, into a larger Mansion, to their native and purer Air; yet, sure of their Happiness, they long to be cloathed with this Dust, to be espoused to this Consort, the Flesh, and lead a Life indissoluble by any Force; that they that have fought under one Banner, may be recompensed with an equal Reward of Glory, when this Dust shall put
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on Immortality by a noble Mutation under the Conduct of Christ, who carried Flesh and Bones a Pledge and Example of future Integrity. Let us not be therefore sorry when our old House falls, a better far than it shall rise. *He has not only believed without Ground, but lived without Design, who believes he was only born to die.*

One of the Reasons that *Tertullian* brings to prove the Resurrection of our Bodies, is beautiful and plausible. What! shall not this Flesh rise again, which God himself has made according to his own Image, and which he has animated with his own Breath? He will not leave the Master-piece of his Hands eternally in the Dust of the Grave; the Object of the most tender Care of his Providence, the Chief of visible Things, that his Power has made out of Nothing; Heir of the Goods with which he has enriched Heaven and Earth; that which fights for him, and which gives Testimony of his Gospel, even upon Wheels and in Fires: In fine, the Priestess of his Religion, and the Sister of his Son *Jesus Christ*.

The Resurrection of Christ is further confirmed by considering the Nature and Manner of his Resurrection.

First, Christ rose from the Dead with awful Majesty, as we read in *Mat. xxviii. 2, 3, 4. And behold there was a great Earthquake, for the Angel of the Lord descended from Heaven,*

Heaven, and came and rolled back the Stone from the Door, and sat upon it ; his Countenance was like Lightning, and his Raiment white as Snow, and for Fear of him the Keepers did shake, and became as dead Men. Human Infirmary was not able to bear such heavenly Majesty, as attended the Business of that Morning ; Nature sunk under it. The Earthquake was, as one calls it, *Triumphale Signum* ; a Sign of Triumph, a Token of Victory given by Christ, not only to the Keepers and the neighbouring City, but to the whole World, that he had overcome Death in its own Dominions, and like a Conqueror lifted up his Head above all his Enemies. So when the Lord fought from Heaven for his People, and gave them a glorious, though but temporal Deliverance, see how the Prophetes drives on the Triumph in that Rhetorical Song, *Judges v. 4, 5. Lord, when thou wentest out of SEIR ; when thou marchedst out of the Field of EDOM, the Earth trembled, and the Heavens dropped, the Clouds also dropped Water. The Mountains melted before the Lord, even that SINAI from before the Lord God of ISRAEL.* Our Lord *Jesus* went out of the Grave in like Manner, and marched out of that bloody Field with a Pomp and Majesty becoming so great a Conqueror.

Secondly, And to increase the Splendor of that Day, and drive on the Triumph, his Resurrection was attended with the Resurrection

rection of many of the *Saints*, who had slept in their Graves till then, and then were awakened and raised to attend the Lord at his Rising ; as we read, *Mat. xxvii. 52, 53. And the Graves were opened, and many Bodies of the Saints which slept, arose, and came out of their Graves after his Resurrection, and went into the holy City, and appeared unto many.*

This Wonder was designed to adorn the Resurrection of Christ, and to give a Specimen of our Resurrection, which also is to be in the Vertue of his. This indeed was the Resurrection of Saints, and none but Saints ; the Resurrection of many Saints, yet it was but a special Resurrection, intended only to shew what God will one Day do for all his Saints. And for the present, to give Testimony of Christ's Resurrection from the Dead, they were seen and known of many in the City, who doubtless never thought to have seen them any more in this World. To enquire curiously, as some do, who they were, what Discourse they had with those to whom they appeared, and what became of them afterwards, is a vain Thing : God hath cast a Veil of Silence and Secrecy upon these Things, that we might content ourselves with the written Word ; and he that *will not believe MOSES and the Prophets, neither will he believe though one rose from the Dead*, as these Saints did.

Therefore

Therefore from this Certainty of Christ's Resurrection, and from what has been said of the Nature and Conformity of ours unto his, we may conclude, that as his Body rose substantially the same, so shall ours. His Body was raised by the Spirit, so shall ours; not by the Godhead of Christ as his was, but by the Spirit, who is the Bond of our Union with Christ. He was raised as the First-begotten from the Dead, so the Dead in Christ shall rise first. His Body was improved by the Resurrection, so shall ours. Therefore it is the Duty, and will be the Wisdom, of every one, so to govern, dispose, and employ their Bodies, as becomes those that understand what Glory is prepared for them, which is a Life thus represented by a great Divine of our own Church.

O Life! truly worthy that Name; because everlasting, ever-blessed. A Life of Joy unpolluted with Sufferings or Sorrows; Rest, without Labour or Disturbance; Honour, without Fear or Envy; Riches, without Robbery or Loss; Health, without Decay; Plenty, without Lack; Happiness, without Disasters. Where all good Things are enjoyed in perfect Charity; where God is seen Face to Face, and the Mind is feasted and fully satisfied with Knowledge, ever seeing, and ever desiring to see more, but desiring without Uneasiness, and satisfied so as never to be cloy'd. Where the Sun of Righteous-

ness sheds the refreshing Beams of his excellent Beauty upon every Head, and the original Light is so diffused, that every Inhabitant of those blissful Regions shines by the Reflection; for being constantly united to the Deity, they are transformed into the Likeness of the divine Immortality and Perfections; thus receiving the full Effect of their holy Lord's Promise, *Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my Glory, which thou hast given me, and all be one in us, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee.*

Sherlock on Death.

————— Shout Earth and Heav'n!
 This *Sum of Good* to Man. *Whose* Nature, then
 Took Wing, and mounted with him from the Tomb?
 Then, then, I rose, then first *Humanity*
 Triumphant pass'd the Chrystal Ports of Light,
 (Stupendous Guest!) and seiz'd eternal Youth,
 Seiz'd in *our* Name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
 To call Man mortal. Man's Mortality
 Was, then, transferr'd to Death; and Heav'n's Duration
 Unalienably seal'd to this frail Frame,
 This Child of Dust, ——— Man, all immortal! hail!
 Hail, Heav'n! all lavish of strange Gifts to Man!
 Thine all the Glory; Man's the boundless Bliss!

YOUNG

R. E.

RETIREMENT.

TAKE it for a Rule, that Philosophy is every where practicable, and that there is no such great Matter in Retirement: A Man may be wise and sedate in a Crowd, as well as in a Defart, and keep the Noise of the World from getting within him; in this Case, the Walls of a Town, and the Inclosure of a Sheep-fold, may be made the same Thing.

It is the Custom of People to go to unfrequented Places, and Country Seats, for Retirement; and suppose this has been your Method formerly, yet after all, this is but a vulgar Fancy; for it is in your Power to withdraw into yourself, whenever you have a Mind to it. Now one's own Breast is a Place the most free from Crowd and Noise of any, if a Man's Retrospections are easy, his Thoughts entertaining, and his Mind well in Order. Your Way is, therefore, to make frequent Use of this Retirement, and refresh your Virtue in it.

To this End, be always provided with a few short uncontested Notions, to keep your Understanding true, and make you easy in your Business: For Instance, what is it that troubles you? is it the Wickedness of the World, and the ill Usage you meet with in it? If this be the Case, out with your Antidote, and consider that Mankind were made

for mutual Advantage ; that Forbearance is one Part of Justice, and that the People misbehave themselves against their Wills. Consider, likewise, how many Men have embroiled themselves, and spent their Days in Disputes and Animosities, and what did they get by it ? Why, they had more Trouble, and, it may be, less of Life than they would have had. Be quiet then, and do not disturb yourself to no Purpose : But perhaps, the Government of the World does not please you ; take out the other Notion, and argue thus : Either Providence or Chance sits at the Helm ; if the first, the Administration cannot be questioned ; if the latter, there's no mending of it. But perhaps you are afflicted in your Health ; (pray reflect) your Soul does not lie in your Lungs, nor your Reason in your Breath, so that if you are somewhat asthmatick, or out of Order, it is no Matter of such great Consequence, if your Mind will but retire and take a View of her own Privilege and Power ; and when she has so done, recollect her Philosophy about Pleasure and Pain, and to which she has formerly assented. But it may be, the Concern of Fame sits hard upon you ; if you are pinched here, consider how quickly all Things vanish, and are forgotten ; what an immense Chaos there stands, what an Extent of Darkness and Confusion, on either Side of Eternity. Upon the whole, do not forget to retire into the Seat of
your

your Reason ; and above all Things, let there be no hauling nor struggling in the Case, but move freely and gracefully, and manage Matters like a Man of Sense and Spirit, like a Burgher of the World, and a Creature that must die shortly. And among the rest of your Stock, let these two Maxims be always ready, First, that it is not *Things* but *Thoughts* which give Disturbance ; for Things keep their Distance, and teaze no Body, until Fancy raises the Spleen, and grows untoward ; the Second is to consider that the Scene is just shifting, and is sliding off into nothing, and that you have yourself seen abundance of great Alterations ; in a word, generally speaking, the World is all Revolution, and Conduct little better than Fancy.

REVENGE.

THE best Way of Revenge is not to imitate the Injury.

He that has Revenge in his Power, and does not use it, is the greater Man.

Cruel Revenge, which still we find

The weakest Frailty of the feeble Mind :

Ungenerous Passion, and for Man too base,

It seats its Empire in the savage Race.

Unauthorized Reparations, where the Injury is either overlooked by Law, or the Injured

jured has no publick Warrant for Reprizals, are by no Means defensible or convenient. For in the first Place, private Revenge would be very dangerous to Society. Were every Man his own Magistrate, and trusted with the Power of Punishing, there would be strange Confusion in a short Time, and the World would be ruined by doing *Justice*: If Ignorance and ill Nature might condemn and *execute* at Discretion; if Spleen and Pride might play without Control, and Resentment make a Sally upon every Pretence, the four Winds might better be loose upon us, than all the Passions of such a Liberty.

Among other Inconveniences, that would attend private Revenge, it would be often *unseasonably* managed: Was every one to be permitted to carve out his own Satisfaction, People would be apt to pursue the Injury too close, and strike immediately upon receiving the Blow: They would often do themselves Right at the first Smart of an Affront, when the Provocation was fresh, and the Anguish most stinging.

Now Heat and Impatience are very ill Directors: When the Mind is clouded with Passions, it is odds but a Man misses his Way: When Violence hurries on too fast, and Caution does not keep pace with Revenge, People generally do themselves more Harm than the Enemy. *Passing* too eagerly upon a Provocation, loses the Guard, and lays open the
Body:

Body : Calmness, Leisure, and Deliberation do the Business much better : To wait the Opportunity, and attack with Order and Conduct, is the Way to strike safe, and to strike sure too, if we please.

Therefore let us arm ourselves with Thinking, and keep Reason upon the Guard. Thus the Mind will be too hard for a Blow, and either fence, or not feel. Thus we shall disappoint the Pleasure of Malice and ill Nature: This is the Way to break the Force of an Affront, and make the Injury fall upon us like Hail upon Tiles, rattle without Mischief, and tumble into the Dirt. In fine, let us always look out for the best Construction, wish every Body well, pity Ignorance, despise ill Usage, and pray for Reformation.

R I C H E S.

ST. *Chrysologue* has this Apostrophe to the wicked rich Man in the Flames.

Alas ! the fine Linnen doth not hinder from the Flame ; the Purple doth not keep off the Fire of Hell ; these fine and dear Vestments are of no further Use : You, who before defied the Heat of the Season, with fine and transparent Cloaths, which shew'd your Body in covering it, now quite naked, burn in Flames which nothing can abide, which will never be extinguished. You desire a little Refreshment ; where are those exquisite

site Liquors that you had in abundance? Where are those Wines of several Years old, which Age had made so mellow and good? These are all lost to you, and you now have only to give an Account for all the ill Use of them: You that ask now but for one Drop of Water to cool your Tongue, would not have been so thirsty as you are, if you had only given one Drop of Water to the poor Man.

And the same Father makes this excellent Observation between the Death of poor *Lazarus*, and that of the wicked rich Man.

What Revolution, what Change is this? says he. The Angels carry the poor Man to Heaven; Hell swallows up the Rich. The happy Death of the poor Man extinguishes all the Delights, and all the Glory of the Life of the Rich; tarnishes all the Splendor, and all the Pomp of his Funeral. Why do we let ourselves be dazzled by Appearances? Why do Funeral Poms impose upon us? At the Funeral of a rich Man, a numerous Crowd of Servants and Slaves, all in Mourning, with Faces fallen with Grief, and Eyes bathed in Tears, go before the Body. An innumerable Multitude of Angels carries the poor Man in Triumph, with melodious Concerts and Songs of Joy.

Upon the Preparations that are generally made for a great Feast, *St. Ambrose* pleasantly says: If I may say so, this is not preparing
an

an Entertainment, it is making a Battle, a Massacre, there is so much Blood shed on all Sides.

The same Father, in another Place, seriously declaims against the luxurious Table of the Rich. How many Persons Lives does it cost to please your Taste? Your vicious Appetites, your Intemperances, are fatal to Men. One Man was drowned in the Sea in seeking after a Fish, or Oysters for your Table; another has killed himself in the Cold, in hunting for you in the Heart of Winter. It was a rich Man who caused the Head of *John Baptist* to be brought upon his Table; and found out no other Way to reward a Dancer, but killing a holy poor Man.

If we consider (says one) the Mischiefs that accompany great Fortunes, and the Benefits they deprive us of, we should soon find, they are the Root of all Evil. Thence come Frauds, Wars, Perjuries, Treasons, Discord, Ambition, Piracies, publick Tumults, domestick Treacheries, Corruptions in the Seat of Judgment.

Look but the poor and the rich Man in the Face, and compare their Countenances, and you shall see that the one, in the Sourness of his Looks, betrays the Anxiety and Solicitude of his Thoughts: The other's Brow is clear and open, in Testimony of an honest and chearful Mind. The rich Man's Happiness is but from the Teeth outwards, a

counterfeit Satisfaction, with a Worm in his Heart ; when the poor Man, without any Mixture of Trouble, enjoys a continual Repose. The one, betwixt the Desire of getting, and the Fear of losing, is exposed to all the Assaults of Fortune ; (*for the more he has, the more he covets*) ; the other is rich even in his Poverty. His Wishes are squared to his Necessities : He fears nothing, for he hath nothing to lose that he cares for. He spends the Day merrily, and sleeps soundly at Night ; whereas the other, on the contrary, is never at Ease, and the less Sense he has of his Condition, the greater is his Danger.

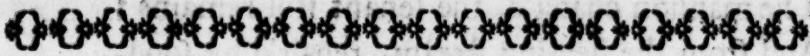
Man's rich with little, were his Judgment true,
 Nature is frugal, and her Wants are few ;
 Those few Wants answer'd, bring sincere Delights,
 But Fools create themselves new Appetites.
 Fancy and Pride, seek Things at vast Expence,
 Which relish nor to *Reason* nor to *Sense*.
 When *Surfeit*, or *Unthankfulness* destroys,
 In *Nature's* narrow Sphere, our solid Joys,
 In *Fancy's* airy Land of Noise and Show,
 Where nought but Dreams, no real Pleasures grow,
Like Cats in Air-Pumps, to subsist we strive,
 On Joys too thin to keep the Soul alive.

O ! the Emptiness and Imposture of all
 that we account delicate and glorious in this
 World ! To see a Man wrapped up in Gold
 and

and Embroidery, with a long Retinue at his Heels, and in a splendid Equipage ; how wonderfully are we taken with the Sight ? And yet, alas ! all this is but a meer Pomp, and Ostentation of Vanities, that leave us in the very Moment that they please : And it is not from the Schools of the Philosophers, nor from the Cross of Christ, nor from the eternal Wisdom alone, that I draw this Observation, but from the World itself, and those that have most courted and adored it. What Satisfaction had *Haman* in all his Wealth, Power, and Dignity ! *No, no*, says he, (in a full Audience) *I reckon all this as nothing, so long as I see Mordecai sitting at the King's Gate.* What a Mockery, what a Blindness is this ! I have often read and heard indeed, that the Pleasures of the Flesh, and of this World, are as nothing, compared with those of Virtue and Eternity ; but to pronounce them to be as nothing, in respect even of nothing itself, this goes a great deal further ; so that in Effect, in the Contempt of nothing, we do nothing. But that we may not want Matter to work upon, let us condemn and repress our Lusts, that we may be better acquainted with Poverty, and learn to measure the true Value of Things on Earth by the Use of them. Now *the Way to bring ourselves with Ease to a Contempt of the World, is to think daily of leaving it.*

And therefore let us set earnestly about laying up Treasures in Heaven, where neither *Moth nor Rust doth corrupt, nor Thieves break in and steal*; let us not rest till we have found our Interest in our blessed Redeemer, in possessing whom, we shall possess all Things; for, take all the Faith of *Abraham*, all the Meekness of *Moses*, all the Patience of *Job*, all the Wisdom of *Solomon*, all the Zeal of *David*, all the Industry of *Paul*, and all the Tender-heartedness of *Josiah*, add to this, all the Grace that is poured (though in lesser Measure) into all the elect Vessels in the World; yet still it is far short of that which remains in Christ, *He is anointed with the Oil of Gladness above his Fellows*. And in all Things he hath, and must ever have, the Pre-eminence; so that, as the Heathen said of moral Virtue, we may much more say of Christ, that, were he to be seen with mortal Eyes, he would compel Love and Admiration from all Men; *For he is altogether lovely*, Cant. v. 16. Therefore let us think no other Riches worth our Pursuit, but labour to be *rich in Grace, that we may be high in Glory*.

S E L F.

S E L F (*Vide* Knowledge of ONE'S SELF.)

READ not Books alone, but Men, and
amongst them chiefly yourself; if you
find any thing questionable, use the Com-
mentary of a severe Friend, rather than the
Gloss of a sweet-lipp'd Flatterer; there is
more Profit in a disdainful Truth, than in a
deceitful Sweetness.

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕ'ΑΤΤΟΝ. KNOW YOURSELF.

(*By the late Dr. ARBUTHNOT.*)

What am I? how produc'd? and for what end?
Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
Am I th'abandon'd orphan of blind chance?
Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought?
And of unthinking substance, born with thought?
By motion which began without a cause,
Supremely wise, without design or laws?
Am I but what I seem, meer flesh and blood;
A branching channel, with a mazy flood?
The purple stream that through my vessels glides,
Dull and unconscious flows like common tides:
The pipes through which the circling juices stray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
This Frame, compacted with transcendent skill,
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes, I call it mine, not me:

New

New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains,
 The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains :
 And from the fleeting stream, repair'd by food,
 Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.
 What am I then ? sure of a nobler birth
 By parents right : I own as mother, earth ;
 But claim superior lineage by my SIRE,
 Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire :
 Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,
 By double nature, double instinct sway'd ;
 With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
 Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky ;
 I strive to mount, but strive, alas ! in vain,
 Ty'd to this massy globe with magick chain.
 Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
 View worlds around their flaming centres roll :
 What steady powers their endless motions guide ;
 Thro' the same trackless paths of boundless void,
 I trace the blazing comet's fiery trail,
 And weigh the whirling planets in a scale :
 These godlike thoughts, while eager I pursue,
 Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
 A gnat, an insect, of the meanest kind,
 Erase the new-born image of my mind :
 Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
 Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
 Calls off from heav'nly truth this reas'ning me,
 And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.
 If on sublimer things, of love and praise,
 My soul above the starry vault I raise,
 Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
 I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
 The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty strain,
 Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.

By

By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
I rove to one, now to the other coast :
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires.
As 'mongst the hinds, a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth ;
So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd :
Pity him, beasts ! you by no law confin'd,
Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind ;
Whilst man, thro' op'ning views of various ways,
Confounded by the aid of knowledge, strays ;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste :
Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
The flattering future still must give the joy.
Not happy, but amazed upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
Whether next Sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness or pain.

Around me, low, the thinking thoughtless crew,
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue ;
Of them I ask the way ; the first replies,
Thou art a God, and sends me to the skies.
Down on this turf (the next) thou two-legg'd beast,
There fix thy lot, thy bliss, and endless rest ;
Between these wide extreams the length is such,
I find I know too little or too much.

“ Almighty pow'r ! by whose most wise command,
“ Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand ;
“ Take this faint glimm'ring of thyself away,
“ Or break into my soul with perfect day ?”

This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd :

Thus

Thus the benighted traveller that strays
 Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays ;
 The mighty mist, and thick descending Dew,
 Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.
 " O Truth divine ! enlighten'd by thy ray,
 " I grope and guess no more, but see my way :
 " Thou clear'd'st the secret of my high descent,
 " And told me what those mystick tokens meant ;
 " Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
 " Too hard for worldly fages to explain.
 " Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,
 " Their systems false, delusive were their dreams ;
 " Unskill'd my twofold nature to divide,
 " One nursed by pleasure, and one nursed by pride :
 " Those jarring truths which human art beguile,
 " Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile."
 Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,
 What thou once wert, art now, and still may be,
 Thy God alone can tell, alone decree :
 Faultless thou dropp'd from his unerring skill,
 With the bare power to sin, since free of will ;
 Yet charge not with thy guilt, his bounteous love,
 For who has power to walk, has power to rove :
 Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deserve ;
 And wisdom short of infinite, may swerve.
 Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight,
 Left thy creator, and the realms of light ;
 Disdain'd his gentle precepts to fulfil,
 And thought to grow a God by doing ill :
 Though by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd,
 In nature chang'd from happy mansions chac'd,
 Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,
 Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire ;
 Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
 And brute enough to make thy search in vain,

The

The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
 Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;
 Repast ill-suited to such diff'rent guests,
 For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes;
 Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
 Curb'd or deferr'd, or baulk'd or gratify'd,
 Rage on, and make thee equally unblest'd,
 In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possess'd:
 In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod,
 Return, and seek thy Father and thy God:
 Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
 Borne on the wings of vain philosophy;
 Mysterious passage! hid from human Eyes;
 Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise:
 Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide,
 Repair by meekness, what you lost by pride.

S I L E N C E.

W H O S O E V E R is guilty of a Lye, is unworthy to be accounted a Man; and whosoever knows not how to be silent, is unworthy to govern.

The foolishhest of Animals may deceive the subtillest, provided it be silent, for Silence ever was exempted from Folly.

Silence is the highest Wisdom of a Fool, and Speech is the greatest Trial of a wise Man. If you would appear a wise Man, let your Words shew you to be so: If you doubt your Words, let your Silence feign you so: It is not a greater Point of Wisdom to discover Knowledge, than to hide Ignorance.

N n

Silence

Silence is the first Step to Wisdom, the Nurse of Peace, and the Guardian of Virtue : Words do but ruffle and discompose the Mind, betraying the Soul to a thousand Vanities.

He that keeps Silence is out of Danger, for Silence is the Ornament and Safeguard of Life.

When a false Charge or Accusation is brought against you, it is better by Silence to condemn it, than by Words to aggravate the Injury.

The Reflections of St. *Maximus* upon the Son of God's Silence in his Passion, are fine and strong.

It is wonderful (says he) that the Saviour of the World should be accused by Judges, and say nothing, for Silence is sometimes taken for Consent ; and saying nothing to the Questions put to us, looks like confirming the Things we are accused of. Does the Lord then by his Silence confirm what his Enemies reproach him with ? No, certainly ; he does not confirm the Accusation by Silence, but destroys and despises it by not refuting it : For he rightly says nothing, who wants no Apology. Let those who are afraid of their Cause, defend themselves, and be ready to speak : As for Christ, he overcomes when he is condemned, he triumphs when he is judged, according to what the Prophet says, *That thou mightest be justified in thy Sayings,*
and

and thou mightest overcome when thou art judged. What Occasion was there to speak before Judgment was passed, since even his Judgment was to him a compleat Victory : For, in short, Christ triumphed when he was judged, because by that his Innocence was owned and confirmed : Therefore *Pilate* said, *I am clear from the Blood of this just Man.* The Cause then that is not defended, and yet gained, is better. The most perfect Justice is that which is not supported by Words, but Truth : The Tongue ought to be silent where Equity herself maintains her own Rights : Let the Tongue be silent in a just Cause, which is used to gain even bad ones. I would not have Equity defended after the same manner that Iniquity generally is. The Saint adds, What should make the Son of God speak, since his Silence alone, was enough to make him overcome ?

He then brings the Example of *Susannah* in this Manner : *Susannah*, by her Silence, triumphed over her Enemies, for she was not justified by her Words before her Judge, who did not speak one Word in her own Defence ; her Chastity itself spoke in her Favour, and pleaded her Cause ; yea, the Chastity which defended *Susannah* in the Garden, saved her at the Tribunal of Justice.

S I N.

WITH the same Height of Desire we have sinned, with the same Depth of Sorrow we must repent: He that has sinned To-day, let him defer not his Repentance till To-morrow: He that hath promised Pardon on your Repentance, hath not promised Life till you repent.

If your Sin trouble you, let that Trouble comfort you: As Pleasure in the Remembrance of Sin exasperates Justice, so Sorrow in the Repentance of Sin softens Mercy: It is less dangerous to commit the Sin we delight in, than to delight in the Sin we have committed: And more Joy is promised to Repentance than to Innocence.

And therefore if Men would but seriously consider the Vileness of Sin, they certainly could not go on so unconcernedly in its destructive Paths, the End of which is endless Misery. For this Purpose, an eminent Divine prescribes several Rules for the Mortification of Sin, and amongst others the following:

If we consider Sin in the gross, it is made up of a deformed Object, and of a foolish and unreasonable Choice, than which, what can be imagined more monstrous and absurd? If we consider it as a Violation of the positive Law, what can be more indecorous, than for a Creature to violate the Commands, and trample upon the Authority of that awful Excellence

cellence to whom he owes his Life, his Motion, and his very Being ? If we consider it as a Violation of the Law of Reason, what can be more monstrous and unnatural, than for a Man to rebel against the vicarious Power of God in his Soul ? To refuse to live according to that Part of him, whereby he is a Man ; to suffer the ferine and brutish Part to get the Ascendant over that which is rational and divine ; to refuse to be governed by those sacred Digest which are Transcripts of the moral Nature of God ; and to act against the very Frame and Contexture of his Being. Lastly, If we consider it as a Transgression against the great and sovereign Law of promoting the common Happiness, what a monstrous Evil must that be which crosses and opposes the best of Ends, and which is also proposed by the best of Beings ; and for the Interest of an inconsiderable Part (commonly one's Self) justles the great Wheel of Society out of its proper Track ; that by pursuing a lesser, in Prejudice to a greater Good, disturbs the Order of Things, dislocates the Frame, and untunes the Harmony of the Universe.

We may hence conclude, that Sin is the greatest Evil that is, or that can possibly be : For it is contrarily opposed to the greatest possible Good ; and consequently must needs be the greatest Evil : And besides, it is that which, in no Case or Juncture whatsoever, is
to

to be committed ; and therefore must be the greatest Evil ; because otherwise, it might happen to come into Competition with a greater, and so commence eligible ; which is contrary to the Supposition. Moreover, the Greatness of this Evil above all others, is, *à posteriori*, farther confirmed from the Greatness of the Sacrifice required for its Atonement. God could not, or, at least, thought fit not, to remit it, without the Shedding of Blood ; and that too, of the Blood of *the Son of God*.

So often as you remember your Sins without Grief, so often you repeat those Sins, by not grieving : He that will not mourn for the Evil he hath done, gives Earnest for the Evil he means to do. Nothing can quench that Fire which Sin hath made, but that Water which Repentance hath drawn.

To tremble at the Sight of your Sins, makes your Faith the less apt to tremble ; the Devils believe and tremble, because they tremble at what they believe ; their Belief brings Trembling ; your Trembling brings Belief.

Among the worst of cowards let him be nam'd,
Who having sinn'd, 's afraid to be asham'd ;
And to mistaken courage he's betray'd,
Who having sinn'd, 's asham'd to be afraid.

Accustom your Thoughts to such Meditations as are proper to mortify Sin in your Affections, else all Endeavours to mortify it will

will be but faint and languid. To this Purpose, consider the Evil that is in Sin, and how terrible the Appearance of God will one Day be against those that obey it in the Lust thereof, *Rom. i. 18. The Wrath of God is revealed from Heaven against all Ungodliness and Unrighteousness of Men, 2 Thes. i. 7, 8, 9. The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven, with his mighty Angels in flaming Fire, taking Vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting Destruction from the Presence of the Lord, and from the Glory of his Power.* Let your Thoughts dwell much upon the Consideration of the Fruits and Consequences of Sin: It shews the fairest Side to you in the Hour of Temptation, but consider how it will look upon you in the Day of Affliction, *Num. xxxii. 23. In that Day your Sin will find you out.* Think what its Aspect will be in a dying Hour, *1 Cor. xv. 56. The Sting of Death is Sin.* Think what the frightful Remembrance of it will be at the Day of Judgment; when Satan shall accuse, Conscience shall upbraid, God shall condemn, and everlasting Burning shall avenge, the Evil of it.

Think what it cost the Lord Jesus to expiate the Guilt of Sin, by suffering the Wrath of the great and terrible God for it in our Room: The Meditations of a crucified Christ,

Christ, are very crucifying Meditations unto Sin, *Gal. vi. 14.* He suffered unspeakable Things for Sin : It was divine Wrath which lay upon his Soul for it ; that Wrath of which the Prophet saith, *Nab. i. 5, 6. The Mountains quake at him, and the Hills melt. Who can stand before his Indignation ? And who can abide in the Fierceness of his Anger ? His Fury is poured out like Fire, and the Rocks are thrown down by him.* It was the mixed and unallay'd Wrath, poured out in the Fulness of it, even to the last Drop : And shall we be so easily drawn to the Commis- sion of those Sins, which put Christ to so much Suffering ? Let us but read such Scrip- tures as these, *Luke xxii. 42. Mat. xxvi. 36, 37. Mar. xiv. 33.* and we shall see what a Plight Sin put the Lord of Glory into, how the Wrath of God put him into a sore A- mazement, a bloody Sweat, and made his Soul heavy even unto Death.

Consider how Sin grieves the holy Spirit of God ! Nothing is more contrary to his Nature : *O do not that abominable Thing which I hate,* saith the Lord, *Jer. xlv. 4.* Consider with yourselves, that no real Good either of Profit or Pleasure can result from Sin ; and as for that brutish Pleasure which Sinners fancy they find in it, it can be but for a Moment ; for either they must repent, or not repent : If they do repent, the Pleasure of Sin will be turned into the Gall of Asps here ;
if

if they do not repent, it will terminate in everlasting Howlings hereafter. That's a smart Question, *Rom. vi. 21. What Fruit had ye in those Things whereof ye are now ashamed? For the End of those Things is Death.*

And lastly, consider, on the other hand, what sweet Pleasure, rational and solid Comfort, is to be found in the Mortification of Sin: It is not the fulfilling of your Lusts can give you the thousandth Part of that Comfort and Contentment that the Resistance of, and Victory over, them will afford you. Who can express the Comfort that is to be found in the cheering Testimony of an acquitting Conscience, *2 Cor. i. 12.* Remember what Satisfaction and Peace it was to *Hezekiah* upon his supposed Death-bed, when he turned to the Wall, and said, *Remember now, O Lord, I beseech thee, how I have walked before thee in Truth, and with a perfect Heart, and have done that which is good in thy Sight, Isai. xxxviii. 3.*

We have seen Honour, Wealth, and Plenty, the Reward of Vice, Folly, and Ingratitude: But Providence is too just to permit such Wickedness to go unpunished, or Vice to remain always triumphant. For Reasons inscrutable to short-sighted Mortals, the Order of Things may seem for a Time inverted, and Effects contradictory of their Causes, may be produced to answer the

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wise

wise Purposes of the Sovereign Disposer of all Things ; but in the winding-up of the Scene, either here or hereafter, we may rest absolutely satisfied, that Misery and Unhappiness is the constant Result of Vice and Folly. The Wicked may prosper in their worldly Concerns, they may, by their Crimes, raise themselves to the highest Pitch of human Grandeur, but they are never out of the Reach of Providence, or elevated above the Stroke of Divine Justice ; which sooner or later must overtake them, and bury all their ill-got Acquisitions in Shame and Confusion. And happy for them it is, when they feel that Reverse of Fortune on this Side the Grave, as by it they may be brought to a Sense of their Folly, and a sincere Repentance.

A bad Death follows a bad Life; the Death of wise Men is to be lamented, and the Life of Fools much more. But the Death of Sinners, and their irrevocable Ingress into Eternity, that has no Return, is most of all to be lamented.

S I N F U L C U S T O M S.

BE not too slow in the breaking off sinful Customs ; a quick courageous Resolution is better than a gradual Deliberation ; in such a Combat he is the bravest Soldier that fights without Fear or Reflection, the one disheartens, the other pleads ; he that will kill an
Hydra,

Hydra, had better strike off one Neck than five Heads; fall the Tree, and the Branches are soon lopp'd off.

S E R I O U S N E S S .

NOTHING can be well done without Seriousness, and he that courts Wisdom must be in earnest. St. *James*, chap. i. 7. assures us, that it is to no Purpose for a wavering and unstable Man to pray, because he shall be sure not to speed. And as it is in vain for such a one to pray, so it is in vain for him to study. For a Man to pretend to work out a neat Scheme of Thoughts with a magotty unsettled Head, is as ridiculous and nonsensical, as to think to write straight in a jumbling Coach, or to draw an exact Picture with a Palsy Hand. No, he that will hit what he aims at, must have a steady Hand, as well as quick Eye; and he that will think to any Purpose, must have Fixedness and Composedness of Humour, as well as Smartness of Parts.

A serious Man is one that duly and impartially weighs the Moments of Things, so as neither to value Trifles, nor despise Things really excellent; that dwells much at home, and studies to know himself as well as Books or Men: " That considers why he came
" into the World, how great his Business,
" and how short his Stay in it; how uncertain it is when he shall leave it, and whi-

“ ther a Sinner shall then betake himself,
 “ when both Heaven and Earth shall fly
 “ from the Presence of the Judge, *Rev. xx.*
 “ That considers God is always present, and
 “ the Folly of doing what must be repented
 “ of, and of going to Hell when a Man may
 “ go to Heaven. In one Word, that knows
 “ how to distinguish between a Moment and
 “ Eternity.”

This is to be truly serious; and however the Pretender to Gaiety and Lightfomeness of Humour may miscall and ridicule it by the Names of Melancholy, Dulness, and Stupidity, &c. he that is thus affected, cannot miss of being good and wise here, and happy hereafter: And then it will be in his Turn to laugh, when the others shall mourn and weep.

S O U L. (*Vide SIN.*)

KEEP your Soul in Exercise, lest her Faculties rust for want of Motion; to eat, sleep, or sport too long, stops the natural Courses of her natural Actions; to dwell too long in the Employments of the Body, is both the Cause and Sign of a dull Spirit.

The Soul of Man never displays her Faculties and Perfections with greater Lustre than when she is environed with Perils; these are the Trials of Fortitude, Prudence, Justice, and all the Virtues: He that sinks under Misfortunes

fortunes and cross Events, has either no Soul, or it is asleep.

Let us duly learn to prize and value our Souls: Is the Body such a valuable Piece, what then is the Soul? The Body is but a Husk or Shell, the Soul is the Kernel; the Body is but the Cabinet, the Soul is the Jewel; the Body is but the Dwelling, the Soul the Inhabitant; the Body is but the dark Lanthorn, the Soul or Spirit is the Candle of the Lord that burns in it: And seeing there is such Difference between the Soul and the Body in respect of Excellency, surely our better Part challenges our greater Care and Diligence to make Provision for it: Bodily Provision is but half Provision, it is but for one Part of the Man, and that the meaner and more ignoble too, if we consider only the Time of this Life; but if we consider a future State, of endless Duration after this Life, then bodily Provision will appear to be, I do not say quarter Provision, but no Provision at all, in Comparison, there being no Proportion between so short a Period of Time, and the infinite Ages of Eternity: Let us not then be so foolish as to employ all our Time and Pains, and bestow all our Thoughts about cherishing, accommodating and gratifying our Bodies, *in making Provision for the Flesh, to fulfill the Lusts thereof*, (as the Apostle phraseth it) and suffer our Souls to lie by neglected, in a miserable,
poor,

poor, blind, and naked Condition. Some Philosophers will not allow the Body to be an essential Part of Man, but only the Vessel or Vehicle of the Soul. For as it must be acknowledged but an inferior Part at most, the Body is therefore so to be treated, and dieted, and provided, as to render it calm and compliant with the Soul, tractable and obsequious to the Dictates of Reason, not so pamper'd and indulged as to encourage it to cast its Ride, and to take the Reins in its own Hand, so to usurp Dominion over the better Part, as to sink and depress it into a sordid Compliance with its own Lusts.

This is our Duty; but alas ! what is our Practice ? Our great Partiality towards our Bodies, and Neglect of our Souls, shews clearly what Part we prefer : We are careful enough of wounding or maiming our Bodies, but we make bold to lash and wound our Souls daily ; for every Sin we commit being contrary to its Nature, is a real Stripe, nay a mortal Wound to the Soul, and we shall find it to be so if our Consciences be once awakened to feel the Sting and Smart of it. We are industrious enough to preserve our Bodies from Slavery and Thralldom, but we make nothing of suffering our Souls to be Slaves and Drudges to our Lusts, and to live in the vilest Bondage to the most degenerate of Creatures, the Devil. We are thrifty, and provident enough not to part
with

with any thing that may be serviceable to our Bodies, under a good Consideration ; and we so esteem them, as that we will part with all we have to preserve their Existence, but at the same Time make little Account of what is most beneficial to our Souls, the Means of Grace and Salvation, the Word of God, and Duties of his Worship and Service ; we can be content to sell our Souls themselves for a Trifle, for nothing, or what is worse than nothing, the satisfying of an inordinate and unreasonable Appetite.

You will say, how shall we manifest our Care of our Souls ? What shall we do for them ? I answer, the same we do for our Bodies ; first, we feed our Bodies, our Souls are also to be fed ; for the Food of the Soul is Knowledge, especially Knowledge in the Things of God, and the Things that concern its eternal Peace and Happiness, the Doctrine of Christianity, the Word of God read and preached, 1 Peter ii. 2. *As new-born Babes, desire the sincere Milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby, Heb. v. 12.* The Apostle speaks both of Milk and strong Meat ; Milk he there calls the Principles of the Doctrine of Christ. And again, *I have fed you with Milk, and not with Meat, for hitherto you were not able to bear it.* So we see in the Apostle's Phrase, Feeding of the Flock is teaching and instructing of them: Knowledge is the Foundation of Practice ;

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it is impossible to do God's Will before we know it ; the Word must be received into an honest and good Heart, and understood, before any Fruit can be brought forth.

Secondly, We heal and cure our Bodies, when they are inwardly sick, or outwardly harm'd ; Sin is the Sicknefs of the Soul, *Matt. ix. 12. They that be whole need not a Physician, but they that be sick,* saith our Saviour, by Way of Similitude ; which he explains in the next Verse, *I am not come to call the Righteous, but Sinners to Repentance.* For the Cure of this Disease, an humble, serious, hearty Repentance is the only Physick, not to expiate the Guilt of it, but to qualify us to partake of the Benefit of that Atonement which our Saviour Christ hath made by the Sacrifice of himself, and restore us to the Favour of God, which we had forfeited.

Thirdly, we cloath and adorn our Bodies ; our Souls also are to be cloathed with holy and virtuous Habits, and adorned with good Works, *1 Pet. v. 5. Be you cloathed with Humility.* And in the same Epistle, Chap. iii. 3. he exhorts Women to adorn themselves *not with that outward Adorning of Plaiting the Hair, and of Wearing of Gold, &c. but with the Ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit, which is in the Sight of God of great Price.* And in *Rev. xix. 8.* the Righteousness of the Saints is called *fine Linnen*, and the Saints
are

are said to be *clothed in white Raiment*. On the contrary, vicious Habits and sinful Actions are compared to filthy Garments. *Joshua* the High-Priest is said to be clothed with filthy Garments, which is interpreted his *Iniquities*, either personal, or of the People whom he represented. *I have caused thine Iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with Change of Raiment*, Zech. iii. 4.

Fourthly, We arm and defend our Bodies, and our Souls have as much Need of Armour as they, for the Life of a Christian is a continual Warfare, and we have potent and vigilant Enemies to encounter withal, the Devil, the World, and this corrupt Flesh we carry about with us. We had need therefore to take to us the Christian Panoply, to put on *the whole Armour of God, that we may be able to withstand in the evil Day, and having done all to stand; having our Loins girt about with Truth; and having on the Breast-Plate of Righteousness, and our Feet shod with the Preparation of the Gospel of Peace; above all taking the Shield of Faith, and the Helmet of Salvation, and the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God*, Ephes. vi. 13, 14.

The Souls of Men were held in so high Estimation by the primitive Christians, that in those Times they did not regard *Ease* and *Safety* any more than they did *Cost* and *Charges* to bring them over to Christ, exposing themselves to any Dangers, that they

might do good to the Souls of Men ; which Consideration had a great Influence upon the Sufferings of the primitive Martyrs, willingly running any Hazards, chearfully enduring any Miseries, that they might gain others to the Faith, and prevent their eternal Ruin. Of this, that famous Story of St. *John* the Apostle is a lively Testimony, the Sum of which is this : * Coming to a Place near *Ephesus*, in his Visitation of the Churches, he espied a Youth of a comely Shape and pregnant Parts, and taking hold of him, delivered him to the Bishop of the Place with this Charge, (which he repeated once and again) *I commend this Person to thee, to be looked to with all Care and Diligence, and that in the Presence of Christ and the Church.* The Bishop undertook the Charge, received the young Man into his House, instructed him, and at last *baptised* him. Which being done, he thought he might remit a little of the Strictness of his Care ; but the young Man making an ill Use of his Liberty, fell into bad Company, by whose Arts and Snares he was seduced into Ways of Riot and Wickedness ; till despairing of all Hopes of Pardon from God, he let loose the Reins to all Manner of Exorbitancy, and agreeing with his Confederates, they combined themselves into a Society of Highwaymen, and made him their Captain

* Euf. Hist. Eccl. l. 3. c. 23. Pag. 92.

Captain, who quickly became as far beyond the rest in Fierceness and Cruelty, as he was in Power and Authority. St. *John* upon Occasion returning some while after to the same Place, after he had dispatched his other Business, required from the Bishop the *Pledge* he had left with him; who wondering, and not knowing what he meant; *I mean* (said St. *John*) *the young Man, it is the Soul of my Brother that I require.* The old Man with a dejected Look, and Tears in his Eyes, answered, *he is dead*: And being demanded by what kind of Death, answered, *he is dead to God*; for, alas, he is become a *Villain*, and instead of the Church, is fled with his Companions to the Mountains, to be a Thief and a Robber. The Apostle renting his Cloaths, and bewailing that he had so ill trusted his Brother's Soul, immediately called for a Horse and a Guide, and made haste to the Mountains; where being taken by those that stood *Centinel*, he begged to be brought before their *Captain*, who stood ready armed some Way off; but as soon as he perceived it was St. *John* that was coming towards him, he began to be ashamed, and to run as fast as he could. The Apostle, not regarding his own Age and Weakness, followed after with all his Might; and when his Legs could not overtake him, he sent these passionate Exclamations after him; *Why, O my Son, dost thou fly from thy aged and unarmed*

Father ? Take Pity of me, and fear not, there is yet Hope of Salvation for thee. I will undertake with Christ for thee ; if need be, I will freely undergo Death for thee, as our Lord did for us, and lay down my own Life to ransom thine ; only stay and believe me, for I am sent by Christ. With that he staid, and with a dejected Look, throwing away his Arms, he trembled, and dissolved into Tears ; he embraced the aged Apostle with all possible Expressions of Sorrow and Lamentation, as if again baptized with his own Tears. *St. John* assured him he had obtained his Pardon of *Christ*, and having fasted and prayed with him and for him, and, with all the Arts of Consolation, refreshed his shattered and disconsolate *Mind*, brought him into, and restored him to the Church.

This remarkable Story sufficiently evinces the intrinsic Value of the Souls of Men, and is a strong Testimony of the mighty Tenderness and Compassion which the primitive Christians had for them ; for whose Sake they thought they could never do, never venture far enough.

Tertullian calls the Soul of Man the Resemblance of the divine Intelligence, and the Breath of the Spirit of God.

The Saviour of the World, says *St. Austin*, has paid upon the Cross the Price of our Ransom ; he hath shed even the last Drop of his Blood. O *Christian* Soul, set a high Value

Value on thyself, and have Thoughts worthy of thyself : See what you cost !

If we believe *Salvian*, there is not even a Devil who does not agree but that our Souls are infinitely precious, and that they deserve to be very dear to us. What Mad-ness is it in you, says this Father in his Zeal, to look upon your Souls as such vile and abject Things, which the Devil himself thinks so noble and valuable ; to despise and set them at naught, which the Enemy himself of your Salvation knows to be dear to you, while he tries to make you despise them ; to neglect the Soul in this Manner, is to love it less than the Devil thinks it deserves.

S L A N D E R.

CLOSE your Ear against him that shall open his Mouth secretly against another ; if you receive not his Words, they fly back and wound the Reporter ; if you receive them, they fly forwards and wound you.

I shunn'd with caution the officious tale ;
Saw what was bare, but ne'er withdrew a veil.
I never forged, to urge another's fate,
False facts, nor did I those I knew relate.

Auson.

A good Conscience is the best Support against all Slander.

If

If I am belied, shall I turn pale for this?
 False honours please, and false reports disgrace,
 But whom? ——— The vicious and the base.

HOR. *Lib. I. Epist. 16.*

Let men of others to speak ill forbear,
 Or their own follies they'll be sure to hear:

St. Bernard says, the *DetraCTOR* carries the Devil in his Mouth; so he who hearkeneth to him, may be equally said to carry him in his Ear.

S O R R O W. (*Vide AFFLICTION, MORTALITY.*)

BE not transported with an extravagant Sorrow for one whom we shall never see again: Tears cannot recover the Dead, nor can the warmest Sighs inspire them with Breath.

You labour for a Time, says St. *Austin*, and you will be an Eternity in Rest; your Trouble is short, your Happiness will have no Bounds; your Sufferings are of a short Duration, your Joy will always endure. If your Resolution is shaken in the Height of your Affliction, turn your Eyes towards *Calvary*; see what Christ suffered for you, innocent as he was. Whatever Ills you endure, you are not brought to undergo the Outrages that were done to him, to those Buffetings, to that ignominious Robe, that Crown of Thorns. In fine, you are not brought to the Cross, since Men are no more punished by that:
 The

The Death of the Son of God has made that a Subject of Glory, and to cease to be an Instrument of Punishment; it has pass'd from the Place of Torments to the Forehead of Monarchs: If Christ does so much Honour to the Instrument of his Death, what does he not reserve for those who believe on him and love him?

When you reflect upon the Rewards that wait on you, says the same Father, you will think all your Troubles nothing; you will be astonished that so great a Salary is given you for so little Labour: For, in short, to come to eternal Rest, should require eternal Labour; to enjoy a Happiness without Bounds, a Man ought to suffer for a whole Eternity: But if you suffer eternal Ills, how can you obtain eternal Felicity; of Necessity your Sufferings must be limited by Time, that you may possess infinite Happiness. But tho' the Miseries that lead to eternal Happiness may be long, what will a thousand Years, a hundred thousand Years be in Comparison to Eternity? There is no Proportion between what is finite, and what is not; yet God would not only have our Sufferings confined by Time, but also have them short. The longest Life of Man is of little Duration: Though you should be all your Life loaded with Miseries and Griefs, though you should languish even to Death in a Prison, or in an Hospital; though you should suffer every
Moment

Moment all that Hunger and Thirst can make you, it will always be true to say at the End, that you have suffered but a little while.

S O L I T U D E.

HAIL, ever-pleasing Solitude !

Companion of the wise and good !

But from whose holy, piercing eye,

The herd of fools, and villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk !

And listen to thy whisper'd Talk ;

Which Innocence and Truth imparts,

And melts the most obdurate Hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,

And still in ev'ry shape you please ;

Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,

A lone philosopher you seem ;

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,

And now you sweep the vaulted sky,

And nature triumphs in your eye.

Then straight again you court the shade,

And pining hang the pensive head ;

A shepherd next you haunt the plain,

And warble forth your oaten strain.

A lover now, with all the grace

Of that sweet passion in your face !

Then, soft-divided, you assume

The gentle-looking H — d's bloom,

As, with her PHILOMELA, she,

(Her PHILOMELA, fond of thee.)

Amid the long withdrawing vale,

Awakes the rivall'd nightingale.

A thou-

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
 And still in ev'ry shape you please.
 Thine is th' unbounded breath of morn,
 Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
 And while meridian fervors beat,
 Thine is woodland's dumb retreat;
 But chief, when evening scenes decay,
 And the faint landskip swims away,
 Thine is doubtful dear decline,
 And that best hour of musing thine

Descending Angels blest thy train,
 The virtues of the sage and swain;
 Plain innocence in white array'd,
 And contemplation rears the head;
 Religion with her awful brow,
 And wrapp'd URANIA waits on you.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!
 And in thy deep recesses dwell:
 For ever with thy raptures fir'd,
 For ever from the world retir'd;
 Nor by a mortal seen, save he,
 A LYCIDAS or LYCON be.

THOMPSON.

SWEARING. (*Vide* OATHS.)

TRUST not to the Promise of a common Swearer; for he that dare sin against God for neither Profit nor Pleasure, will trespass against you for his own Advantage. He that dare break the Precepts of his Father, will easily be persuaded to violate the Promise made to his Brother.

Q q

S L E E P.

S L E E P.

Omnia quæ sensu voluntur vota diurno,
 Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.
 Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit,
 Mens tamen ad sylvas & sua lustra redit:
 Judicibus lites, aurigis somnia currus,
 Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
 Me quoque musarum studium sub nocte silenti
 Artibus affuetis sollicitare solet.

CLAUD.

In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,
 Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day;
 Tho' farther toil his tir'd limbs refuse,
 The dreaming hunter still the chase pursues.
 The judge a-bed dispenses still the laws,
 And sleeps again o'er the unfinish'd cause
 The dozing racer hears his chariot roll,
 Smacks the vain whip, and shuns the fancy'd goal.
 Me too the muses, in the silent night,
 With wonted chimes of jingling verse delight.

S A B B A T H.

The late Sir *Matthew Hales*, who made it his Custom for many Years, every Lord's Day in the Afternoon, after Evening Sermon, (between that and Supper-Time) to employ his Thoughts upon several Subjects of divine Contemplations, and to put them into Writing, has the following Remarks, in his Directions to his Children for keeping the Lord's Day:

That

That he by long and sound *Experience* found, that the due Observance of this Day, and of the Duties of it, had been of singular Comfort and Advantage to him. and ever had joined to it a Blessing upon the rest of his Time; and that the Week so begun, was bless'd and prosperous to him; and on the other hand, that when he had been negligent of such Duties, the rest of the Week had been unsuccessful and unhappy to his own secular Employments; so that he could easily make an Estimate of his Success in his own secular Employments the Week following, by the Manner of his passing the Sabbath-Day; and that he did not write this lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound Experience; and he then concludes his Directions with the following Exhortation:

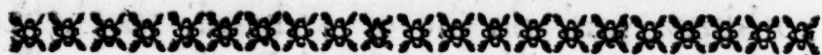
Perform all this chearfully, uprightly, and honestly; and count it not a Burthen to you; for assure yourselves you shall find a Blessing in so doing: And remember it is your Father that tells you so, and that loves you, and will not deceive you; and (which is more than that,) remember that the eternal God hath promised, Isa. lviii. 13, 14. If thou turn thy Foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy Pleasure on my Holy Day, and call the Sabbath a Delight; the Holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thy own Ways, nor finding thine own Pleasure, nor speaking thine own Words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the

Q q 2

Lord,

Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high Places of the Earth, and feed thee with the Heritage of JACOB thy Father ; for the Mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Hales's Contemplations.



THOUGHTS.

OUR Thoughts are our own whilst we keep them chained up in our Breasts, but if once we suffer them to take Air in Words, they become another's, who may make use of them to our Ruin.

TIME.

MAKE good use of Time if you love Eternity ; reflect that Yesterday cannot be recalled, To-morrow cannot be assured, To-day is only yours, which if you procrastinate you lose, which lost, is lost for ever ; one Day present is worth two to come.

It gives strong Grounds to suspect the Excellency of those Men's Parts, who are dissolute, and careless Mis-spenders of their Time : For if they were Men of any *Thoughts*, how is it possible but *these* should be some in the Number, *viz.* " That this Life is
 " wholly in order to another, and that Time
 " is the sole Opportunity that God has
 " given us for transacting the great Business
 " of

“ of Eternity : That our Work is great, and
“ our Day of Working short, much of which
“ is also lost and rendered useless, thro’ the
“ Cloudiness and Darkness of the Morn-
“ ing, and the thick Vapour and unwhol-
“ some Fogs of the Evening ; the Ignorance
“ and Inadvertency of Youth, and the Dis-
“ eases and Infirmities of old Age : That
“ our Portion of Time is not only short, as
“ to its Duration, but also uncertain in the
“ Possession : That the Loss of it is irropa-
“ rable to the Loser, and profitable to no
“ body else : That it shall be severely ac-
“ counted for at the great Judgment, and
“ lamented in a sad Eternity.”

A certain Author thus describes the sad
Consequence of those who bury or misem-
ploy their Talents, in the Declamations of a
supposed Spirit in Torments ; who, upon
being asked the Meaning of his Fury and
Transport, thus replies :

“ You do not see my Tormentors ; but the
“ all-searching Eye of the Almighty sees my
“ Pains as well as my Transgressions, and
“ with a severe and implacable Justice, has con-
“ demned me to suffer Punishments answer-
“ able to my Crimes. My Executioners are
“ in my Soul, and all the Plagues of Hell in
“ my Conscience. My *Memory* serves me
“ instead of a cruel Devil. The *Remem-*
“ *brance* of the Good I should have done,
“ and omitted ; and of the Ill I should not
have

“ have done, and did it : The Remem-
“ brance of the wholsome Counsels I have
“ rejected, and of the ill Example I have
“ given. And for the Aggravation of my
“ Misery, where my *Memory* leaves afflicting
“ me, my *Understanding* begins : Shewing
“ me the Glories and Beatitudes I have lost,
“ which others enjoy ; who have gained
“ Heaven with less Anxiety and Pain than
“ I have endured to compass my Destruction.—Now am I perpetually meditating
“ on the Comforts, Beauties, Felicities, and
“ Raptures of Paradise ; only to enflame
“ and exasperate my Despair in this sad
“ Place ; begging in vain but for a Mo-
“ ment’s Interval of Ease, without obtain-
“ ing any ; for my *Will* is also as inex-
“ orable, as either my *Memory* or my *Un-
“ derstanding* ; And these are three Facul-
“ ties of my Soul ; which divine Justice,
“ for my Sins, has converted into three Tor-
“ mentors, that torture me without Noise,
“ into three Flames, that burn me without
“ consuming. And if I chance at any
“ Time to have the least Remission or Re-
“ spite, the Worm of my Conscience gnaws
“ my Soul, and finds it, to an insatiable Hun-
“ ger, an immortal Aliment and Entertain-
“ ment : Therefore learn, and be assured
“ from me, that all those that either bury or
“ misemploy their Talents, carry a Hell
“ within themselves, even above Ground.”

How

How unthinking must those unhappy Persons be, who make it a common Excuse for idle and pernicious Amusements, that they do it to *kill Time*.

On all-important *Time*, thro' ev'ry age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an Hour.
"I've lost a day," — the prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor, without his crown,
Of *Rome*? Say, rather, lord of human race:
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak: So *Reason* speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For rescue from the *blessings* we possess?
Time, the supreme! — Time is Eternity;
Pregnant with all Eternity can give;
Pregnant with all, 'that make arch-angels smile,
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A pow'r ethereal, only *not* ador'd.

YOUNG.



UNIVERSAL LOVE.

THE following Paraphrase on the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle of the *Corinthians*, is a fine Description of this Virtue.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel sung:

Had

Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
 That thought can reach, or science can define;
 And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
 In all the speeches of the babbling earth:
 Did SHADRACH's zeal my glowing breast inspire;
 To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
 Or had I faith like that which ISRAEL saw,
 When MOSES gave them miracles and law:
 Yet, gracious CHARITY, indulgent guest,
 Were not thy power exerted in my breast;
 Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r:
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair:
 A cymbal's sound were better than my voice:
 My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

CHARITY, decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind:
 Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide;
 Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride.
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
 Soft peace she brings where-ever she arrives:
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature ev'n;
 And opens in each heart a little HEAV'N.

Each other gift, which GOD on man bestows,
 His proper bounds, and due reflection knows;
 To one fix'd purpose dedicates its pow'r;
 And finishing its act, exists no more.
 Thus, in obedience to what HEAV'N decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease:
 But lasting CHARITY's more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
 In happy triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As thro' the artist's intervening glass,
 Our eye observes the distant planets pass,

A little we discover ; but allow,
That more remains unseen, than art can show :
So whilst our mind to knowledge wou'd improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By FAITH directed, and confirm'd by HOPE :
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
HEAV'N's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight ;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd :
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant FAITH, and holy HOPE shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy :
Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair CHARITY,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office, and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive, ———
Shalt stand before the host of HEAV'N confest ;
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

V I R T U E.

VIRTUE is neither morose, austere, nor
affected : 'Tis she yields true Pleasures, she
alone knows how to season and temper them,
to make them solid and lasting : She knows
how to mix Mirth and Sports with the most
important and serious Affairs : She prepares
us for Pleasure by Labour, and refreshes the
Hardships of Labour by Pleasure : Wisdom

R r itself,

itself is not ashamed to be gay and sprightly sometimes.

The greatest Advantages without Virtue are real Losses.

Virtue is that perfect Good which is the Compliment of a happy Life, the only immortal Thing that belongs to Mortality: It is an invincible Greatness of Mind, not to be elevated or dejected by good or ill Fortune: It is sociable and gentle, free, steady, and fearless, content within itself, full of inexhaustible Delights, and it is valued for itself.

'Tis Vice alone, disturbs the human breast,
Care dyes with guilt; be virtuous, and be blest.

With glitt'ring beams, and native glory bright,
Virtue nor darkness dreads, nor covets light;
But from its settled orb looks calmly down,
On Life, or Death, a Prison, or a crown.

Virtue and Vice are two contrary Extreams: So Piety is diametrically opposite to Prophaneness, Intemperance to Sobriety, Fortitude to Cowardice, Incontinence to Chastity, Avarice to Bounty, Modesty to Impudence, Pride to Humility, Enmity to Friendship, &c. The Mediums between these Extreams are, Hypocrisy between Virtue and Vice, Superstition between Piety and Prophaneness, Bashfulness between Modesty and Impudence, &c.

There

There is no real Felicity for Man, but in reforming all his Errors and Vices, and entering upon a strict and constant Course of Virtue. This only makes Life comfortable, renders Death serene and peaceful, and secures eternal Joy and Blessedness hereafter.

Riot and guilt, and wasting care,
And fell revenge, and black despair,
Avoid the morning's light.
Nor beams the sun, nor blooms the rose,
Their restless passions to compose,
Who virtue's dictates slight.

Along the mead, and in the wood,
And on the margin of the flood,
The goddess walks confess'd ;
She gives the landskip pow'r to charm,
The sun his genial heat to warm
The wise and gen'rous breast.

Happy the man ! whose tranquil mind
Sees nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole surveys ;
For him the morn benignly smiles,
And ev'ning shades reward the toils
That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene,
The sounding tempests lash the main,
And Heav'n's own thunders roll ;
Composed he sees the bursting storm,
Tempests nor thunder can deform
The calmness of his soul.

All the Splendor of Birth is nothing in the Eyes of God, in Comparison to Virtue and Righteousness : Thus the Nobility of Noah was valued in Scripture, according to St. Chrysostom's Remark upon those Words of Genesis : *But Noah found Grace in the Eyes of the Lord. These are the Generations of Noah ; Noah was a just Man, and perfect in his Generations, and Noah walked with God.*

See, says the Saint, a Manner of Genealogy uncommon and entirely new ; for the Scripture saying at first, This is the Generation of Noah, it seems to raise our Attention, as if it would go up even to the ancient Patriarchs, and give us a Catalogue of all his Ancestors, of their honourable Titles, and of their good Actions ; as if it was going to relate to us, who his Father was, and how he came into the World, and such-like Things as Genealogists are used to say. But leaving all this, and taking another Method, this says, Noah was a just Man and perfect, Noah walked with God. Is not this a wonderful Generation ! He was a Man : See the holy Spirit makes the Name common to Nature, enter into the Praise even of a just Man ; for as other Men, drown'd in the Pleasures of Sense, have in a manner lost what belongs to a Man, he alone, among so many, kept the Character and Image of a Man ; and in truth, a Man only keeps the Image of a Man, when he is reasonable and virtuous ; when he commands his Passions, and obeys his God.

Those

Those that are Slaves to Vice, and Enemies to Virtue, do not deserve to be called Men; if we believe this from God himself, who gives such the Name of Flesh, of Earth, and of Beasts, because they have only carnal, terrestrial, and animal Affections. My Spirit shall not always strive with Man, for that he also is Flesh. The Earth was corrupt before God; they were as fed Horses, every one neigh'd after his Neighbour's Wife. These are the Asps, Dogs, and Vipers.

The Scripture, to shew the Birth of Noah to Advantage, adds the Quality of Just to that of Man. The Name of Just contains in it all Sorts of Virtues; and that you may the better conceive that he whom the Scripture praises was at the Top of Virtue, this then styles him Perfect; that is to say, that he fulfilled all the Duties, and exercised all the Virtues that became a good Man; he omitted nothing, he was not inconsistent to himself in any thing. In fine, he was perfect above the Men of his Age, and at a Time when Corruption was general, when there was no Mark of Virtue left upon the Earth. See what the Scripture calls the Generation of Noah.

St. Ambrose has almost the same Thought upon the same Place of Genesis. Virtue, says he, is the true Nobility of a virtuous Man; for as the Merit and Glory of Ancestors is what distinguishes and illustrates Families, so Virtues ennoble great Souls, and increase their Splendor.
The

The Queen of Sweden, in a Letter to her Son, gives him the following Advice:

Continués, mon cher fils, à vous faire une étude de la vertu. Vous voulez savoir quel en sera le succès ? Il sera proportionné à vos efforts. Pourquoi balancer ? On n'est point sage par hazard. Les biens, les honneurs, les dignités peuvent aller au devant de vous ; mais la vertu ne vous préviendra jamais : elle ne s'obtient que par le travail et par un travail continu ; mais ce travail doit-il vous rebuter, dès qu'il vous procure les possessions de tous les biens ? N'espérés donc jamais pouvoir allier la volupté avec la gloire, la mollesse avec la récompense de la vertu.

CONTINUE, my dear Child, to make VIRTUE your chief Study. Would you know your Success before-hand ? It will be proportion'd to your Efforts. Why should we balance a Moment ? We shall never grow good by Chance. Wealth, Honours, Dignities, may come of their own Accord ; but VIRTUE must be eagerly pursued. She is not to be obtain'd without continued Labour : But ought this Labour to affright us ; we know that it will procure us all that is desirable ? You must never hope to unite Sensuality with Glory, nor Indolence with the Reward of VIRTUE.

Vir-

Virtue's a joy that will for ever last,
 And makes pale death less terrible appear;
 Takes out his baleful sting, and palliates our fear.
 In the dark anti-chamber of the grave,
 What wou'd we give, ev'n all we have,
 All that our cares, and industry had gain'd,
 All that our fraud, our policy, our art obtain'd;
 Cou'd we recall those fatal hours again,
 Which we consum'd in senseless vanities,
 Ambitious follies, and luxurious ease?
 For then they urge our terrors, and increase our Pain.



W A N T.

DO you want Things necessary? Grumble not, perhaps it is a necessary Thing you should want; endeavour lawfully to supply it; if God bless not your Endeavours, bless him that knoweth what is fit for you; you are God's Patient, prescribe not to your Physician.

If you have but little, make it not less by murmuring; if you have enough, make it not too much by Unthankfulness: He that is not thankfully contented with the least Favour he hath received, renders himself undeserving the least Favour he can receive.

W A T C H F U L N E S S.

KEEP a watchful Eye upon those Familiars that are either silent at your Faults, sooth
 you

you in your Frailties, or excuse you in your Follies, for such are either Cowards, Flatterers, or Fools: If you entertain them in Prosperity, the Coward will leave you in your Dangers, the Flatterer will quit you in your Adversity, but the Fool will never forsake you.

W I S D O M.

If you desire to be wiser yet, think yourself not yet wise; and if you desire to improve in Self-knowledge, despise not the Instructions of another; he that instructs him that thinks himself wise enough, hath a Fool for his Scholar; he that thinks himself wise enough to instruct himself, hath a Fool for his Master.

Wisdom rises upon the Ruins of Folly in all Ages and Places in the World, whether Personal or National.

A wise Man either repels or elects, as he sees the Matter before him, without fearing the Ill he rejects, or admiring what he chuses; he is never surprized, but in the Midst of Plenty prepares for Poverty, as a prudent Prince is prepared for Attacks in Time of Peace.

Wisdom is a right Understanding; a Faculty of discerning Good from Evil; what is to be chosen, and what rejected; a Judgment grounded upon the true Value of Things, and not the common Opinion of them;

Wisdom's an evenness of soul,
A steady temper, which no cares controul,
No passions ruffle, no desires inflame ;
Still constant to itself, and still the same.

W O R S H I P. (*Vide* RELIGION.)

W O R L D.

How unacquainted is that Man with the World, and how ridiculous does he appear, S f that

that makes a Wonder of any Thing he meets with !

The great Business of a Man is to improve his Mind, and govern his Manners ; this is minding the main Chance ; as for all other Projects and Pursuits, whether in our Power to compass or not, they are no better than trifling Amusements.

It will not be long before you will have forgotten all the World, and in a little Time, to be even, all the World will forget you.

The Affairs of this World are full of dark Windings and Meanders, and we have all Need of a Guide or a Clue to conduct us through them.

This World is like a Lottery, wherein we must expect to meet with many unlucky Chances.

So little do we see before us in the World, and so much Reason have we to depend chearfully upon the great Maker of the World, that he does not leave his Creatures so absolutely destitute, but that in the worst Circumstances they have always something to be thankful for ; and sometimes are nearer their Deliverance than they imagine ; nay, are even brought to their Deliverance by the Means by which they seem to be brought to their Destruction.

There is no Man, that visits the World, but will be put sometimes to Straits and honest Shifts:

Shifts: Necessity teaches Wisdom, while Prosperity makes Fools.

We ought to consider the World as a Creditor, to whom we owe Moderation, Compassion, and Forbearance.

The World is busy round us, one Part labouring for Bread, the other Part squandering in vile Excesses or empty Pleasures, equally miserable, because the End they proposed still flies from them ; for the Man of Pleasure, every Day surfeited of his Vice, heaps up Work for Sorrow and Repentance ; and the Man of Labour spends his Strength in daily Struggles for Bread to maintain the vital Strength he labours with ; so living in a daily Circulation of Sorrow ; living but to work, and working but to live, and both greatly dissatisfied, frequently arraigning the Justice of Providence, each esteeming his own Lot the most severe. But

Consider man in ev'ry sphere,

'Then tell me, is your lot severe ?

'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,

That makes you wretched : God is just.

I grant, that hunger must be fed,

That toil too earns our daily bread.

What then ? Thy wants are seen and known,

But ev'ry mortal feels his own.

We're born a restless needy crew :

Shew me the happier man than you.

GAY'S FABLES.

From the Consideration of the prodigious Magnitude and Multitude of the heavenly Bodies, and the far more noble Furniture and Retinue which some of them have more than we, we may learn not to over-value this World, nor to set our Hearts too much upon it, or upon any of its Riches, Honours, or Pleasures : For what is all our Globe but a Point, a Trifle, to the Universe ! a Ball not so much as visible among the greatest Part of the Heavens ; namely, the fix'd Stars. And if Magnitude or Retinue may dignify a Planet, *Saturn* and *Jupiter* may claim the Preference ; Or if Proximity to the most magnificent Globe of all the System, to the Fountain of Light and Heat, to the Centre, can honour and aggrandize a Planet, then *Mercury* and *Venus* can claim that Dignity. If therefore our World be one of the inferior Parts of our System, why should we inordinately seek and desire it ? But above all, why should we unjustly grasp at it, and be guilty of Theft or Rapine, Lying or Cheating, or any Injustice or Sin for it ? Why should we sacrifice our Innocence for it, or part even only with a good Name for it, which *Solomon* saith, *Prov. xxii. 1. is rather to be chosen than great Riches ?* Why should we do thus, if we were sure of gaining the whole terraqueous Globe, much less do it for a small Pittance of it, as the best Empire of the World is ?

For

For as our blessed Saviour argues, *Matt. xvi. 26. What is a Man profited, if he should gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul? Or what shall a Man give in Exchange for his Soul?*

But passing over the Arguments which Christianity suggests, let us see how some of the heathen Writers descant upon this Subject. *Pliny* * is very pathetic in his Reflections, when he had shewn what little Portions of the Earth were left for us, and what large Tracts were rendered (as he thought) useless, the frigid Zones being frozen up with excessive Cold, the Torrid Zone being burnt up (as the Opinion then was) with as excessive Heat, and other Parts drowned by the Sea, Lakes and Rivers, and others cover'd with large Woods, Desarts, or barren Mountains: He then exclaims thus; *Hæ tot portiones terræ, &c. i. e. ' These little Parcels of Land, which are left for our Habitation, yea, as many have thought, this Point of the World (for no other is the Earth in Respect of the Universe) this is the Matter, this the Seat of our Glory: Here it is we bear our Honours; here we exercise our Authority; here we covet Riches; here Mankind makes a Bustle; here we begin our Civil Wars, and soften the Earth with mutual Slaughters? And then having shewn*

* Nat. Hist. L. II. C. lxxviii.

how by Fraud and Violence Men strive to enlarge their Estates, saith he, ‘ What a little
 ‘ Part of those Lands doth he enjoy? And
 ‘ when he hath augmented them, even to the
 ‘ Measure of his Avarice, what a poor Pit-
 ‘ tance is it that his dead Body at last pos-
 ‘ sesseth?’ Thus *Pliny*. And after the same
 Manner *Seneca* * reflects upon the Matter,
 when he shews how Virtue tends to make
 a Man completely happy, among other
 Things, by preparing him for the Society
 of God, by enabling the Mind to soar above
 the Things here below, and to make him
 laugh at the costly Pavements of the Rich,
 yea, the whole Earth with all its Wealth.
Nec enim potest, saith he, *ante contemnere*
porticus, &c. i. e. ‘ A Man can never be
 ‘ able to slight the stately Piazza, the noble
 ‘ Roofs shining with Ivory, the curiously
 ‘ clipped Woods, and the pleasant Rivulets
 ‘ conveyed to the Houses, until he hath sur-
 ‘ veyed the whole World, and spying from
 ‘ above our little Globe of Earth, covered in
 ‘ a great Measure by the Sea, and where it
 ‘ is not, is far and near squalid, and either
 ‘ parch’d with Heat, or frozen with Cold,
 ‘ he saith to himself, Is this that Point, which
 ‘ by Fire and Sword is divided among so
 ‘ many Nations? O how ridiculous are the
 ‘ Bounds of Mortals! The *Ister* bounds the

* Nat. Quæst. L. I. Præf.

‘ *Dacians, the Styrron the Thracians, Eu-*
‘ *phrates the Parthians, the Danube parteth*
‘ *the Sarmatians and Romans, the Rhine*
‘ *gives Bounds to Germany, the Pyrenees*
‘ *to France and Spain, and between Egypt*
‘ *and Æthiopia lie the vast uncultivated*
‘ *sandy Desarts. If any could give human*
‘ *Understanding to Ants, would not they too*
‘ *divide their Mole-Hill into divers Provinces?*
‘ *And, when thou liftest up thyself in thy*
‘ *truly great Province, and shalt see the armed*
‘ *Hosts passing here, and lying there, as if*
‘ *some great Matter was to be acted, consider*
‘ *that this is no more than the Running of Ants*
‘ *in a Mole-Hill: For what Difference be-*
‘ *tween them and us, but only the Measure*
‘ *of a little Body? That is but a Point in*
‘ *which thou failest, in which thou wagest*
‘ *War, in which thou disposest of Kingdoms.*
‘ *But above there are vast Spaces, to whose*
‘ *Possession the Mind is admitted, provided*
‘ *it brings but little of the Body along with*
‘ *it, that it is purged of every vile Thing,*
‘ *and that it is nimble and free, and content*
‘ *with small Matters.’ And so he goes on*
‘ *to shew, that when the Mind is once ar-*
‘ *rived to those celestial Regions, how it is*
‘ *come to its proper Habitation, is delivered*
‘ *from its Bonds, hath this Argument of its*
‘ *Divinity, that divine Things delight and please*
‘ *it, and is conversant with them as its own;*
‘ *that it can securely behold the Risings and*
‘ *Set-*

Settings and various Courses of the Stars; that it curiously pries into all those Matters, as nearly appertaining to itself; that then it contemns the narrow Bounds of its former Habitation, it being but a trifling Space, of a few Days Journey, from the utmost Limits of *Spain* to the very *Indies*; whereas, the celestial Regions afford a Path for the Wandering of the swiftest Star for 30 Years, without any Resistance; in which Regions he tells us the Mind arrives to the Knowledge of those Things at last, which it had before long enquired after, and there begins to know God. Thus *Seneca*.

With what Pleasure then shall departed happy Souls survey the most distant Regions of the Universe, and view all those glorious Globes thereof, and their noble Appendages with a nearer View? Only let us take special Care to 'set our Affections on Things above;' to 'be spiritually, not carnally minded;' and so to 'run the Race which Christ hath set before us,' that we may arrive to that 'Place which he hath prepared' for his faithful Servants, 'that he may receive us unto himself, that where he is, we may be also; in whose Presence is Fulness of Joy, and at whose Right Hand are Pleasures for ever more.'

Derham.

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201	Religion	127	Order	346	Want
200	Religion	126	Order	347	Want
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0	Religion	0	Order	547	Want

